

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1913

## THE PRESIDENT

THERE have been twenty-seven Presidents before him, but no one of them has brought to the White House so rounded an achievement of ambition as Mr. Wilson. Some have sought power with a more passionate eagerness; others have been as covetous of opportunity; others still have been more eager to enforce their creeds of morals and of politics. No one but Mr. Wilson has felt that the Presidency marked for him the perfecting of a personal ideal. For, before his eyes, there has steadily remained a single goal toward which the serious man should strain if he would reach the fullness of his powers — the ideal of the student merged into the man of great affairs. To be scholar and statesman, too, is indeed to achieve the whole of education.

Men shrug their shoulders and say that Mr. Wilson is ambitious. It is a patent charge. Mr. Wilson is passionately ambitious. Yet why should we be hypercritical, in men, of that essential quality we so ardently instill into our boys? Ambition is not the thing, but what lies behind it; and, as his critics do not realize, it is not to possess, but to become, that has been Mr. Wilson's dearest hope. To him his election is the symbol that the scholar has attained his largest opportunity.

I press the point because it will be found, I think, a key to Mr. Wilson's whole career. From boyhood his mind was scholarly, but while his childhood's

friends were bent on growing up to be carpenters or generalissimos, this boy dreamed steadily of a political career. From the first printing-press he ever owned or borrowed, he struck off his cards: 'Thomas Woodrow Wilson, United States Senator from Virginia'; and when the proprieties of advancing years constrained him to a more impersonal expression of his ambition, he continually wrote and taught that he was the most sagacious scholar who oftenest left his study for the marketplace, and that the wisest politician was he whose hours were oftenest passed in studious places.

Apt scholars find great teachers. Early in life Mr. Wilson chose his with the confidence of natural kinship. All alike were scholars and all men of affairs — a noble roster to which he refers with esteem and gratitude. There were John Stuart Mill, who had hammered out his theories in the House of Commons; Morley, famous in statecraft, and prince of biographers in our time; De Tocqueville, who learned his wisdom among men; the worldly-wise authors of the *Federalist*; the inimitable Bagehot, who drew his knowledge from the counting-house and the working machine of the British Constitution; and 'an arrow's flight beyond them all,' Burke, who ploughed his philosophy with experience and reaped experience from his philosophy. A different school is theirs from the closet

theories of Montesquieu, of Spencer, of Rousseau, and of Hume, differing by half a world; and at this school, where theory is squared to the unbending practices of men, Mr. Wilson has been a life-long student.

If a man means to be a scholar and a politician, too, he had best begin by being a scholar. With Mr. Wilson this was the natural road. He became a professor by virtue of inheritance, a strong intellectual bent, and a certain elusive reticence, even now discernible in him, which made retirement congenial. He enjoyed the life. An insatiate reader, he loved to teach young men and to light their torches from his own. There is about him a kind of austere enthusiasm which warmed young dry-as-dusts into life, and gave to their more elegant contemporaries a first taste for serious things. It was solely to raise the intellectual standard of the students that President Wilson first introduced into Princeton those thoroughgoing reforms in education which, by a kind of fatalistic stride, led him far beyond his earlier purpose and brought the college to the brink of democratic revolution.

Is it not Sir Walter Scott who says that, even from a chapter of the Good Book, he could scarcely learn more of life and living than from the talk of a chance driver, in the breezy companionship of the box-seat? This is the sentiment of one who dearly loves his fellow men. A like passion for acquaintance often stirs Mr. Wilson. Yet it is not the 'touch of nature' which lures him on, but the steady, eager search for some unhackneyed point of view, some fresh check or stimulus to his own social and political creed, some new opportunity of putting theories to the test. 'If you know what you are looking for,' he says in a characteristic passage, 'and are not expecting to find it advertised in the newspapers, but lying somewhere beneath the

surface of things, the dullest fool may often help you to its discovery.'

This same thought has evidently lodged in Mr. Wilson's mind throughout the presidential campaign. To a hundred audiences he has preached the strange doctrine that wisdom lies in a multitude of counselors. While he is President, he declares, the bankers shall not dictate the regulation of the currency, nor shall the manufacturers prescribe the tariff, but he will ask the opinion of men of all sorts and all conditions. So far as he is humanly able, an entire people, through him, shall have access to their government.

It is an old idea of democracy this, that the chief should be the personal representative of each member of the tribe. It is so old that it has become fresh and new again. Whether the idea can be practically carried out, on the vast stage of the United States, can only be surmised. In the smaller field of New Jersey, however, it has been surprisingly successful. There, for two years, Governor Wilson has sat, with doors wide open. There he has welcomed all men; only none might have an audience beyond the range of other ears. In such a chamber the whisperings of the agents of 'business government' echo terribly; only matters which bear to be uttered in the presence of witnesses can be transacted there.

In England, where the university is the training school of public life, Mr. Wilson's career might seem natural enough. Here in the United States one may say with confidence that it would have been impossible even a dozen years ago. A democracy must be disciplined before the expert is tolerated. It has been the American custom to select as a presidential candidate some state governor, more on account of the advertisement the position has given him than for the sake of the training which it implies. The amateur,

not the professional, is the habitual choice of universal suffrage. No great lawyer, if we except Lincoln (selected for very different reasons), has ever been elected President. Taft, the trained administrator, was elected on another man's record. Indeed, if we pass over Grant, the soldier, no man truly eminent in a profession has been elected, from the earliest days of the Republic, until this teacher of boys was called to teach men. In a nation whose creed it has been till very lately that a 'smart' man may turn his hand to anything, the other name for professional is 'theorist'; and old men can remember no campaign in which the cry of 'theorist' has not been as deadly a weapon as the arsenal affords. Those who desired change because they had knowledge were sometimes called 'visionaries,' sometimes 'dreamers,' but 'theorists' was the good old constant word. Civil-Service reformers were 'benevolent' theorists, tariff reformers 'pernicious' ones. The most practical President of our generation found it necessary to back each measure of reform with the emphatic assurance that he was no theorist. And of all theorists the most theoretic is the college professor.

Mr. Wilson himself tells a story characteristic of the position of learning in a democracy. Two men sat in his audience, and it seemed they liked his speech. 'Smart man,' said one. 'He talks sense.' — 'Sounds so,' said the other; 'but what gets me is how a sensible man can stay cooped up in a college for twenty-five years.' There is little exaggeration here. Most people thought thus until little more than a decade ago. Then trouble taught them just as it had taught them in the grim days of the sixties. There was a stir of discontent in the land. America was no longer an easy place to live in. Her vast resources began to contract before the mighty increase of population. It

often took more than a strong body to make a living. Strikes and lockouts grew in frequency. Socialism, looked upon as a senile disease of the old world, began its ominous spread. Big business was hiring its political partners in the open market. Clearly government was a more difficult art than people thought. Criticism from abroad we came to accept with unheard-of meekness. Vocational training sprang up in the schools. Specialization became a familiar word, and 'Jack-of-all-Trades' ceased to be an ideal for boys to live up to. American medicine began to work miracles of discovery which touched the national imagination with a sense of the infinite value of scientific methods. The universities, under the leadership of Wisconsin, began to supply experts for public service. Longer terms of office in governmental positions set new standards of efficiency. The digging of the Canal at Panama was a gigantic advertisement for the expert way of doing things. And now the final tribute of democracy to the professional ideal is the election of a Professor of Politics to the Presidency of the United States.

Mr. Wilson has schooled himself to a wide knowledge of affairs. But an expert in business, using the word in the narrower sense, he can never be. Like violin-playing and domestic economy, the ways of business must be learned when one is young. Moreover, in the United States, the business of making money has become so highly specialized a pursuit that all Mr. Wilson's prejudice against the exclusive and ungenerous in mind has been roused against it. The myopia of business makes him distrustful of its wisdom. Constantly, as he endeavors to orient his theories to the facts, his speculative cast of mind, though it may enable him to grasp the broad principles of business, suffers the methods to elude

him. Moreover, Mr. Wilson, as his father before him, has always been a poor man, and in his household, success has never been reckoned at a cash value. With lack of interest, aptitude, and experience, it is small wonder that Mr. Wilson does not gauge the closeness of the bond between a nation's business and its contentment. No man of business inclination could have sat for years on the Carnegie board, awarding pensions according to fixed methods, and then have himself applied for a pension obviously at variance with the rules. It is an odd gap in Mr. Wilson's equipment, and one which he seems unconscious of. There is no phrase he more often uses than the practical refrain, 'Now let's to business.'

Mr. Wilson was born a Presbyterian. His father was a Presbyterian minister, and the Woodrows, his mother's people, were Presbyterian to the core. He himself is an elder of the church, and the Scotch in him accentuates that seemliness which is so salient a characteristic. His devotion to the church is not conventional. Intellectually, he respects it as the central pillar of an orderly world. Spiritually, he enjoys its silent conduits of communion with his fellows, and the opportunity it gives for serious reflection. It was natural for him to join, at Princeton, the poorer Second Church instead of swelling the assured success of the First. Where he was needed, there he went.

The Kirk has made more of the stuff we call character than many of her gentler sisters; and although beneath her moulding hand that stuff often takes angular and ungracious shapes, we have learned to admire and respect it. Mr. Wilson is not without the *dour* in his composition. There is about him that rigidity, part diffidence, part dignity, which, though it prove a barrier to intimacy and death to good-fellowship, may yet be the salvation of a

President. He is not an agreeable man to ask favors of. He has not the solid companionableness of Mr. Cleveland. He lacks the persuasive charm of Mr. McKinley, and the pleasant chuckle of Mr. Taft. His wit is a less human substitute for humor. He is too impersonal for sentiment except for deep things, and too self-conscious to find the straight path to another's heart.

All this is very far from saying that Mr. Wilson is unattractive. On the contrary, the fine air of distinction sits naturally upon him. Excepting Jefferson and Lincoln, we have not had another President who, by some right, human or divine, is, like Mr. Wilson, an artist. He knows that form, and form only, can give immortality to truth. 'Be an artist,' so he wrote some years ago, 'or prepare for oblivion'; and this duty of being an artist has been a main business of his life. How excellent is his attainment! His History, written under compulsion and in haste, does him scant justice. But his *Congressional Government*, his essays, best of all, his speeches, show his full powers. His language, unmindful of the effort it has cost, flows with easy freedom to the very outline of his thought. And that thought is never obvious. In argument he never storms an adversary's position, but enfilades it. He makes diversions in the rear, or advances from some unexpected quarter. He has not the sententious solemnity of Mr. Cleveland's periods, or the *propeterea quods* of Mr. Taft's foolscapped phrase. Still less has he in common with the pitchforkings of Mr. Roosevelt's utterance. He has more temper in his steel than any of them; but his blade is delicate, and there is rough work to be done.

Much faith comes from listening to Mr. Wilson. He talks quietly, as becomes a professor, but he talks earnestly and with a beautiful accuracy.



His argument is clear. He has no tricks of manner or of gesture, but at times his voice sinks as he speaks of some principle of democracy as of a holy thing. There is in his speech no venom of personal allusion, no veneer of smartness, no line spoken for applause, and very few diversions to relieve the strain of thought. I have heard him remark that he should talk for an hour; then, taking his cue from the last speaker, start on his impromptu speech; pass in review the prime issues of the campaign, and, precisely as the minute-hand regained the hour, close the argument by leading logically to his starting-point. I have heard him quote Burke as his master, and discourse on high levels of the philosophy of Democratic Government; and looking at the workmen round about me, I have seen them listening with undeviating attention as they wrinkled their foreheads in some supreme intellectual effort, and I have gone away saying to myself, 'The story of Athens may be true after all. Such things are possible in a democracy.'

There are other elements besides mastery of speech which enter into Mr. Wilson's power over his audiences. For those audiences, as representative of the great mass of people, he feels a natural sympathy and liking, powerfully reinforced by his reasoned conviction of the wisdom of government by the people. The orderliness of his mental processes makes one imagine him a kind of intellectual mechanism, working according to some preconceived plan. The reality is widely different. Mr. Wilson is a very human person, detached from his fellows partly by shyness, partly by a native austerity, partly by a dutiful conception of life alien to most of us; a man who, seldom able to chat intimately with a friend, thanks God for one friend, at least, who will always chat intimately with him,

and goes off cycling by himself with *Elia* crammed into his pocket; a punctilious man, who finds in the conventions a refuge from current intimacies of speech and manner; a soberly ambitious man, disliking the superfluities of intercourse; a man devoted to the cultivation of his talents and to the expansion of his energies, fitting himself unceasingly to be the instrument of effective service.

A man who wears this habit leads a lonely life. Mr. Wilson makes few confidences, finding on the platform a privacy which would be denied him in the drawing-room or the club. Unwilling to spend himself in the commerce of friendship, he wins men's affections more rarely than their admiration or esteem. In dealing with others it is to the head rather than to the heart that he appeals, forgetting that to the heart the broader channel runs. Likewise, his judgment of men takes most account of their mental abilities. He likes men because they are able; but, unlike more than one of his predecessors, he does not think them able because he likes them. In ordinary conversation there is, perhaps, too strong a savor of logic in his discourse. 'Avoid disputation,' advised the solidest of Americans; but this maxim Mr. Wilson has never learned. Dialectics he loves. An unruly pride of opinion makes him overprize their worth, and often follow his advantage to the bitter end. It is sometimes wiser to lose an argument and win a friend.

I have said that Mr. Wilson likes the people. In the narrower sense, too, he is a Democrat. Virginian born, the winds of Monticello rocked his cradle. His *credo* has elements of the historic Democratic faith; yet by virtue of his speculative imagination and his sensitiveness of the wide drift of affairs, he is not in any true sense a partisan. With him the bonds of party form no

such nexus as that which Mr. Roosevelt hated so passionately to sever. A shrewd leader, high in Democratic councils, said to me during the campaign: 'Mr. Wilson's speeches are all right, but the reason we party spellbinders have to work nights and Sundays, is because the Governor forgets there are other folks besides the Independents who are going to vote for him. Our duty is to call nightly on the names of Andy Jackson and the "Historic Party."'

This is sound criticism. Mr. Wilson believes in party government, but in party government as a means to a larger end. Years ago, when he was fighting the Second Battle of Princeton, he made a famous Declaration of the faith which he has carried through the halls of the university into the wider campus of the United States.

'The great voice of America,' he said, 'does not come from the seats of learning. It comes in a murmur from the hills and woods and farms and factories and the mills, rolling and gaining volume until it comes to us from the homes of common men. Do these murmurs echo in the corridors of the universities? I have not heard them. The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal sympathies, and join a class — and no class can ever serve America. I have dedicated every power there is within me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolutely democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought, the same sympathy, that pulses through the whole great body politic.' This is a larger faith than the Democracy has yet dared to confess.

If, in the calendar of virtue, there is one special Presidential excellence, it is courage, and Mr. Wilson is courageous. Cautious and considered as his

manner is, there is within him that flash of insight by whose light he can leap through the dark to his decision. Fresh in our remembrance are the early days of the Convention in Baltimore. It was the tip in every buzzing circle that Mr. Bryan's active support was dynamite. With every regard to the proprieties he was to be decently, deferentially, definitively interred in political oblivion. It was then that Mr. Bryan addressed to each candidate a telegram demanding his attitude in regard to the support of Wall Street. It was a ticklish question, and, except one, every answer was equivocal. On his own initiative, without time for reflection, Mr. Wilson replied with uncompromising frankness; and thanks to the satiric twist which makes Fate's actions interesting, it was this telegram which made Mr. Wilson, rather than his more prudent rivals, a candidate for the Presidency.

This courage of Mr. Wilson is deserving of still greater credit because his armor against the world has more than one weak joint. He is a sensitive man, with none of the toughened fibre of the veteran politician, nor that exuberant joy of living which makes each blow received lend zest to the buffet given in return. Not that he lacks fighting blood (there is too much of the Covenant in him for that), or obstinacy, prime heritage of the Scots; but to him fighting, like the rest of life, is a serious thing. It is stuff to try the soul's strength on, not to enjoy as a fillip to good digestion. He is wary of entrance to a quarrel, and sometimes in his newspaper interviews one is sensible of a tactful answer when a blunt one would have served his purpose with finality. Yet, well within the warrant of the facts, Mr. Wilson's biographer can say that since Mr. Cleveland's time no other man in public life has, on occasion, spoken his full mind

with a rounder accent or a sublimer disregard of obvious consequence.

At the beginning of this paper I set forth Mr. Wilson's aversion from theory as theory unsquared with the world. It is this very distrust of abstraction which makes him so deliberate about coming to a decision. A philosopher and not a scientist, his approach to a problem is from the general to the specific. To him, rightness of attitude toward a question is far more significant than the method of treating the question itself. Last summer the public was surprised at his Letter of Acceptance. To many it seemed evasive, to most of us it was indefinite; but because it outlined so neatly his state of mind, it seemed to Mr. Wilson precise almost to the point of particularity. The public was wrong, and Mr. Wilson was right. The important thing for the public was to know the quality of the candidate's mind, and his attitude toward the trend of the times. The important thing for the candidate was that the public should trust his judgment, that it should extort few promises, and let him come, hands free, to his great opportunity.

And now Mr. Wilson's opportunity is here. Even those of us who cannot discern a 'crisis' in every campaign, or — when our friends think differently — call every issue 'moral,' feel that this is a time of hesitation in the affairs of the Republic. The ship of state has turbine engines, but the rules she sails under were drawn for clipper ships. The conservative dreads change because it is change, and by the same token the radical loves it. Between the two is a vast multitude of puzzled, earnest men, each out of step with the next. It is a national misfortune that, in the last campaign, the shadow of a great personality fell athwart an impressive movement of protest, and hid it from the sight of men who would have

liked to judge it fairly. Nor must we forget that a substantial, perhaps an overwhelming, majority of Americans believe that among the hodge-podge of suggestions heaped high on the Progressive platform (that curious blending of autocracy and brotherly love, of tariff bounty and Christian charity), are to be found the aspirations of a race. As to whether these aspirations can be attained through politics, people differ; but the influence of the President to make men think and, when they think, to shape their thoughts and lead them a little further on the illimitable road cannot be doubted.

Is it fanciful to believe that at a time when politics is coming more nearly to express the moral purpose of a nation, the people may have faith in a man whose deepest purpose has been stirred by poetry? Never, perhaps, has Mr. Wilson held a friend so near his heart as he has held Wordsworth, and it was Wordsworth who called poetry 'the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science.' 'It is,' he said, 'the breath of the finer spirit of knowledge.' 'Poets,' said Shelley, 'are the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.' More than this, through the ages, poetry has been the defender and inspirer of liberty, the resolute believer that men can perform the impossible. Who shall say that Gladstone owed nothing to the poetry of the Testament, or Lincoln to his much-thumbed Shakespeare? In the companionship of poets, Mr. Wilson has learned to think high thoughts. Will he write them on golden tables in the poetry of deeds well done?

Rise, ladies and gentlemen, Democrats, Republicans, Progressives. The *Atlantic* gives you 'The President of the United States.'

E. S.

# THE PASSING OF A DYNASTY

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

To the mind of one whose boyish interest in politics began with the first national campaign in which the Republican party of our day took part, and who saw President Taft renominated last June, the approach of the fourth of March, 1913, brings food for reflection. It marks the passing of a dynasty divided into five reigns or epochs, which, for convenience, we may designate the moral, the martial, the financial, the economic, and the political stages in the history of the party now about to enter the shadows. It was a long procession from the daring Pathfinder of 1856 to the Law's High Priest of 1912; but the rulers who came between, each preparing the way for his successor, were types of the ever-changing spirit of the times; and the melting of one phase of that spirit into another, though moving the country one degree further on the dial of a great revolution, was so gradual that few observers realized its significance when it occurred.

With two brief interruptions, the Republican party has maintained its supremacy for fifty-two years. This period has compassed two actual and several potential wars; the liberation of four million bondmen; the opening of an inland empire to development and home-building; the establishment of domestic industries on a scale of which preceding generations had never dreamed; the crystallization of a union of mutually jealous states into a superb national unit, the master-force of a whole hemisphere; the elevation of the

government's credit from, perhaps, the poorest to the proudest place on the international scale. In every change thus wrought, the Republican party has been the party of advance. It has been more effectively organized and more ably led than any other. Substantially everything it has set its hand to do it has done, including the prompt suppression of minor mutinies in its own ranks. We may not soon look upon its like again.

## I

The story of every party of progress in the United States has been the same. Borne into power by a wave of popular enthusiasm for a noble ideal, it has fulfilled its special mission, and then, presuming too far upon its strength, has discovered that its vital essence has been spent and cannot be recalled. This was the case with the Federalist party, to which we owe the Constitution. It came into being in response to a general demand for a stronger central authority than the Confederation afforded. Having equipped the young republic with the complete machinery of government and an efficient body of law, the party fell into temptation, and turned its thoughts to the perpetuation of its own power. Its ill-judged measures proved that it had lost touch with public sentiment, and its leaders made matters worse by quarreling among themselves. Hence its collapse, after thirty years of great activity, was neither unexpected nor deplored.

Meanwhile, a new aspiration had taken shadowy shape in the minds of a multitude of citizens — an ideal of nationalism. The Federalist party had built up a government; now the Whigs set to work to build up a people. They undertook to make the rest of the world recognize the distinctive character of everything American; to bind our whole body politic together for the promotion of the general welfare demanded in the preamble to the Constitution; to raise an impost tariff wall for the protection of domestic industries against foreign competition; and to initiate a system of internal improvements which should make this country independent of all others. In spite of their radical programme, their methods were conciliatory. Needing help from the South, they not only kept their hands, as a party, off Negro slavery, but tried to spread the notion that, when everybody could be induced to ignore that question, it would settle itself. Such a half-hearted policy satisfied no one; and, as the Federalist party had been killed by overreaching, so the Whig party, in its turn, was killed by cowardice.

Inheriting all that was progressive in the Federalist and Whig parties, and warned by the blunders of both, the Republican party came to the fore. The more aggressive foes of slavery, banding together under Birney or Giddings, Hale or Smith, according to the angle from which each had studied the 'peculiar institution,' had played a conspicuous part in three Presidential campaigns. They had defeated Clay in 1844, dictated terms to Van Buren in 1848, and dealt the Whig party its death-blow in 1852. They represented a public sentiment which, by the time the crisis was reached in the Kansas-Nebraska controversy, could be satisfied with nothing short of a new party all its own. Accordingly, in 1856, they

effected a formal organization and nominated a Republican presidential ticket, on a platform whose central plank proclaimed the right and duty of the Federal government to prohibit slavery everywhere in its jurisdiction; while the supporting planks—demands for a government-aided transcontinental railroad and a scheme of river and harbor improvements at the expense of the whole people—were carefully adjusted so as to throw all the emphasis on this. A project for a protective tariff, though appealing strongly to many of the founders, was passed over for the time being, as conveying a suggestion of private advantage which might seem discordant with the larger ideals of the party.

There was nothing cocksure in their prognostications; some of the sturdiest of the anti-slavery champions, like Seward and Chase, while believing in the ultimate triumph of their cause, had so little faith in the preparedness of their generation that they refused to let themselves be considered as candidates. Of the political commitments of Frémont, whose name was placed at the head of the ticket, not much was known to the great body of delegates. They recognized him as, in the better sense, a soldier of fortune, with his favorite home in the saddle, a love of adventure in his heart, unswerving devotion to the religion of human freedom, and genuinely patriotic instincts. He had traversed parts of the West which others had pronounced impenetrable; he had been largely instrumental in saving California to the Union; and he had been driven out of the army by official tyranny. Could any candidate have been more fitting for a party which claimed God as the author of its mission, and which needed a leader with the genius and the courage to hew a path for it through a hostile political thicket?

Frémont's failure at the polls was not disheartening. His 114 electoral votes made a creditable showing against the 174 of Buchanan, who had not only the whole South to draw on, but next to the largest state in the Union for his home; and the new party opened its second National Convention, in 1860, full of life and hope. The Democrats of both the Douglas and the Breckinridge wings, and the Constitutional Union party, had made their bids for popular favor, with variants of the theory that to do nothing was to do right. The Republican platform boldly denounced any attempts to extend slavery as unconstitutional; rebuked all threats of disunion as treason; and insisted on homestead and naturalization laws which it knew would increase the Free-Soil vote. It also repeated the call of four years before, for river and harbor improvements and a transcontinental railroad, and proposed such an adjustment of the revenue duties on imports 'as to encourage the industrial development of the whole country.' Electing Abraham Lincoln with this programme, the party entered on the first stage of its half-century's rule.

It was not till the Civil War was half over that Lincoln saw his way clear, as a measure of military necessity, to proclaim the freedom of the slaves. Meanwhile, though even loyal Democrats in the North were supporting him, as 'administration men,' the extremist wing of his own party had been trying to stir up trouble for him because he was too slow and gentle in his methods. Their agitation bore fruit in a National Convention which nominated Frémont as a Radical Republican to oppose his reelection in 1864. But Frémont soon discovered that the movement was ill-timed, and withdrew in the midst of the campaign; and thus ended the first Republican mutiny.

The Democrats having mounted a war candidate on a peace platform, Lincoln carried all but three of the loyal states. His victory took much of the heart out of the secession movement, and with spring came the surrender at Appomattox and the end of active hostilities, leading up to the tragic climax of the assassination. In the three years which followed, the Republican party again split into factions; and the impeachment trial of Johnson, with its margin of one vote for acquittal, exposed a situation which, had the Democrats been shrewd enough to take advantage of it, might have turned the tide of history. But they blundered again, and allowed the reigning dynasty to suppress another mutiny and enter upon the second stage of its career.

The Republican party had broken the slave power at the cost of a great war. What was more natural, then, than that it should select for its candidate in 1868 the man most closely identified with the success of the Union arms? In the field, Grant had overcome all resistance by his firmness and persistency; yet these traits, on the strength of which he was elected, drew upon him most of the criticism to which he was subjected as President, when he brought them into play for the support of the carpet-bag governments in the Southern States. His effort to annex Santo Domingo aroused the ire of Sumner, Greeley, Schurz, and several other Republican leaders, who resolved that he must be prevented from serving a second term, even if his defeat meant the destruction of their party.

The malcontent element put up a Liberal Republican ticket with Greeley at its head, on a platform devoted chiefly to denunciation of the administration. The Democrats, believing that, with so wide a split in the Re-



publican ranks, they had more to hope from finesse than from any independent appeal to time-worn prejudices, adopted Greeley and his platform bodily. But the war-spirit which had pervaded the Republican campaign of 1868 came out even stronger, if possible, in that of 1872. Parades of Union veterans were an impressive feature, and a favorite device of the cartoonists was to depict Grant in the uniform of a soldier, defending the Constitution against a new rebellion. Greeley and his Liberal associates were held up to obloquy as Northern men who, after urging the expenditure of blood and treasure without stint to free the slaves, crush treason, and save the Union, now proposed tossing the fruits of all this sacrifice into the laps of the conspirators who had made it necessary. It was soon obvious that, though secession was dead, the martial sentiment of the North was not. Grant carried all but six states, and Greeley died of a broken heart soon after his defeat.

Interpreting his reelection as an expression of unqualified approval, Grant intensified, in his second term, some of the characteristics which, in his first, had driven the Liberals to revolt. His administration became more and more like a monarchical reign. The Credit Mobilier and Whiskey Ring scandals were coincident with a money stringency, caused partly by the emergency financiering of the war-times, and partly by a later spurt in railroad building; and the elections of 1874 threw the House of Representatives into Democratic control for the first time since 1860.

Not only were the people tiring of the 'mailed hand' at Washington, but a new problem had risen with which it appeared that a civilian in touch with the business world would be best able to cope. This was the question of protect-

ing the public credit. The greenback, which, early in the war era, had driven gold and silver into hiding and placed a premium on them, was the only money the people handled in their daily exchanges. Wages of labor were measured in the depreciated currency; even the pensions of the Union veterans were paid in it. The holders of government bonds, however, were receiving their semi-annual interest in gold, and this disparity caused wide complaint. A Greenback party was organized, headed by demagogues and doctrinaires who clamored for an unlimited issue of paper currency by the government, the abolition of banknotes as incidental thereto, and the payment of the national debt, principal and interest, in paper. The obligation to redeem the bonds in gold was purely moral, but every educated citizen knew that the credit of the government would fall to zero if, having demanded gold for its bonds in a crisis when gold must be had at any cost, it should resort to a technicality to escape buying them back in the same medium. Grant had killed one vicious inflation measure with his veto, and had signed an act, sponsored by John Sherman, promising to redeem greenbacks in coin on and after the first of January, 1879. All these conditions combined to bring about the nomination, in 1876, of Sherman's candidate, Hayes.

Whether the process by which Hayes was seated had any constitutional warrant, does not concern us here. Suffice it that a specially created tribunal awarded the Presidency to him, and that he had the courage to take it in the face of a great crisis. Realizing the part his administration must play as a bridge between two epochs, he had announced his purpose to serve only four years. Although he had been a volunteer officer in the Civil

War, he was committed to the subordination of the military to the civil authority in time of peace, and one of his first acts as President was to withdraw the troops from the Southern capitals where they had been bolstering up the carpet-bag governments. He made Sherman his Secretary of the Treasury, and gave him a free hand in battling with the forces of financial dishonor. Between them, the pair repulsed every attempt to repeal the provision for specie payments, and carried it into successful operation; but neither dissuasion nor veto availed to prevent the enactment of the Bland silver law, which was destined to injure American credit seriously, notwithstanding the general faith of the world in the aims and judgment of the Administration.

In the Congressional elections of 1878, the issue everywhere was between honest money and some cheap makeshift proposed by the Democrats or Greenbackers. The result at the polls, largely due to the splendid work of Garfield on the stump, did not restore Republican supremacy in Congress, but made sure the inability of the inflationists to force any repudiatory legislation into the statute-book. This was why, after wasting thirty-five ballots on two avowed and stubborn candidates, the Republican National Convention of 1880 turned so readily to Garfield as a 'dark horse' on the thirty-sixth. The Democrats repeated their error of 1864 by nominating a soldier candidate who was personally above criticism, but was wholly out of sympathy with the tendencies of their party.

Both Garfield and Hancock had served as general officers in the Union army, so the war issue had lost its vitality. The Southern States were reconstructed. The Greenback issue had been smothered by the resump-

tion of specie payments. For a slogan to move the popular heart and swell the campaign fund, therefore, the Republicans had to fall back upon the protective tariff. The Democrats furnished the needed ammunition, their platform demanding a tariff for revenue only, and their candidate pronouncing the tariff question a mere 'local issue.' For three months the Republicans rent the air with warnings of the disasters sure to follow if the pillars of the protection temple were pulled from under it; and the great producing interests which they did not lay under contribution before election day might have been counted on the fingers of one hand. They won by an insignificant plurality of the popular vote, but carried enough states to save the Presidency. And thus the party entered upon the fourth, or economic, stage of its history.

Garfield's career as President was cut short by assassination, and through most of the term for which he was chosen, Vice-President Arthur filled his place. The Republicans, admonished by the narrowness of their margin at the polls, began to suspect that there might be a real demand for some modification of the tariff, and did a little feeble revising on their own account. But, weakened by fresh factional quarrels, they lost the House of Representatives again in 1882, and the Presidency in 1884.

Cleveland's inauguration opened the first interregnum. But the Democratic majority in the House divided on the tariff, the radical wing insisting on a more arbitrary cut in duties than the conservative wing was willing to concede. The President compelled a truce between them by devoting his third annual message exclusively to the tariff, and making recommendations which, while terrifying to the timid members, left the party, as a whole,

no alternative but to support him; the House passed a bill embodying his views, and the National Convention of 1888 nominated him for a second term. The Republicans nominated Harrison as a strict protectionist, and the campaign was fought through on the tariff issue alone. For the third time in the history of the republic, a Democratic candidate who had received a larger popular vote than his chief competitor was defeated on the electoral ballot. Broadly interpreted, this meant that, albeit more voters were friendly than unfriendly to tariff reform, the protective policy was still well entrenched in the rich manufacturing states.

The first session of Congress after Harrison's inauguration passed the McKinley Tariff. Again the Republicans discovered that they had traded too heavily on past successes, for the elections immediately following swept them out of power in the House. The National Conventions of 1892 renominated Harrison and Cleveland respectively, and once more the tariff issue came uppermost. The Democrats won, and the new Congress passed the Wilson-Gorman Tariff Act, which the President refused to sign because it belied the promises on which the party had been restored to power. It became a law without his signature, and proved more unpopular than the McKinley Tariff. Meanwhile, a financial panic had occurred, for which each party blamed the other, but whose political consequences were visited on the Democrats, pursuant to the rule which holds the party in power accountable for everything that goes wrong. All this, together with Cleveland's unyielding hostility to silver inflation in every form, stirred up the radicals in his own party, and encouraged their union with the People's party, an organization born of the tariff and currency controversies, which had gathered into its

platforms all the economic heresies, and into its personnel all the human driftwood, that could find lodgment nowhere else.

At the Democratic National Convention of 1896, the extremists routed the conservatives and nominated Bryan for President, on a platform defiantly demanding the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The Republicans took up the challenge by nominating McKinley and declaring for the 'existing gold standard.' Both parties had something to say of the tariff, but that topic was hardly heard of in the campaign, so intense was the feeling in business circles about the threatened debasement of the coinage. McKinley came out of the contest with a clear majority over all, and the silver ghost was laid, apparently forever. The Dingley Tariff promptly superseded the Wilson-Gorman Tariff; and the Spanish War, which came on immediately afterward, aroused enough patriotic fervor to assure the reelection of the President who had directed it. His assassination threw the responsibilities of the Presidency upon Vice-President Roosevelt, whose administration for the unexpired term led to his election as President in his own right by the unprecedented plurality of two and one-half million votes. There had been no conspicuous issue in the campaign of 1900 other than the question of letting well enough alone; and in 1904 the personalities of the respective candidates — Roosevelt's having captured the popular imagination, while Parker's was rather colorless — drove every other consideration into the background. It was during this period that the last, or political, epoch of the Republican dynasty was ushered in.

It was plain, as the year 1908 approached, that the chief thought of the Republican party, like that of the Federalist party in 1816, and of the Whig

party in 1848, was self-perpetuation. No such clear, vital issues were in sight as the abolition of slavery, a civil war, reconstruction, the public credit, or a permanent economic policy. The generation of strong men who had built up the party, and the generation directly following who loved it for their fathers' sake, had left the centre of the stage. To the mass of the voters Republicanism was only a name, and an era of deliberation was everywhere giving place to an era of hurry. Roosevelt, throwing the whole weight of his own popularity into the scale, succeeded in electing Taft to the Presidency, on a platform largely given to glorifying the party for its past achievements, but vastly more explicit than that of 1904 in pointing out the methods whereby its work would continue to be carried on. The swing from a platform of historic review to one of specific pledges was proof of the party's realization that its vitality was on the wane. It also, in a way, tied the Taft administration fast to plans which it had had no actual hand in framing.

The record of that administration is still too fresh to need more than the most general rehearsal. President Taft, with an interpretative conscience trained on the bench, undertook to carry out literally the promises made in his behalf. Against the advice of every skilled politician in his circle he called Congress together at once to revise the tariff, and procured a law which, however unsatisfactory, was the best he could wrest from a body elected by the same people that had made him President. Later, when the Democrats had obtained control of the House, he vetoed tariff act after tariff act passed in disregard of the protective standard fixed by his platform. He recommended currency legislation after the Monetary Commission had made its report, and had his trouble for his pains. In the

face of a storm of angry abuse, he enforced the anti-trust law to the letter. He negotiated arbitration treaties, only to have them rendered nugatory by the Senate. Whithersoever he turned, his efforts to carry out the pledges of his platform were baffled or crippled by forces beyond his control, yet he was held by his critics to as strict account as if he had ignored the people's mandate instead of strictly obeying it. When he stood for reelection, he was met with insult in the campaign, and was defeated at the polls by a heavy vote.

Half the commentators set this down as a personal rebuke to President Taft. Why? Because he had followed instructions too literally? Yet had he treated them less seriously he would have been assailed for negligence. In truth, he was between the upper and the nether mill-stones: the voting public, impatient of delays in changes it had vaguely expected, resolved to empty the high places and fill them with new men, and Taft was made a scapegoat only because he chanced to be the most conspicuous figure in the party in power. Doubtless any other man in his position would have met a like fate when the time was ripe for an upheaval; for the swing of the political pendulum is as inexorable as the order of economic evolution, even though we may not always recognize the signs that precede it.

## II

Will the dynasty just driven into exile ever be restored? The reader who has followed me thus far will understand why my judgment answers, No. The dynasties which preceded it went to pieces when they had reached the stage which the Republican dynasty reached during the last ten years. The attempt last autumn to rally its ebbing strength by raising the Protection war-

ery of thirty years ago was a pathetic confession that its course had been run. The sequel bore out the symptom: the result at the polls was not a mere repulse, it was a collapse. The party had started as a product of the times. It had maintained its supremacy by keeping abreast of the times. Now the party and the times had parted company; the times were forging ahead, the party had dropped back a whole generation. Its platform of 1912, though strong enough as measured by the standards of 1880 or 1892, was weak as compared with its corresponding utterance in 1908, for the adverse elections intervening had frightened its programme-framers.

It is the fashion, in some quarters, to attribute the fate of the Republican party to the tyranny of 'the bosses.' The outcry against bosses is entirely natural; but to charge to them all the ills which befall a party is to confound cause and phenomena. Bossism is to a party what gout is to a human being, an outgrowth of undue self-indulgence. Until a party becomes highly prosperous it does not suffer from bossism, for there is no surfeit of the food on which bosses grow great. With prosperity, moreover, comes a lethargic condition of mind and conscience; the ordinary members of a party, after its early struggles are past and repeated victories have made it over-confident, fall into a habit of thinking that Providence is going to look after everything pretty well, whether the individual voter pays any attention to it or not; and thus not only is the way made easy for the bosses, but power is practically thrust upon them.

No party can be killed by the bosses without the tacit coöperation of the bulk of its membership. If it could be, the Republican party would have died many years ago, when its Conklings and its Blaines, its Camerons and

its Chandlers, were ruling their baronies, writing their decrees into national platforms, and combining on candidates or dividing spoil. Yet, by common consent, that was the golden age of the Republican dynasty, and the overthrow of these chieftains left the party a prey to its enemies. The fact is that no important battle, where the contending forces are at all well-matched, is ever won by an army in which every soldier fights as he pleases. Compact organization, direction from some central point, and discipline in the ranks, are essential to successful action by large bodies. When a party is young, its chief man is known as a leader; when the leader, instead of advising, assumes to command, he is hailed as a general; but when the general undertakes to enforce his commands by rewards and penalties, he becomes a boss. It is a graduated transition from one extreme to the other, not a leap; and nobody notices it till some restless subaltern, punished for mutiny, shouts out his protests.

Is the Democratic party in power for a long period? That seems improbable. Peril lurks in its unwieldy strength. With both the executive and the legislative branches of the government in its hands, it alone will be held responsible for the conduct of public business; and the proceedings of the Baltimore Convention revealed the existence of factional divisions which can hardly be healed by any form of compromise. Another peril lies in the commitment of the party to the one-term idea, for it notifies all the fellow partisans of a president, who competed with him for the nomination, that they must begin at once to cultivate popularity even at the expense of quarreling with him, if they would try for better luck in the next convention. For example, President Cleveland's first administration, though abounding in mistakes due to



his own and his party's inexperience, led naturally up to his renomination in 1888 and 1892; but, once seated for what was known to be his final term, all the vials of personal envy and factional malice were poured upon him. His party was broken in twain; and the larger fragment, usurping leadership in the next campaign, went down in a disaster whose effects it has taken sixteen years to repair.

Whether history is soon to repeat itself, depends less on Mr. Wilson's attitude than on the willingness of all his Democratic rivals to work unselfishly with him for the larger good of the whole party. But human nature is—human nature.

And as to the Progressive party? With those observers who believe its remarkable record at the polls due entirely to its magnetic leader, I cannot agree. All men of very positive traits inspire intense enmities as well as devoted friendships; and, unique figure as he is, wide and enthusiastic as is his following, Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy appears to have repelled about as many wavering votes as it attracted. The party he founded, with its catch-all creed and its energetic combing of high-ways and hedges for recruits, might have fared as well under some other leader of high repute and winning personality. Its demands, whether wise or unwise, plain or indefinite in detail, recognized the era of unrest through which the world is passing, and catered boldly to the spirit thereof. It did not win, partly because, while promising all things to all men, it allowed the What utterly to obscure the How. Still, we must not make too much of that: a like complaint was lodged by many of the Abolitionists against the Republican party at its beginning. Probably not half the delegates who nominated Frémont were able to forecast the means whereby the slave power was to

be overcome. They had to wait until a greater than Frémont had appeared and taken command, and the passions of their opponents had provided an opening; for even Lincoln, had there been no Civil War, might not have found a way.

The early steps of the mother party, and those of her offspring, suggest some parallels, but quite as many contrasts. Both parties were heralded as expressing the highest hopes of humanity in things political. Both were baptized in a flood of quasi-religious zeal, with a free paraphrasing of Holy Writ and a loud voicing of the emotions of the hour in outbursts of prayer and praise. Both welcomed into their infant circle all sorts and conditions of men. A Cameron and a Hoar foregathered in 1856 with much enthusiasm; and in 1912 the stalwart bass of a Flinn and the gentle treble of an Addams blended in the militant war-song, 'Onward, Christian soldiers!' But the Republican party owed its origin to no accident of politics. It was not organized for the special purpose of beating somebody it did n't like; its chief component was not a branch of the Whig party which had been worsted in a contest for control; it did not adopt its leader first and its chart of action later. It was a union of elements which, after years of patient argument, stirring appeal and earnest deliberation, had concluded that an independent movement offered them their only hope of achieving the aims they had cherished so long. The leader was naturally evolved from the movement, whose chief promoters had other men in mind when they began their work. Above all, the Republican platform of 1856 was a model of dignified simplicity, in vivid contrast with the omnium-gatherum quality of the Progressive platform of 1912, and, indeed, with the overloaded and diffuse platforms on which the older party has



placed some of its candidates in recent years.

Still, whatever faults we may find in the Progressive party's first activities, and whatever weaknesses we may suspect in its structure or its doctrines, let us not forget that every movement which stirs men's hearts, though it may not accomplish a tithe of what was expected of it, leaves its mark as a leavener of its age. Luther did not drive the Pope to recant, nor did Hahnemann revolutionize the medical practice of the world; but each accomplished a modification of existing conditions of which posterity is reaping the benefit. Even the People's party, over whose turbulent but brief career we sometimes laugh good-naturedly, left our conceptions of statecraft a little different from what they had been, as witness a Republican President's recent interest in a land-loan plan which will do for the farm something akin to the service the national banks are doing for the factory.

### III

It may still be too early to make such forecasts, but the omens now visible seem to me to point toward a reunion between the more active remnant of the Republican party and the Progressive seceders. Mr. Taft is no longer an issue between them, and out with him have gone a number of prominent Republicans who stood by him for their party's sake. Most of these men are too old to recover their former eminence, even if they wished to and if the way were otherwise clear. History shows that third parties cannot hold a permanent place in our political arena; hence, one or the other of the two parties of Republican ancestry, now separated by about a half-million votes in an aggregate of seven millions, must presently absorb its rival and be-

come the recognized antagonist of the Democratic party. Which will it be? What has each to offer as a basis of combination? The Republican remnant has the prestige of a long-honored name; the seceding body has the modern ideals, the vigorous blood, and the eloquent testimony of the election returns to its ability to quicken the popular pulse. All the accepting of new projects must be done by the Republicans; the most that can be asked of the Progressives is that they shall hold in abeyance a few of the most radical features of their programme, and make some of the others more explicit. In any attempt at reunion, therefore, the greater advantage lies on the side of the Progressives, even though they might be compelled to advertise their parentage by attaching the family name to their own and calling the union the Progressive-Republican party.

Whatever title may be chosen, the Progressives are bound to insist on so complete a reconstruction of personnel and policies that the Republican party under which our generation has grown up will be known no more among men. The dynasty whose long and brilliant rule transformed the country, took its start in a revolt against the subordination of human rights to statute law. The evolutionary cycle traced in these pages has brought around a situation which, to the minds of an ever-increasing body of people, must ere long be faced in the same way. The question of 'industrial justice,' whether it be a live moral issue or only an emotional fad, is, from the Progressive point of view, as vital as was that of Negro slavery a half-century ago. At any rate, it is one which will never be disposed of by mere bulls or by blinking. The popular interest it is exciting must be either satisfied by concessions or dispelled by a successful campaign of economic education.

To the argument that most of the suffering in the world is due to those inequalities in natural human equipment for which there is no cure short of destroying our present race and founding a new one, the answer is patent, 'What cannot be cured can at least be ameliorated. To the argument that the Federal power, under the Constitution, does not extend to such matters, the prompt response is, If the 'general-welfare' clause of the Preamble can be stretched to cover our protective system; if we are able to maintain a Federal quarantine in spite of local political boundaries; if the freedom of interstate commerce can be used to nullify the police powers of a state respecting the liquor traffic, or to split aggregations of private capital into fragments with an anti-trust statute; if any product of human labor, from a box of phosphorus matches to a state bank note, can be taxed out of existence at the option of Congress, why must we assume that 'constructive statesmanship' may not yet evolve, and judicial 'interpretations' ratify, a mode of readjusting some of the relations of employer and employed in our industries generally? If this cannot

be done under the Constitution as it reads to-day, what is to prevent such an amendment of the Constitution as has been undertaken with regard to an income tax, which few conservatives were willing, twenty years ago, to accept as among the possibilities?

An individualist by inheritance and training, and a believer in human competition as the salt of civilization, I have no purpose of pleading the insurgent cause; but neither can I be blind to what is going on about me. Philosophic sympathy and prophetic common sense are as little related as cant and logic. It seems to me that the problem before the temperate-minded people of this country is, whether the spirit of the times, now moving straight toward a socialistic system, can be harnessed and controlled so as to accomplish the ends demanded without wrecking the republic. Its solution may depend largely on whether we have among us, unrecognized as yet, another Lincoln, true of heart, clear of vision, calm of judgment, and as firm of hand when it is necessary to curb a passing madness as when the forces of reason must be helped to conquer fresh ground.

# PUBLIC UTILITIES AND PUBLIC POLICY

BY THEODORE N. VAIL

THERE are so many points common to all utilities and service companies that it is difficult to differentiate their relations to the public. The understanding of the relations, or mutual obligations, toward each other, and of the mutual dependence upon each other, of the public and the corporation, has so radically changed within the recent past, that any discussion which did not also take into consideration the causes influencing and underlying these changes would be futile. We shall first try to establish a few fundamental principles common to all.

## I

1. There are but few utilities which have no alternative or substitute. The alternative or substitute will generally have been less convenient, comfortable, or efficacious, and, consequently, less desirable to the user or consumer; but, in the absence of a better, it answered the purpose and was cheaper, and at the time was regarded as the ultimate possibility in the way of comfort, convenience, and luxury. An instance is lighting: electric light has gas as an alternative, gas has burning oils, burning oils have candles. While, for a given amount of light, the alternative may be more expensive, yet as it was used there was large economy and it was entirely satisfactory.

2. No utility can sell its service or its commodity at a price greater than its value, in comfort or convenience, if not in actual money, to the purchaser

or consumer; and the price and quality of service or commodity must be so regulated that enough can be sold to produce net revenue sufficient to pay a fair return upon the cost of the plant, and of the organization and establishing of the business.

3. Net revenue can be produced in two ways; by a large percentage of profit on a small business, or a small percentage of profit on a large business. Population, potential business, social and business conditions, generally decide which course will be followed; but with a large population with large potentialities, the experience of all industrial and utility enterprises has been that it adds to the permanency and undisturbed enjoyment of a business, as well as to the profits, if the prices are put at such a point as will create a maximum consumption at a small percentage of profit.

4. Uniform rates for public service must lead to a combination covering a large and diversified territory. No utility is so situated that the same unit of service can be delivered at the same cost over all sections, nor are there in the same system of utilities any two sections in which service can be produced or delivered at the same cost, if each section is charged with its proportion of all costs.

Uniform rates are based on average costs and must be as excessive and unreasonable under certain conditions as they are inadequate and ridiculous under other conditions. When both sets of conditions are under one operation

or in one combination, the average applies, and it is a benefit in that it gives equal facilities to all at reasonable prices. When, however, one utility or combination has all the favorable conditions while the other has all the unfavorable, — or if a so-called competitor should be allowed to supply under the favorable conditions and avoid the unfavorable ones, — rank injustice is done in the one case, while undue benefits are granted in the other. In the one case there are great profits and large dividends; in the other bankruptcy and receiverships, for which the only remedy would be rates for service varied according to conditions, or a combination of all conditions under one operating combination. As an instance, — a gas company could furnish gas to a limited part of the community it serves at a price which would not pay cost of distribution in other sections.

A trunk line of railroad, if it did not have to support its distributing and collecting branches, could be run at a profit at rates which would not pay the crews of the trains on the branch lines. There are, to-day, railroad systems, through rich, well-settled, highly developed sections, which are enormously profitable, while others in less prosperous, or less fully developed, sections of the same states are in a receiver's hands because of uniform rates. The average cost of one system is less than the uniform rate, while the average cost of the other system is higher. A uniform rate is an advantage to the community as a whole, in that it gives to all equal facilities, as near as may be, at a uniform cost; it is equitable in that the highly developed centres are dependent on the country as a whole, and, therefore, should contribute toward this policy of equal facilities at uniform cost; but it is inequitable if, without remedy, any utility is obliged to fur-

nish service below cost at uniform rates established on an average cost which includes utilities more favorably located.

The inevitable conclusion is, therefore, that if uniform rates are to prevail in any utility system, that system must tend to combination and to a single system or monopoly, if you please, if a highly developed, highly efficient, and progressive utility is to be maintained.

5. Where competition in any field is carried on at a reasonable profit it may be the result of agreement expressed or implied, or it may be that observation or experience of the cost, and destruction of aggressive competition, lead to the exercise of a reasonable restraint in the method and efforts of all to increase business and maintain profits. So long as business is above normal or is even normal, it is easy for competitors to maintain prices or to observe agreements; but when business is sub-normal and hard to obtain, while at the same time expenses are constant, charges are continuous, and business at or below cost is better than none, no agreement or understanding, expressed or implied, without penalty, will be long observed.

6. Competition, so-called, in any enterprises carried on at unreasonable profits is, without question, always the result of some understanding or agreement implied or expressed. Unreasonable profits are bound sooner or later to introduce new conditions and new competitors in any field, whether stationary or growing. It is this that has given rise to the belief in the great virtues of competition.

Competition is induced by many causes: by a desire to meet and share an increasing demand for, or consumption of, any commodity or service at normal profits; or to obtain a share of a business in which profits are very attractive and tempting; or to

share in an increasing business with excessive profits. The object may be to create a permanent, continuing, and profitable business, and to obtain, at reasonable prices, a fair share of the going or growing business; or to create by destructive and aggressive tactics such a situation as will force a settlement by purchase, combination, or an understanding of some kind, with an established business; or to promote a business upon the reputation and success of others and sell it to innocent investors upon misleading statements, either willful or mistaken.

The vicious acts associated with aggressive competition are responsible for much, if not all, of the present antagonism in the public mind to business, particularly to large business. These vices are the necessary accompaniment of the methods of destructive competition. The reason for the public's encouragement of such competition lies in the belief that from it they will derive some benefit. In the long run, however, the public as a whole has never benefited by destructive competition.

No business can be conducted permanently without some margin over and above the operating expenses, which must include ample maintenance of its plant at the highest 'going-concern' standard; while any business can be conducted for an indefinite period, at an apparent profit, at the cost of its plant or its capital depreciation, so long as they last, and after that for some time on receivers' certificates. There may be a temporary benefit to the consumer from unprofitable prices, but in the end prices must necessarily be restored or increased to recoup the losses of the cut prices, and to pay the charges on capital invested in unnecessary duplication, if such capital is not to be absolutely lost to the investor.

It must not be forgotten that, in competition of this kind, whether in

the field of industrials or of utilities, the start is with small business and between small businesses; the big combination or the big business is a combination for offensive and defensive purposes, and is to be likened to the survival of the strongest, if not the fittest. Business and production must be on a large scale commensurate with the consumption and the new methods of production, which to produce at all must produce by the thousands. Large business or large production means a large aggregate profit from a small percentage of profit, while small business or small production must mean large percentage of profit or small and unsatisfactory compensation to the producer, or both. There is not one act, good or bad, wrong or right, that is charged to big business, that did not originate with, and does not still exist, in small business; while big business has one weakness inherent in its condition which small business has not, and that is notoriety and publicity. Big business is in the glare of sunlight while the smaller business is more or less in the shade. Big business is more impersonal as to its proprietorship or its ownership, or is centred about a few of those prominently connected with it; while its widespread body of small proprietors or partners — that is, the shareholders — have no association with it in the minds of the public, and, as a rule, are indifferent to all that is going on so long as dividends are maintained.

The settlements of competitive wars always affect the public unfavorably, not only toward the ones engaged, but toward all other industrial or utility enterprises. When prices are restored, even to a normal and reasonable basis, they are in constant contrast with the cut price of competitive war, and the consumer is constantly reminded of the differences and resents them; why, it is



hard to say, for there is no reason why the public should suspect that some individuals of the public engage in this aggressive competition for any other than a selfish purpose, or for any other benefit than their own; nor is there any reason why it should be expected that these disastrous competitions would be carried on beyond the point which the competitors believed best for their own interests, or beyond the point where the purpose of the competition has been accomplished.

When those engaged in the competitive warfare end it with profit, that profit is more or less flaunted in the faces of the public and is a constant offense; on the other hand, the losses made in the unsuccessful competitions are soon forgotten. If the losses of the unsuccessful promoters of enterprises, worthy and unworthy, or of competitive wars, or the losses made by speculators and gamblers, were as much talked about and as well known, or as much in evidence, as the occasional gains, the speculator or undesirable promoter would find fewer contributors or followers, and competition would be confined to rational and commendable ends, and governed by a decent self-restraint; or, if those who did benefit temporarily by aggressive competition also felt the resultant losses, there would be less encouragement of that kind of competition, and a better feeling on the part of the public toward those industries or utilities which were trying to operate a business in a legitimate manner and at a reasonable profit.

Another popular belief is that it is due to competition that prices and charges have been permanently reduced. Competition may have been a slight stimulant, but permanently reduced prices are brought about by the protection which encourages the inventor to create and develop labor-and-time-

saving machines and new and improved methods and devices; by the desire to gain the profits which reward the study of the wishes, needs, comforts, and luxuries of the world, for the purpose of bettering the existing ones or creating new ones; by the initiative and enterprise which introduced the improved processes and methods; by the introduction of machinery operated by ordinary labor at high wages, to take the place of highly skilled labor at comparatively low wages; by the great increase in the number of purchasers or consumers and by the increase in the average purchasing power of each individual; by the development of markets of such magnitude that large sums could be devoted to the introduction of machinery, processes, and methods which cut producing-cost and enabled a large aggregate profit to be realized on large production and large scales at low prices and small percentage of profit. Whether the consumers created the producers or the producers the consumers, whether the developing market produced the improvements which increased production or whether the improvements produced the market, is difficult to determine, but one thing is sure — that the business organization of any community is so dependent upon the community that sooner or later any effect, whether for good or for bad, is bound to be felt over the whole.

## II

It must be admitted that regulation and control by commission has become a permanent feature of our economic policy, particularly as to utilities. That being so, it is essential for the well-being of the community that such regulation and control should be effective, equitable, acceptable to the public, and final. There must be absolute confi-

dence on the part of the public in its constituted commissions, and the utilities must have confidence in their fair intent and equity. To deserve this confidence, the members of the commissions must be of high order, free from prejudice or political favoritism or bias; and not only competent, but determined to render their decisions on the showing of facts without regard to popular clamor on the one side or corporate pressure on the other. To get all this, there must be permanency and lapse of time sufficient to enable an accumulation of practice, experience, and precedent, and a thorough coöperation between the public, the commissions, and the corporations, with confidence, deference, and dependence, and absolute frankness on every side.

Corporations should be allowed freedom from undue restraint or restriction on operations, so long as good service is rendered at reasonable prices — prices which will allow the best wages for the best service, provide for the maintenance, depreciation, and reconstruction of the plant, pay all fixed charges and a fair return on the investment, and a profit commensurate to the risk and chances peculiar to, and the ability required to establish and operate, the undertaking. If discussions of unsupported assertions and biased and misleading statements and distorted facts, no matter where made or by whom, are to prejudice the public or force the commissions to resort to expedients, indirect methods, half-way measures, or to evasions in the performance of their duties, the old conditions of trick and stratagem and 'anything-is-fair-in-war' methods to gain personal ends will soon be restored in worse shape than before.

It will take time and much self-restraint on the part of all concerned to bring this happy result about; and while it is being accomplished and the

readjustment is taking place, the public should not in their impatient desire to get quick results allow the destruction or deterioration of those heretofore thriving enterprises which have done, and are doing, so much for the public development, even if for a time some inequalities or irregularities due to the changing conditions continue. The fact that some corporations have not as yet quite got on to the new order of things, together with the fact that the public, fully realizing its power, has not as yet learned that proper restrictions, regulation, and control, can secure all that is wanted, or all that is to be desired, and all that can be got, or that conservation is better than destruction, is largely the cause of the present unsettled and unsatisfactory conditions. The relations between the public and the corporations have not fully adjusted themselves to that nicety of balance which is possible, and which will give each of them all that either is entitled to, or could get, while at the same time preserving the prosperity and the rights of each.

This desired and happy consummation of the struggle, for it is a struggle, will only come with education, with the realization, on the part of the public, of the fact that economic and natural laws are above all statutory laws and cannot be disregarded if good results are to be obtained; that the prosperity of all results from general individual prosperity; that prosperous and solvent communities can only exist where they are served by prosperous and solvent utilities; and on the part of the corporation, that permanent success not *only can* be, but *can only be* obtained through equitable and legitimate efforts and procedure.

If, under these conditions rightfully administered, this country cannot secure and maintain the most sufficient, efficient, and effective service of all

utilities, there must be something inherently wrong in government regulation and control; and if government cannot effectively regulate and control through its commissions and its laws, then how much less effectively could it operate through government officials.

Competition — excepting that kind which is rather ‘participation’ than ‘competition,’ and operates under agreement as to prices or territory; that kind which provides for the extension or development of the country, and is conducted on the principle of maintaining high quality and fair prices — can only exist where there are abuses, either in the way of unreasonable profits or of excessive capitalization; and where control and regulation are effective, these abuses cannot exist or continue. Consequently competition and control and regulation do not go together, and if a mistaken public opinion demands competition in established fields of ‘sufficient’ and ‘efficient’ service given under control and regulation, the result will be duplication of plant, for which the general public must sooner or later pay either in the loss of capital invested, or in higher charges necessary to pay returns on the capital invested in the duplicated plant. The losers, as we said above, may not lose to the same individuals, but whatever is lost to individuals is lost to society and sooner or later affects the individual.

### III

All utilities are dependent not only upon the public for support, in that they must have customers for their service, but upon the public good-will and favor, in that, from the public or its representatives, they must have franchises or permits under which they can operate. The old and proper idea of franchise put the public on the basis

of a partner, in a partnership between the public, the capital, the invention or utility, and the individual. The public furnished consumption and, of course, the license to serve or the franchise to furnish something that it, the public, presumably wanted. The individual furnished the initiative, the energy, and managing ability; the capital employed was essential to development and installation; the invention or utility was something which to be successful must be of some public benefit. The intent or theory was that each should get its fair share of the benefits: the promoters and inventors, upon whose initiative, enterprise, and risk, something of great public benefit was introduced, profits in money; the public, something to their material advantage, in comfort or well-being. If this condition could have been established and maintained in a well-balanced relation to each of the partners, the present state of mind on the part of the public toward utilities would never have existed.

As pertinent to and having a direct bearing on questions of franchise, attention is called to the following facts:

1. At the beginning, every public utility or public service was started as an improvement upon something, some method, or some practice — and was a luxury. The greater the real benefit, or the greater the service, of the utility to the public, the quicker its adoption and the more rapid its assimilation into the daily habits and life of the people. The quickness with which it changed from a luxury or convenience to a necessity was a direct measure of its advantage to the community; while at the same time, and in the same proportion, the chances of competition increased, created, as it were, by the desire of those who always depend on the enterprise of others for their initiative to secure a share of the

material advantages, to reap where others have sown.

2. The public have received through utilities as much benefit in money, and in comfort, convenience, and well-being—if these could be measured in money—as the inventors and promoters have received in profits; while the enhancement of values, or the unearned increment, caused by the introduction of utilities has far exceeded all the profits from all the utilities, allowing them to be as great as the most liberal estimates of the restrictionists would have them. The money profits from these enterprises are concentrated on one individual or on a group, while the intangible values of comfort and well-being and convenience, and the unearned increment, attach to the general public and are lost in, or mingled with, general conditions; therefore one attracts continued attention and causes envy, while the other is taken as a matter of right.

The increase in population, the wide distribution of wealth, not only created tremendous possibilities in old established but dormant utilities, but created a great demand for new ones. Promoters of new enterprises and speculators in old enterprises became active. Franchises were in demand on any terms and conditions. Promises were made which no one expected to fulfill or was expected to fulfill, and enterprises were launched which the promoters knew, or should have known, would not pay. The partners in these enterprises, other than the public, in their eagerness to realize profits in advance of the actual development, and in their eagerness to capitalize prospects and hopes, and even unwarranted promises, in advance of establishing any public benefits, took advantage of this, and more attention was paid to speculative combinations, promotions, and dealings than to the wants

and service of the public. This soon produced a feeling on the part of the public furnishing the permit to serve, on the one hand, and the consumers who afforded the profit, on the other hand, that the other partners were getting more than their share and getting it first, and that in some way they had been giving away or sacrificing something of great value.

The methods employed in these transactions, the acts performed, and the results sought for and obtained, were no different from those employed in all speculative and in many competitive businesses,—no worse, no better,—but there was a difference: the utility must get a permit or franchise, which the industrial does not need; the public as a body politic has also a control over the plant installation and operation of public service and public utilities, which it does not possess over industrials. This association between the public as consumer, and the public which gave the franchise, apparently did not occur to the other partners.

The fact that the same public were masters of the situation, in that they constituted the body politic, did not find any lodgment in the minds of those who controlled utilities; nor did the public, on its part, fully realize this relation and its power until the realization was forced upon it by an aroused and indignant public opinion seeking for redress and protection. Regarding only the existing conditions, forgetting and disregarding what the conditions were before the utilities were introduced, forgetting that there was ever any initial enterprise or risk in the introduction of these utilities or in the operation of these franchises, disregarding the benefits following the introduction of these utilities, the public mind furnished a ready field for biased and selfish opinion. Luxuries were fast

becoming necessities; ridiculously low prices, made for services rendered in the heat of competitive war, developed a tendency in the public to demand the impossible in the way of permanent rates and prices; and a desire began to develop to get all possible for as little as possible. In this frame of mind the public awakened to a realization of its great strength, through the right of regulation and control, through the control of franchise without which any utility plant already established was useless and worthless, and through its power as a body politic, a power which, if uncontrolled by sober common sense, or used without discrimination, would destroy every utility, and in the destruction would also involve both the prosperity and well-being of the community.

Public prosperity is largely dependent upon good service of all kinds, not only within but without. The inter-connecting interests of individuals within a community, and of communities with one another, is like an endless chain, each link or unit depending on the strength and reliability of the whole, and the effective worth of the whole depending on each link. Good or bad movements in economic matters do not produce immediate effects, but because the effects are not immediate they are none the less certain to come. If the causes which have produced prosperity are ignored, if economic laws are disregarded, and experiments in new ideas are enforced without trial, the resulting trouble will again, as it has in the past, cause unfortunate results, which will in time bring about reform, but the damage and destruction done will never be restored.

Unless the public is reasonable in the use of its new-found power, and exercises it justly and equitably, but rigidly and consistently, all remaining confidence will be destroyed, and pro-

sperity will cease; for, unless utilities can be invested in with certainty and security, investment will cease, and growth and development must surely be checked. These utilities, and those dependent upon them, are by far the largest purchasers and consumers of the products of the earth and the factory; and a very large proportion of this consumption is due to normal or above-normal activity in the improvement, extension, and development of these utilities, and to the greater activity in every line of industry or production which accompanies these activities. Activity of extension and development means full consumption of all products and commodities, good wages, and full employment for all. Sub-normal, normal, or above-normal activity means the difference between shops half filled with work, full of work, or worked over-time.

Production is governed by the demands of consumption; large sums of money are spent annually by producers to obtain new markets, enlarge old ones, and even to obtain the customers of their rivals. A greater market can be made at less cost by a slight change of policy in some directions toward some utilities. A little liberality in treatment, a little let-up in restrictions, when accompanied by demand for increased facilities, will make a tremendous difference in the activity in improvement, extension, and development, and in the accompanying purchasing power, direct and indirect, of the public utility and service corporations and those dependent upon them.

Do not think that, because at the moment we have a spurt in the business conditions, we are out of trouble. This spurt, if one may so call it, is the result of the bad conditions, and is but a symptom which foretells worse conditions unless guarded against.

The present conditions are due to



many causes — curtailed production in the past, exhausted stocks of all kinds of manufactured commodities or goods, accumulation of purchasing ability on the part of the primary producer, because of good crops and good prices, and the steady normal development of the country, which has overtaken the over-expansion of a few years ago in all lines of industry.

Unless timely precaution is taken, there will be the same congestion, the same inability on the part of all utilities, particularly transportation, to meet the current demands made upon them, and the same direct and indirect losses because of delay or the extra cost to provide against delay, the same premium for immediate delivery, and the same vexations because conditions are such that what is wanted cannot be got when it is wanted.

Under rational and effective control and regulation there can be no danger to the public.

Governments are established for the conservation of individual and public interest, and the protection of individual and public rights. Wise, equitable, rational regulation and control come well within these duties, and well within the capability of rightly and honestly organized government.

Big crops and abundant money are of no benefit unless there is full consumption of the one and good demand for the other, and it is only through activity that these can come.

#### IV

The relation of the telephone system to the public is unique in that there is no other public utility or public service which occupies quite the same personal relation to the public that the telephone does; and in this country the relationship has acquired additional importance as a public necessity owing

to the development of the service, the use made of it, and the dependence upon it by the public in its business and social relations.

This importance is not only in the local exchange service, but in the dependence upon a quick and reliable service to all points within speaking radius. This dependence is not a mere accident or development, nor is it merely incidental to the service; it is the result of a thoroughly considered endeavor to create a business by first providing dependable facilities.

In the early days of the telephone, one of the sub-officials of a company made a protest against the expenditure of a considerable sum in improving and rebuilding a certain inferior toll-line connecting adjacent towns, on the ground that the business was not sufficient to support the existing line. The answer to his protest was that it could not be expected that business would be developed upon unreliable and inefficient facilities and service; that unless telephone service could be depended upon at all times, it would only be used in an emergency or as a last resort; therefore it was necessary that efficiency and reliability should be established before large business could be expected: that the only question to be considered before establishing service was — whether there was a population with a potential business.

This is the policy which controlled the development of the Bell Telephone system in America, and is the reason for its present development.

The telephone system, however, has not been created without its setbacks, its faults, and its grievous mistakes; and if the experience and knowledge obtained from those mistakes is ingrafted in the present policy of the Bell system, and they are not repeated, too much emphasis should not be laid upon those ancient and abandoned



faults, and the memory should not be too much exercised to recall them from oblivion.

As one reason, but no excuse, for those mistakes, it must be remembered that the telephone was born in an era when it was generally thought that corporations were masters of the public. It is not at all likely from the present attitude of the public that that mistake will ever be repeated.

The telephone was born when it was the popular idea that an electrician was the man who put up the electric call-bells, when electrical engineers, as at present understood, did not exist; and, except in the workshops of a few self-developed working electricians of ingenuity and imagination, working on its practical application to industrial development, the science of electricity was studied only in college laboratories; and there, as a rule, for purely scientific purposes.

Patents were still held in respect by the general public, if not by the speculative promoter and infringer; and the inventor of something new and useful was still regarded as the world's benefactor, and as entitled to some acknowledgment; and if he did not get it during the life of his patent, it was sometimes extended.

Never in the same period of the history of the world has there been such development of any branch of science as there has been in electricity in the less than four decades in which electrical communication, and the industrial application of electricity, have been brought from a period of almost nothingness to the development of 1912; from a period of conjecture and theory to that of an exact science; from the experimental stage to be one of the great industrial forces in the world, perhaps the greatest.

When the telephone was first introduced, the plant was simple, compara-

tively inexpensive, and correspondingly inefficient in comparison to what it is now; but wonderful beyond comprehension or comparison to what had been. The apparatus consisted of modifications and adaptations of apparatus designed for other purposes; all the equipment and plant for exchange purposes had to be invented and developed. The first use of the telephone was on private lines connecting two establishments, or generally the office and factory of the same establishment, the idea of the exchange being adapted from the connecting of telegraph lines together at a central office to put different stations into direct communication with each other. The telephone exchange was of slow growth, and difficult to exploit at first; there was nothing known in public service to use as an illustration, and in itself it was difficult of demonstration because the only possible demonstration *was by itself, before itself existed*; until a number of people were connected with an exchange, there could be no service.

The advantages, though slowly appreciated at first, brought a faster growth than any one anticipated, and both advantages and growth have probably gone far beyond the most optimistic estimates of any, excepting possibly a few, who were regarded as dreamy enthusiasts. When the advantage of the telephone service was once recognized it became surrounded by a halo, and many of those who were engaged in its development were literally carried off their practical business feet, and lost their business heads. Most of the promoters in the field were young men who were working on enthusiasm instead of capital, and with that peculiar energy which only comes to those who dream dreams. This condition existed until decay, depreciation, obsolescence confronted the operating

companies, with no provision or reserve to prevent them. Decaying, depreciated plant, central-office equipment and apparatus, and subscribers' stations of every conceivable pattern and kind were the rule. Conversation was interfered with by the extraneous noises on the single wire which formed the then telephone circuit and which, like the antenna of the wireless telegraph, caught every electrical disturbance in the air, from that caused by the aurora borealis to that caused by the electric car and telegraph currents. Meanwhile, the development of the art had been steadily and rapidly progressing, and in many central-office switchboards there was 'junk' at one end, and at the other the latest improvement known. Can it be wondered at that the service left much to be desired, and that the public was anything but satisfied?

Just about the time when many of the local companies found themselves in a position where reconstruction of plant, or destruction of business, was facing them, and no provision made for it, came that unprecedented period of almost unheralded cumulative prosperity throughout the country. The Western farmer who had been struggling with the low prices of over-production and undeveloped consumption, found that consumption had overtaken production, and that favorable seasons and large demands made good markets for his produce and filled his pockets with money. Industrial workers found full employment at full wages and still indulged in some of the reasonable economies of life. Those people who in the not far-past days of overdue interest and notes and mortgages looked upon banks as places to avoid, or upon rapidly diminishing deposits in savings-banks with dread of the future, found themselves with abundant and ready money. What a

field for the promoter, and what an advantage was taken of it! Thousands, millions, even hundreds of millions, of these accumulations and savings went into all sorts of industrial and public-service and utility schemes. Competing gas-companies, water-works, interurban railroads, local tramways, telephone enterprises, were inaugurated in great numbers.

The old Bell telephone companies, or those of them with capital all issued and no reserves, and with an antiquated plant which required all the earnings for current expenses and ever-increasing maintenance and current repairs, found themselves opposed by new up-to-date plants giving a service which could not be given by the old plants, and at prices which only a new plant paying no attention to depreciation or depreciation reserves could give even temporarily; prices which were not intended to be the basis of a permanent and continuing business, but were made on any basis that would get franchises and subscribers and thus enable the promoters to sell securities.

What wonder if, in some localities, the Bell service and the Bell companies became a by-word and an offense.

It would have been a bad day for the Bell interests but for the courage and optimism of the then head of the system, who came in at about the time when everything was at its worst. Recognizing the conditions, and also the cure for, and the necessities of, the conditions, he procured and poured millions upon millions of money into these local companies, rehabilitating and reorganizing them, creating a new system by rebuilding and newly building exchanges and connecting them by thousands of miles of toll and long-distance lines. The result was that the Bell system was once more in a position not only to give as good service as could be given, but to give a universal

service such as could not be given by any other system and was not attempted by the independents. While this was being done the opposition plants were beginning to learn that maintenance, reconstruction, obsolescence were not negligible quantities, and the investing public that the promises and prophecies upon which their money had been obtained were wrong and misleading; and also it was demonstrated that while isolated exchanges, operated and controlled independently, could give good local service, they could not satisfy the public as against a system which made each exchange, in fact each telephone station, the centre of a system over which conversation could be had in every direction to the utmost talking distance. Had the opposition or independent telephone movement taken a lesson from the mistakes of the Bell and profited by its experience and adopted its policy of intercommunication, the story might be different from what it is, but the opportunity has passed, never to return. Yet the lessons to be learned from this experience have as yet not been thoroughly assimilated or appreciated by the public, and this history is given to show what underlies whatever differences there are between the public and the operating telephone companies.

The telephone service may still be called an undeveloped service. Because the instruments at the subscribers' stations are not materially or noticeably changed from time to time, is no indication that the art is at a standstill. Probably the actual transmitter and receiver are about as highly developed as they ever will be; but the mechanism of the central office, the appliances to get rid of extraneous troubles — in these days of high potentials in electric currents in transmission, transportation, and the in-

dustrial arts, to say nothing of the wireless! — are continually changing, so much so that one familiar with the art five years ago would find a field almost unknown to him and newly developed to-day. Hundreds of the brightest minds devoted to research, development, and improvement, are steadily and constantly eliminating some fault, improving some method or process, overcoming some obstacle to good service. There is a continuous evolution in a field with a limitless horizon, but the evolution is so steady and constant as to be almost unnoticed. To realize it, one has only to compare the actual service and the radius of communication with what actually existed ten years ago, and that is impossible to the most impartial.

The public, however, has begun to appreciate and believe that the telephone service is a 'natural monopoly'; that any telephone exchange must give universal service — from every exchange and every subscriber as a centre in every direction to the farthest talking limits; that one telephone system is sufficient, and more than one a nuisance; that a telephone conversation cannot be transferred from one system to another and therefore that every one desiring service must be connected with the same system; that the telephone service as carried on by the Bell system is one of that class which has no alternative and no substitute. The vital interest of the public in the service must also be recognized, and whatever is necessary to insure to the public full and complete service must be done, and done in such a way as will bring 'efficient' and 'sufficient' service within the reach of the whole public having any possible use for it.

The telephone service as now understood and demanded, in this country, depends on uniform development of all sections, and close and sufficient

connection, with uniform operation, under common control, between them. The question of the profitableness of each separate unit of the system, whether exchange or connecting lines, cannot be considered. The system must be considered as a whole, administered and developed as a whole, and as a whole it must yield proper return, regardless of the returns of this or that locality so long as the development of the locality is of advantage to the system as a whole.

This is a source of both weakness and strength to the Bell system. The weakness lies in the fact that an opposition exchange can locate itself in the congested centre of business and, at a low rate, give a purely local service, within that section, at a price which the system giving universal service over extended areas, profitable and unprofitable, cannot meet. To those who want a purely limited service in some sections, this appeals. There are but few in such sections who do not want more than a limited local service, and consequently if they have the purely local service they must also have the service of the more extended system. This is the source of strength to the Bell system, which carried it through those days of reconstruction in the face of the vigorous independent movement.

The practice of the Bell system is founded on the following statement of policy: To develop the possibilities of the service and to give the best possible service: to anticipate all the reasonable demands of the public as to service, either as to quality, quantity or extent; to distribute the charges for such service in such a manner as

will make it possible for every one to be connected who will add to the value of the service to others; to collect gross revenue only sufficient to pay a fair dividend on the capital invested, after paying the fairest possible wages for the best service, after providing sufficiently for the maintenance and reconstruction of the plant, whether from decay or depreciation or from obsolescence. This is best shown by the distribution of the gross earnings of the Bell system.

The average gross earnings in 1911, per exchange station, for exchange service, toll, and long-distance service, was \$39.83, just under \$40; of this 50 per cent, or \$20, was paid for salary and wages; 5 per cent, or \$2, was paid for taxes; 20 per cent, or \$8, for maintenance and miscellaneous; 6 per cent, or \$2.40, was set aside for depreciation and obsolescence reserves; 19 per cent, or \$7.60, for dividends, interest, etc. The average cost of the plant per exchange station for 1911 was \$141, that is, the average returns upon plant cost were 5.4 per cent; or about the return which can be secured from first-class investments with ample security.

In conclusion, in this short discussion an attempt has been made to give what appears to be the proper solution of the telephone service, and to show what a telephone system should be. The question is, how best can the ideal be obtained? There seems to be no question, judging from experience, that the present way — private management and ownership, subordinated to public interests and under rational control and regulation by national, state, or municipal bodies — is the best.

# THE MASSEY MONEY

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

## I

'I HAVE sent for Judge Fordham to talk to me about my will, Mayannah. He comes at three.'

'Is that so, Mother Dreer?'

At this response, which seemed to her slipshod and perfunctory, Mrs. Dreer, lying high among her pillows, fairly glared at her son's widow. She detected an almost professional quality in Mayannah's irritating amiability.

In her point-lace cap and quilted silk bed-jacket, the high-nosed old woman looked masterful and important still, in spite of years and mortal illness. There was a red spot in the middle of either wasted cheek, and her deep-set black eyes were glowing with an excitement which even this fateful occasion hardly warranted. She sent for Judge Fordham frequently, but never before had she looked like this.

Mayannah Dreer, who was crocheting by the window, counted ten stitches apathetically. To live with Jane Dreer meant learning to restrain one's tongue three hundred and sixty-five days a year, and Mayannah had lived with her ten years. Now, at thirty, she looked like a pink azalea that has lost its first freshness; her cheeks were somewhat pale, and the submission and steadiness in her clear gray eyes totally denied the rebellious exuberance of her waving, red-gold hair. Mayannah's father was George Wetherbe, of old stock run to seed, but her mother was pretty Katy Curran from a farm far back in the hills. Thus Mayannah

was burdened with the perplexing inheritance of a New England brain and an Irish heart.

'I guess you'd like to know what I'm going to do with my money.'

'Just as you please,' said Mayannah, indifferently.

The gray head shook with vexation. 'Mayannah Dreer, you make me tired, pretending it's nothing to you how I make my will! I tell you, there is n't anybody who don't want money — and you just as much as the rest, even if butter won't melt in your mealy mouth!'

'If you go on that way, you'll get all tired out before Judge Fordham comes,' said Mayannah, counting more stitches.

This was undeniable, so Jane Dreer relaxed her tension a little, for she had much to say before the lawyer came, and she knew it.

'The Massey money!' she said. 'And all of it in my hands, for me to say where it goes! Time was I used to think the Massey money a little better than any other money on earth. But that was before it came to me. Grand-sire Nahum Massey and Temperance, his wife, they got the first considerable amount of it together, by littles and by littles. But they got it. That's the main thing.'

Mayannah glanced up, interested. Often as the Massey money had been used as a weapon of offense against her own insignificance during the patient years she had been her mother-in-law's companion, this was the first time she

had heard anything about the genesis of the snug little fortune that loomed large in Mrs. Dreer's eyes.

'Then I should think your father and your uncle Newton and your aunt Eliza would have had as much of it as your uncle Jabez,' she observed. 'But I thought your money came from Jabez Massey.'

'It did. Father was n't one to hold on to what he had; Jabez was one to make more. Families run like that — a streak o' fat and a streak o' lean. Uncle Newt held on to his fairly well. It's the remains of Newton's money the Varian girl is living on. She's his only grandchild.'

Mayannah, considering for a minute the various branches of the family she had married into, remembered that Jane Dreer herself was one of three children.

'How did all your uncle Jabez's money happen to come to you, Mother Dreer?' she asked idly, hardly expecting an answer. She was acquainted with the village legend which said that Jane Dreer came down like the Assyrian on the old home during Jabez Massey's last illness; that she shut him off from kindred and acquaintance, nursed him, cursed him, bulldozed him, until, as a result of really excellent care, combined with really skillful browbeating, he had made her his heir; 'in view of a private compact between us, and in acknowledgment of her faithful services in my behalf' ran his last testament, as anybody might read in the probate office, were they curious enough. Fordhampton people wondered vastly over that 'private compact,' but for twenty years Jane Dreer had gone her triumphant, silent, self-determined way. Thus her answer now quite petrified Mayannah.

'It did n't just *happen*,' returned the elder woman grimly. 'As for how I got it, that's what I'm going to tell you

right now. I promised Jabez Massey three things, and the first was, that before I died, I'd find somebody to tell it to. It might as well be you.'

There was contempt and impatience in her voice.

'I don't know as I wish to hear it,' returned Mayannah quickly, 'not if — if it's anything against you.'

'Against me! *Against* me! I'd like to know when it was ever against anybody to know the buttered side of bread! Jabez Massey did n't hold it against me, I can tell you! Uncle Jabez was a smart man; he knew the world, and he knew folks. And he was sick almost unto death, up here in this old house in Vermont that his grandfather built, when I heard about it from 'Gusta Burden and came on from Illinois to take care of him. "Your uncle Jabez is n't long for this world," 'Gusta wrote me, "and if you don't look after him, I expect Mary Varian will come up from New York with her little girl. She's the same kin to Jabez that you are."

'At first I did n't see how I could leave my husband and Harold. Harold was thirteen then, and into everything. Jim Dreer was working in Peoria, and I had all I could do to manage on his wages, let alone paying a housekeeper. Providentially, his sister's husband died the week before, and she did n't know what on earth to do, for there was n't but four thousand life insurance, and the house was mortgaged. So I planned it all out for her — how she was to pay off the mortgage with a thousand of the insurance, put the rest out at eight per cent, rent the house, and come look after Jim and Harold. I offered her two dollars a week to do it. I'd have had to pay a girl three, but I considered my planning was worth something. You see it gave her an income she could save money on, put it all together.'



‘How did you know somebody else would n’t be taking care of Uncle Jabez by the time you got here?’ demanded Mayannah, drinking in these details.

‘I did n’t — but one has to leave something to the Lord. It will be twenty-one years the tenth of October since I came. There were no through trains up this way then. I came up from the junction on a mixed freight. It looked so lonely all the way that I was heart-sick — that old reservoir with the stumps sticking up out of the black water, and the mountains all dark with firs, and just a few yellow maples here and there to light them up. The old house looked desolate, too. Just scraggly chrysanthemums and rain-soaked asters up the front walk, and fallen leaves everywhere. I opened the front door and went in as if I belonged — but my heart was in my mouth. The downstairs rooms were all dirt and disorder. You could write your name on all that old mahogany. I put down my bag and walked upstairs. At the top I heard somebody calling from the south-east chamber, so I went along, as bold as brass, pushed open the door, and went in.

‘There sat Uncle Jabez in a black skull-cap and flowered dressing-gown, in a rocker by the fireplace, looking the image of distress. Yet there was always something about him, and even about the things he said and the way he said them — I don’t know what to call it but style, though that’s a ridiculous word to use about a twisted old man in a flowered bed-gown. He’d had rheumatic fever, and it had left him with a very bad heart, and so twisted he could hardly hobble. Hi Newton used to come, night and morning, to get him up and back to bed, and his wife looked in twice a day and cooked and fussed around a little. There was bread and milk for his dinner on a dusty table beside him, and a log

smouldered in the corner of the fireplace.

“‘Well, Uncle Jabez,” said I, “how do you do? I’m afraid by the way things look, you don’t do very well.”

‘He looked at me hard, and finally his mouth screwed into a side-ways grin. You’d call it sardonic if he’d been a man in a book.

“‘Ah, it is my dear niece, Jane Dreer!” said he. “How do you do, Jane? — Now I wonder when Mary Varian will be up? About next week or the week after, I should say. Mary was always a little slow. But where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.”

“‘I’m glad you can still quote Scripture, Uncle Jabez,” said I. “It’s often a greater relief to the feelings than profanity.” With that I got down on my knees in front of the fire and fixed the charred stick for a back-log, with some chips and paper and small sticks in front. “As for Mary Varian,” I went on, “I doubt if you will need her now I am here. I have come on from Illinois on purpose to take care of you.”

‘Just then the sticks burst into a flame. Uncle Jabez looked at it. “If that Newton woman lived to be a thousand, she could n’t learn to make a fire,” he said.

“‘Some folks can’t,” said I, dusting the table by his elbow with my handkerchief. “Would n’t you rather have pop-robin and hot buttered toast for your lunch instead of that cold bread and milk?”

‘He shut his eyes and groaned. “Oh, the flesh-pots! The flesh-pots! At my age to be in bondage to the flesh-pots!”

“‘Is n’t it premature,” said I, “to be worrying about flesh-pots when I offer you a little gruel? Uncle Jabez, you know this is no way for a man of your means and your state of health

to live. It is n't right and decent; now is it?"

"He groaned again and looked into the fire, which had begun to snap quite lively. "Candidly, Jane, it is n't," he allowed at last.

"Very well. Then we're perfectly agreed," said I. "If I stay here, there'll be some comfort in the place. Do you suppose the Newton woman would help me give this house one good cleaning? And can her husband be hired to rake up leaves?"

"That was all the words we ever had about it. I just settled down and got the house to running, and made him as comfortable as he could be made. I did n't spend more money than I had to, because it hurt him so to see it go, but I used what was needful. For all he was so close, Jabez knew what was fitting.

"When I had been here a couple of weeks, along came a letter from Mary Varian in New York to her dear uncle Jabez. She said 'Gusta Burden had written her of his illness some weeks before (the same time she wrote me, I'll warrant you! That was like 'Gusta to stir us both up and then sit back to see what would come of it), and she had been trying to plan it so as to get up to Fordhampton to see him, but she hated to interrupt Rowena's term at school, and there was no one to leave her with. However, they could come at Christmas, and if dear uncle Jabez thought it best for his comfort, they might remain, for blood was thicker than water, and she felt for him in his illness and isolation.

"I wrote straight back and told her she need n't worry; Uncle Jabez's hands were too swollen to write, but he was n't suffering from isolation in the least. I was right there, and meant to stay. And the doctor thought excitement was n't good for him, so he would have to decline her kind offer of a visit.

"When I took the letter in for Jabez to read before I sent it, he grinned that side-ways grin and said, "Come, Jane, what do you think you are going to do, keeping Mary Varian and her girl away from me? Why should n't I see my affectionate relatives? I notice you don't encourage the neighbors to come in very much, either. Going to get me under your thumb, eh? And then dictate my last will and testament. That's a little too raw for a person of your intelligence, Jane."

"That made me angry. "Let's have this thing out," said I. "Then we'll both feel better and know where we stand. — Uncle Jabez, in the Lord's own time, you'll have to leave the Massey money and the Massey house. You've got to leave them to somebody, and I suppose it will be to some of your kin. When you get done with them, I want them — and I am willing to earn them, which is more than any of the rest would do. Now — look at all of us. Take your own generation first: your brother Newton is dead; my father is dead; your sister Eliza is in the Old Ladies' Home, and very comfortable she is. Her only living son has lost the use of his faculties and the state supports him as well as he needs to be supported. Mary Varian and her little girl have Newton's money and manage to make it do. Mary is a worthy enough woman, but she is crazy about the city. She thinks her flat is better than the house of her fathers; you'll never get her away for long from shop-windows and bargain-counters.

"Then, there's my own family. Brother Joseph is a drunkard and wastrel, though he had ability to begin with. Sister Delia married a Canuck. He took her out to Winnipeg, where they are doing well, and have as much money as they ought to have. Neither they nor their children would care anything about the old Massey house

in Fordhampton. If it was theirs, it would be sold to the first comer, and the money would buy more Manitoba land. If that's what you want, I have nothing to say, for what I want is different. My idea is to live in the place where my people have lived — and live like a lady. I'm a Massey, and I guess if anybody could put life into this old place, I could."

"Ah? And where does your family come into your plans?" he inquired, with that condescending air he knew how to put on.

"Jim Dreer could manage the quarry and the farm. My son should go to Cambridge and come back here to take up Judge Fordham's law practice. The back-country needs young men more than the towns."

"Kind of a sickly boy, is n't he?" sneered Uncle Jabez. It was the only thing he ever said that showed he had heard about us, or thought of us.

"My heart stood still, for I had never let on, even to myself, that Harold was n't as strong as other boys.

"No!" I said. "All he needs is to live up here in the hills to be as strong as they make them. He's a good boy and his heart is set already on going to college. — Yes, I'm free to say I want your money, Uncle Jabez, and I want your house!"

"You are a shrewd woman, Jane Dreer," he said, "a shrewd woman." With that he sat looking in the fire for half an hour, not saying a word. And I went on with my sewing.

"So you want to live like a lady, Jane?" he brought out finally. "That's the gist of the matter, is n't it?"

"Yes," I said; "it is."

"It's a fine old word," said he. "Time was I thought it almost a sacred word. What is your notion of living like a lady, Jane? How would you go about it, now?"

"I want my carriage and pair,"

said I, "not a piano-box buggy and a utility horse. I want linen and silver befitting this house. Servants enough to care for it properly. To go to Europe at my pleasure. And to entertain. I want to bring guests from hither and yon, to show this town the Masseys are n't dead nor dying. I want Harold to fetch young people home, pretty girls and fine young men. I want lights and music and gayety, delicate food, and the open door. That's how I want to live," said I. "I'm Temperance Massey's granddaughter, and they say I'm her living image. I want to do these things in her house with her money, and do 'em right."

"The open door!" said he. "Maybe it's more your inheritance than you know. Do you happen to be aware, Jane Dreer, how Nahum and Temperance Massey got their money together at the first?"

"Why, no, I don't know as I do."

"Keeping tavern down in Connecticut and selling rum, tobacco, and molasses. Jonathan and I were quite big boys when the old place came to father, and we moved back here to fix it up and to ruffle it with the Fordhams and the Vyses. Rum, tobacco, and molasses," he said, "and feeding the wayfarer. Plenty of other fortunes started just that way. Money is money, Jane. It is n't an air-plant. Mostly its roots strike down into the dirt. And that's all right — only don't put on airs," he said. "It behooves us all to remember the pit whence we were digged."

"I won't deny I was taken aback. I'd always said a good deal about being a Massey. The Fordhams and the Vyses coined their money from their brains. "You've added to it," I said finally.

"Oh, yes, I've added to it, but not in such very ladylike ways, either. I've screwed and pinched and ground my neighbors like other men."

"If it's clean enough for you, it's clean enough for me," I told him.

"With that, something came upon him. He pulled himself up out of his chair and began to hobble up and down the room, hitching himself along. He was n't thinking of me any longer, or talking to me. There was an agony in his face, and a kind of disgust, as if life had been one long affront to something far within him, not yet dead. I just don't know how to express it. It was so different from anything I knew of him before.

"O God, if I had had a child to be my heir!" he said. "Yet if I had, he might have been altogether such an one as I! *Thank God I did not have a child!*" he cried, and tottered back to where he had been sitting.

He was quiet a long time before he came back to me and my concerns.

"I knew a lady once. She was n't much like you, Jane Dreer. Her children, now, — perhaps, — if one could find them — But I am old — it is too late. She was gentle and tender and simple — anyhow I thought so. Brave, too — Sometimes I've thought I'd like to have a lady like her have the spending of the Massey money. But they all have died, I guess. I will leave you the money if you will find me such an heir, Jane Dreer!"

"Jabez, I want the money, and I'll do 'most anything to get it, but I tell you squarely, if you give it to me, it's likely I shall give it to my son and to his children if he marries as he ought. I don't want you to make any mistake about what I mean to do."

"He laughed, short and sharp. "I know the Dreers," he said. "Fair to look at, but short-lived, feeble folk. Your child will leave no children for your heirs, Jane!"

"How I hated him for that, but it was true!

"When you come to die, you must

pick and choose as I am doing. I lay it on you that you find me a lady for your heir!"

"Your notion of a lady, now, — what is it, Jabez?"

He tottered to his feet again and lifted his hands to heaven. His face was terrible. I seemed to see something hard and avaricious tearing its way up from the bottom of his soul, as though it were an evil spirit going out of him.

"*One whom the dollar does n't dominate, by God!*" he cried, and fell back in his chair.

"When he spoke again, he was quite himself. "This is a very edifying conversation of ours, Jane Dreer," says he. "It is a pity it should be entirely lost to a greedy world. Can you remember what we have been saying?"

"Every word of it," said I. And as you can see, I have.

"Then see you pass it on," he told me. "As for the Massey money, you must pay a price for it. I don't mean, merely, taking care of me in my dotage, and seeing I don't, at the last, will it away to somebody else. Doubtless you will do that, and do it competently. There is an honest streak as well as a grasping one in you, Jane. But you must pay a higher price than that, and in a different coin. I lay it on you, Jane," and he bent forward as he spoke, dragging his words as if they weighed a ton, his sharp old eyes boring into mine like gimlets all the while. "I lay it on you, Jane, that from this hour you watch yourself until you see what the Massey money does with you. When you come to your end of days, tell some one, whom you will, what it has been to you and done to you. Tell them the very truth! It is just common money, like that of other men, no better, not much worse — but I have seen it work. I watched my father and my mother. I watched my brothers and my sister. Most of all I

watched — myself,” said he. “No use to tell you what I’ve seen — no use! But I lay it on you that you watch and see.”

“All right,” said I. “You can’t scare me that way, Uncle Jabez. For forty years I’ve watched what pinching poverty has done to me. I don’t know as riches can do worse!”

“You are a Massey fast enough,” he said, “and in the long run the Masseys are not fooled. As well you as another.”

‘So he made his will next day, though he lived for a year afterward. And he gave the money all to me.’

Jane Dreer was white and tired as she finished. Mayannah dropped her work exclaiming distressfully, —

‘What am I thinking of! You have n’t had your milk or your nap, and it’s long past the time.’

‘I’ll have them now. I need all the strength I can get to finish this,’ the elder woman said wearily.

## II

It was one thing for Jane Dreer to tell the story of her audacious contest with Jabez Massey, but quite another to relate the adventures of her spirit in contact with the Massey money. In her eyes, the former tale reflected small discredit upon herself. She had conquered Jabez by telling him the truth; while he lived, she had tended him with conscience; since his death she had spent his money handsomely. All this was as it should be. But to pluck out of the abyss of her own nature the hidden things she had learned from life, to spread them in the light of day, — how was she to bring herself to that? Yet she had promised, and to Jane Dreer a promise was a promise.

Bitterness surged up in her heart against the younger woman because Mayannah was her appointed auditor.

She had never loved the girl. Resenting her son’s marriage with an intensity that must be measured by her pride and her ambition, she yet clung to his widow as her only link on earth with Harold’s life.

Mayannah had dropped without audible protest into the position where Harold’s mother placed her. She was companion, helper, sometimes nurse; at other times the lay figure upon which Jane Dreer draped the ultra-fashionable garments she herself might not wear. Mayannah looked well in her clothes; her voice was gentle; though sometimes abstracted, and, in Mrs. Dreer’s eyes, mopy, she had flashes of the Celtic gayety. People liked Mayannah.

The two traveled not a little; they had a winter shelter in North Carolina; they invited many traveling-acquaintances and winter friends to the old house in Fordhampton during the summer months. Mrs. Dreer had a clear-cut notion of the kind of social importance that was easily within her reach; she lived for that and achieved it. Mayannah helped her by being pretty and well-dressed, and, when not in her apathetic mood, displaying that lively Irish interest in everything human which really goes further, and in more different directions, than any other social qualification on earth. But all that was over now.

Jane Dreer very simply attributed her daughter-in-law’s adherence and patience to familiar motives. Of course, Mayannah wanted the Massey money in her turn, and would put up with whatever was necessary to get it. True, she had a little income of her own which Jane had given to Harold and Harold to his wife, but what was eleven hundred dollars a year? Sometimes Jane’s conscience pricked her, for she knew perfectly well that she did not mean to give Mayannah much more.

If the Massey money were Mayannah's price for these submissive years, she would be cheated of her wage.

Refreshed by food and sleep, the woman took up her recital. The flush in her cheeks and the glow in her eyes had died down; her mouth was set in a hard line; she pulled the bed-jacket away from her dark, bony throat, and ordered the window by her bedside raised.

'Jabez told me to watch myself,' she began harshly. 'So I did. I hated to. But I felt it would n't be honest if I did n't. I had a fine time fixing up the house. It tasted every bit as good as I thought it would. I'm not going back on that for a minute. The money was a pleasure. But I began to see it made me more critical. With no real worries, I fussed about little things. My heart was set that my family should live up to the money and the house. I'd always been well enough satisfied with Jim Dreer before. He was a pleasant-tempered, well-meaning man, a good deal like Harold, but with not a particle of style. The way he looked in evening clothes was a distress to me, and when it came to a tall hat, I could have cried at the way it did n't become him. Maybe you think these are little things, but I was bent on having everything *according*. I'll not deny I came to snapping at Jim when he was dressed up; he got so he hated the sight of his good clothes and used to make excuses to get up to the farm for a week at a time to get away from them and me. I even went so far as to wish the Lord had provided me with a husband who would fit better into our new circumstances.

'The second winter we lived here, he took pneumonia and died. I made him dress when he did n't want to, one night when we went out to dine, and he forgot his muffler. It was a bitter night and he took a cold on his lungs.

Of course, he had no business to forget the muffler — still, after he was dead, I could n't forget I'd insisted on his wearing those clothes. You don't get rid of such things. They stick in your mind for all time. But I had Harold left.'

At the name, Mayannah stirred softly and sat a little straighter, looking across the room at Mrs. Dreer with level eyes that seemed to remember and to warn. But it never occurred to the elder woman that Harold belonged to Mayannah as much as to herself. In any case, she must say what she had to say.

'Harold was a lot of comfort to me after his father died. It broke me up for a long while, and I did n't try to do anything but get through the days. Harold was so thoughtful — you know how he was. For all it gave my heart a twist every time I thought of the way Jim died, those were my happiest years. It was all right until I began to plan again. But of course I had to get ambitious for Harold. It just seemed to me I'd die if he did n't do this and be that. But his health broke down and it took him five years to go through college. Maybe that was n't a bitter pill for me to swallow! No honors, no athletics, not many young people coming home with him. For, after he graduated, he was n't well; he did n't want young folks here; he did n't want to travel; it tired him to dance. All he could do was to mope around and read, and go down and call on you.'

'Yes!' breathed Mayannah to herself, her big eyes swimming with memories.

Jane Dreer did not notice. She pushed on relentlessly, —

'He was the heir. That was the way I looked at it. It was all to come into his hands, to rest on his shoulders. The scrimping and saving of three generations was all for him. So the



money was just another reason for his being splendid and fine and competent — the things he could n't be, poor boy! Perhaps I loved him more for it — but it cut deep, just the same. To have him feeble! To have other boys out-do him! Then, to have him hanging around you! I used to remember how your grandfather, old Pat Curran, looked driving down from Windy Hill to the cheese factory, with his cob-pipe in his mouth, and his raw-boned old white horse balking and starting and rattling the milk-cans. Christopher Wetherbe, your other grandfather, came of good stock if you went far enough back; but they used to say in his dotage that he went into other people's cellars and took pork from their barrels. I don't know if it was true. — No, Harold never came up to my notions. I wanted him to do and be so much! I'd have given my heart's blood, I guess, to see him marry Frances Fordham. But he chose to marry you!

Mayannah, rigid in every muscle, yet lifted her head as if it held a coronet.

'Yes,' she echoed, in a voice Jane Dreer would have done well to note, 'he chose to marry me!'

'Yes! And he did it behind my back! Took the property I'd made over to him for spending-money and married you secretly on that! And then came those hemorrhages, and I had to forgive him. We all went to Asheville — and that was the end.

'So — you see the things the money did to me those first ten years. It added bitterness to my married life, and to my motherhood, and to my mourning. I'll not deny it. And it has torn my heart to pieces to tell you about it. I hope Jabez Massey is satisfied!

'And yet the money is a good, and I'm glad I've had it. I'll not go back on that. Only it does n't seem to me

I've got the worth of it as I ought. Maybe everybody feels that way.'

She stopped abruptly. Candor seemed to demand more, but she did not know how to express her consciousness of that obscure, progressive change in her spirit, as fundamental as the physical hardening of the arteries, and as irretrievable. So, when she continued, it was to say, —

'I don't know as I've much to tell about the last ten years. You've been with me all the time. You've seen for yourself. Though he did n't say so, I know Jabez Massey thought there was a miserly microbe in the Massey blood that was bound to develop in all of us. But so far as I can see, it has n't. I like money, but no better than I did before.

'Since Harold died, we've gone up and down, and to and fro, entertaining here, being entertained there. It's what I wanted to do, and I've done it. One reason I kept at it so long, I was looking for the woman Jabez Massey wanted for his heir. I'm not very sentimental, but, I said, since everything has gone so ill with me, I'll find Jabez his lady if I can. I've looked at 'em north and south, east and west, here and abroad. I have n't found the right one yet. That's flat.

'These women we know are all like you and me, Mayannah, cumberers of the ground! It used to make me furious some nights in those Southern hotels, the way you could hear 'em spitting on the cold cream all down the corridor, from room to room. And yet there's no harm in cold cream. It's only that the women are all so fat and idle and pampered, and never thinking of a thing except to spend. I came to spending too late, I suppose. I can't help thinking with Jabez that there must be other things to a lady, though I don't claim there's been much else for twenty years to me. I can look back

and see how I had the money and I spent it, but it never made me really rich. I've been an idle, discontented, luxury-loving old woman, restless, and craving I don't know what. If anybody's been the better for my being alive since Harold died, I don't know who it is.

'I suppose you want the Massey money as much as I did, and plan as I did what fine things you are going to do with it. You're no worse than I am, but you're younger. There's some chance for you. — What do you care about now but clothes and gadding? To be sure I asked that from you and asked nothing else. I won't say I have n't been at fault, letting you sit around like a tame cat, waiting for my shoes. But they are n't coming to you, Mayannah Dreer. I tell you, you are n't Jabez Massey's lady and the money will not go to you!'

Jane Dreer's insistent, almost angry, utterance ceased at last. She had said it all, bluntly enough, but it was finished. She looked at the silent figure across the room for a response, and as she looked, Mayannah literally flashed to her feet. Jane Dreer had such a sense of sudden coruscation that she rubbed her eyes. Her daughter-in-law stood in the centre of the room, tall, pale, suddenly beautiful in the splendor of wrath. Mrs. Dreer was astounded. Mayannah was transformed before her into a woman whom Jane did not know and had never known. Jane Dreer's Mayannah was a slim, docile, old-young girl. This was a woman in her flower. There was maturity, motherliness even, in her bearing, but there was judgment in her eyes.

'Mother Dreer,' said this Mayannah, swiftly, 'there are a few things I simply have to tell you if I die for it. I am tired of turning the other cheek. It's true I've lived with you for the last ten years, and you've grown more discon-

tented every year. I can tell you what the money has done for you, — it has blinded you to the very thing you are trying to find! You will never find a lady while you look for her with Jane Dreer's eyes! I know a dozen women like the one you have been hunting. So do you, but, don't you see, they can't show that side of themselves to you. You don't call it out, and you can't see it when it shows itself. It has got to be in *you* before you can know it is in them! — And that is Gospel truth, and it is the worst thing the Massey money has done for you. Why, you would n't know heaven itself if you saw it with those eyes!

'It's true I do want the Massey money, and I'm going to tell you why. It was Harold's plan. That year in Asheville, Harold said to me over and over, "Mayannah, stay with mother if you can. You'll be unhappy, for her tongue is sharp, but she is just and honest — and she has no one left but you. Don't leave her all alone. When she is done with the old place and the money, I hope she will leave them to you. I used to think," he said, "how beautiful it would be to see you walking under those old elms with a child of ours on either side. Now, that can never be. But there's a world full of other people's children! If you could find two or three you liked, Mayannah, and give them an old-fashioned bringing-up in the old place, playing with dandelions in the grass, wading in the brook, coasting down the hill, romping in the attic! It's just the house for that. It has never been alive since we lived there, but it would come alive again if it had children in it. And you are just the woman!" — He knew I would never marry again, for he knew too well what we were to each other. So that was his plan for me, and that is why I have stayed with you. A tame cat, indeed! — I guess I would have

tried to live in hell if Harold had asked me to!’

Jane Dreer, white and trembling, leaned forward from her pillows and shook a shriveled finger in the air.

‘Mayannah Dreer, go to your room and stay there until I send for you. Do you think I’ll take such words from you?’

The younger woman turned proudly to the door, but, as she opened it, she flung back one sentence more, hot from her Irish heart.

‘My grandfather is dead, Heaven rest his soul! If he did steal pork, I hope it was because he was hungry and not because he was a miser!’

Then, dazed and blind with the excess of her own feeling, she moved across the hall to her room. The wrath that had sustained her was passing as swiftly as it had come. Stumbling and sobbing, she fell before her writing-table and faced a picture there. It showed a hollow-checked, dark-eyed youth with a gentle, ineffective face. But, such as it was, it was the shrine of Mayannah’s heart.

‘O Harold — Harold, forgive me. I’ve spoiled it all. Your beautiful plan can never come true! She might have changed her mind before — but never, now! — Oh, my terrible temper! How could I let it spoil your plan!’

She dropped her head and sobbed her soul out hopelessly before the faded photograph of the commonplace young man.

### III

‘I never thought Mayannah had it in her to stand up to me like that!’

Across the hall, Jane Dreer lay panting on her pillows, but her grim old face was glowing with a new and strange excitement. She looked exultant, almost joyous. She was seeing clearly; she was feeling keenly, and she knew these things for the ultimate good they

are. It was not true that she could no longer see the finer realities of character. She was cleared of that accusation in the moment of its making. Had Mayannah’s flesh dissolved and left her white-hot spirit standing there, Jane could hardly have had a more startling revelation of her inner self.

The elder woman lay very still, taking in the wonder of it. This was Mayannah, wife of her son, the Mayannah Harold had chosen and adored. These were the thoughts that had nourished her during ten years of treading up and down another’s stairs. This passionate acceptance of the denials of her life, this passionate hope for the fulfillment of another’s dream, had been her meat and drink. She had kept these things hidden safely from sight; she had lived continually in the land of the heart, and only this once had its glow shone from her face. — Or, was it that only this once did Jane Dreer possess the seeing eyes? No matter which. Once was enough.

There was a tap at the door and a maid entered.

‘Judge Fordham is waiting, Mrs. Dreer.’

‘Show him up, Alice.’

While the old man slowly climbed the stair, Jane Dreer held short but sufficient counsel with herself. When the impressive, white-haired gentleman had greeted her, he spread out his papers on her bedside table with a patience born of long experience in composing wills for Mrs. Dreer.

‘And what is it to-day, Jane?’ he inquired. ‘Am I to draft a will in favor of the Old Ladies’ Home, or have you decided on the series of scholarships at the women’s colleges — or, have you, perhaps, found the individual heir you have been looking for?’

Jane Dreer smiled. The smile lit her face curiously, her lawyer noted, as if a light had fallen on it from afar.

He had never seen her look so chastened, yet so keen.

'I am making my last will to-day, Judge,' she said, with faint but sufficient emphasis upon the adjective. 'I will dictate my words to you as I wish them to stand. If there are legal formalities that I omit, you can insert them afterward. Take your pen and write!'

Astonished, he obeyed her.

Jane's excitement and her sudden insight met and mingled; they precipitated themselves into words with the miraculous precision of some chemical reaction. Stirred to the core of her being, she dictated swiftly, and without faltering, that strange, almost lyric, testament which was to stand as her recognition of so much that her life had ignored; as her one possible amende to her son and her son's wife. Truly, she was a Massey. And, in the long run, the Masseys were not fooled. Old Jabez knew.

*I, Jane Dreer of the village of Fordhampton, being sound of mind and solvent of estate, but brought face to face with my end of days, do solemnly make and declare this my last will and testament:—*

*I give and bequeath all property, both real and personal, of which I may*

*die possessed, to Mayannah Dreer, once wife, now widow, of my son.*

*And this I do in fulfillment of a private compact between myself and Jabez Massey, whose heir I was, to the effect that his wealth should pass into a "lady's" hands. I have searched this land and Europe for such an one as he described to me, but my eyes were holden, for I found not one among the people who fed me at their tables and broke bread at mine.*

*At last I saw the woman I was seeking, sitting at my hearth. I have despised her parentage, but her heart is higher than my heart. She is gentle, simple, and tender; she is fearless, patient, warm of heart. She knows neither guile nor greed. She was the wife of my son, and she worshiped him. To whom should I give this wealth if not to her? It cannot curse her, for she is beyond the domination of the dollar. It may not bless her, for it has not blessed me. Yet if it is a burden to her spirit, what does it matter? She is one who can bear burdens. She has borne with me for ten long years. She shall stand in my shoes and sit in my seat and do with my goods as she wills. The place that has known me will know one more gentle than I. I, departing, bless her, and all that I leave in her hands.—Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly! In the name of Christ, Amen!*

# THE SENSE OF SMELL

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

It is remarkable how intimate the sense of smell is, how much it tells us, and how largely it affects consciousness on the one hand, and how we scorn consideration of it on the other. It is the Cinderella of our organs of sense. Whether it was some sainted anchorite, or other enthusiast of imagination and influence, who found the use of the human nose to be dangerous to the soul, we do not know, but in some way or other the conscious exercise of the nose became taboo, and this has entered into the folk-ways. It has ceased to be a sin, but it remains an impolite subject.

The Arabs in their days of glory were not ashamed of their noses, and they planted scented gardens, wonderfully devised, so that he who walked through them, or whiled away an hour there, might rejoice in a cultured delight in odor. They were so arranged that at the entrance the olfactory sense would be struck by a pervading and strong smell, not necessarily of a pleasant nature. From this the path would lead gradually through less coarse fragrances to those more delicate until, at the end, there would be reached an odor of exquisite quality which only the cultured nose could appreciate.

Now, by the grace of editorial sanction, let us cast aside convention and talk about it. Every one of us has his or her own odor, as distinct and personal as are our countenances. Every dog knows this and, unless his olfactory organs are atrophied, he makes good use of it. We constantly exude products

of metabolism, and in the composition of these products we all differ. Not only do we differ from each other, but in no individual are these products constant. No chemical laboratory is equipped to distinguish these minute differences, and, so far as the writer is aware, the subject is still unstudied — except by dogs. They, with their highly developed olfactory organs, are impelled by curiosity to confirm their vision when they meet their master, and they make a long and searching nose investigation of him, clearly with a view to finding out more than their eyes will tell them. We note, too, that dogs which follow the scent closely are likely occasionally to go into a mephitic debauch with a decayed fish or any other substance of similar pungency, to ‘clean their scent.’ That, after filling the nostrils with agony of that sort, they should find them in better working order is an idea that does not seem reasonable, and yet the method is probably a good one, for the same reason that the Arabs planted flowers of pungent and coarse odor at the entrances to their scented gardens.

The theory of smell as given is very vague; there is a presumable impact of particles upon the sensitive regions of the nose which, in some way, is supposed to stimulate nerve-reaction. Good work has been done, but not enough; and enough will not be done until there obtains a lively and wholesome curiosity about it.

On the other hand, consider what illuminating researches are available

in regard to sound and light! As an instance of the comparative attention devoted to these subjects, one has but to open a book of reference such as, for instance, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the last edition of this work over twenty-two pages are devoted to sound, sixteen to light, and but a page and a half to smell.

Just think what we owe to our eyes and ears! Through them we gain nearly all of our knowledge. They are trained so that by them we read books and hear speeches, we note anger, deceit, joy, love; by sight and hearing we try to guess faithfulness and malice; in fact, through these two senses we draw the substance of our information. And yet we are said to have five senses. Neither touch nor hearing nor sight is within the scope of this paper, and taste is a limited sense, alive only to sweet, sour, bitter, and a few simple nerve-reactions. Owing to the taboo of smell we have credited to taste most of those olfactory processes which we have cultivated. It is the smell of good food that we enjoy while we are eating it; it is the bouquet of a wine that gives it its merit. We call it the taste, but it is chiefly the smell. It is nearly impossible, for instance, to distinguish between what we call the taste of cinnamon and that of cloves if we hold our noses.

So here is this organ, equipped for the acquisition of knowledge, as complex as the human eye, entering into the most active part of the brain, and we, marveling at the wonderful advances of human knowledge, neglect it, scorn it, politely deny that there even is such a thing as an individual odor to ourselves and our friends. We remain more ignorant than a dog about it. And yet, despite all this neglect, it is always active. This must be true, else it would not be such an aid to memory as it is.

I remember once, long ago, I employed a chemist to make a certain product that he had worked out in a factory under my charge. He demonstrated it in the laboratory and then proceeded, in the works, to prepare a few hundred pounds in some tanks and apparatus at hand. At this point it developed that the process was in conflict with certain patents, and that we could not continue without infringing upon rights of others that were already established. So the whole thing was given up and that was an end of it.

At the time I was intensely engaged in other problems, and aside from occasionally visiting the chemist while at work, I had but little to do with it. Shortly after that the works passed into other hands and I quitted the practice of chemistry and went into business. Ten years elapsed, during which time I had been out of practice and wholly out of the thought of the process in question. Then I was informed that a chemical manufacturer was anxious to see me in regard to some patent litigation in which he was engaged. I feared I could not help him; I said I had forgotten everything I knew, but that if he wanted to see me I should be glad to meet him. He explained his problem and asked me about that process. I could not remember a thing. He suggested that we go through his factory, which we did. 'Hello,' I said; 'here is some  $\beta$  naphthol! What lovely figures it makes!' And I dipped my fingers into the water in which it was in suspension and stirred it around, watching the shining scales. Then I removed my hand and smelled of my fingers. In an instant I shouted, 'Now I remember that process!' and proceeded to relate it to him in detail.  $\beta$  naphthol had been one of the materials used in it.

If, when you went to school as a



child, you carried a tin lunch-box which often contained, let us say, some ginger-bread and sandwiches and perhaps an apple, it is worth while to take a sniff at such a box again, now. It is surprising how this simple experiment may recall the patter of long-forgotten feet and the memory of childish voices that startle over the long lapse of years.

These flashes of memory aided by smell are wonderful. Through smell we achieve a sense of the past; the secret members of the mind are roused to life and memory. What a pity that we waste this talent!

Again, how often it occurs that we see a friend or acquaintance and exclaim, 'How strange! I was thinking of you less than a minute ago.' In point of fact we have probably smelled him. Smell may also be the reason why we like some people and dislike others. I may want to introduce some one to you because you have many interests in common and may tell each other things you both want to know. But as soon as you meet you will have none of him; you know he is honest, of good repute, and admirable in a thousand ways, but as for you, you are in great distress when he is around, and you are glad when he goes away. If you are of kindly disposition and fair-minded, you are probably annoyed with yourself for your prejudice; if you are a bumptious brother and selfish, you probably attribute some imaginary vice or evil to him by way of excusing yourself. In both instances it may be that you do not like the smell of him, although you do not know it. You see, we are so ignorant in our noses — more ignorant than savages or even animals; we are very low in the scale of intelligence in this respect, and we respond to the olfactory reactions unconsciously. Notwithstanding our crass ignorance, the noses are still there, and we all really do produce odors despite our frequent

bathing. Varnishing the skin to close the openings of the sweat glands would be the only way to put a stop to individuality of odor, and this has never been recommended as an aid to cleanliness or to health.

Let us suppose the subject were not taboo and the good old Saxon word, stink, which bears about the same relation to odor that noise does to sound, were not almost unprintable — and suppose we really used our noses with consciousness and diligence. There would be Americas to discover, and life would be marvelously augmented! Of course, as soon as we begin to consider the subject we find ourselves wholly at sea. There are no standards. Out of the awful chaos in which we wallow we can possibly find a few intimations, but we cannot put them down as rules. Thus it would seem that, in watching the order of nature, the olfactory phenomena of creation or reproduction seem to be agreeable and hence desirable, and those of dissolution are likely to be disagreeable. So the flowers which precede the seed-time of plants are likely to produce in the nose a sense of pleasure. They attract bees and insects which are useful to the continuance of the species, but they attract us also, and the cause of our attraction is presumably the same. Ben Jonson, when he sang to his mistress of the rosy wreath which she sent him, that 'it grows and smells, I swear, not of itself, but thee,' knew what he was writing. It may be, indeed it is probable, that the close relation of smell to sex phenomena is what caused the taboo. But there is a spirit abroad nowadays to search the truth, with the growing belief that it is well for humanity to adjust itself to the demands of that spirit. The search for the truth, we are beginning to think, is a wholesome occupation.

That the phenomena of disintegra-

tion are unpleasant we know too well; in fact, we more than know it; we have made a convention of it. We almost blush in passing a barnyard, we are shocked at the coarseness of the Germans who say '*kuenstliche Duenger*' for artificial fertilizers, and I have heard a skunk referred to as a 'little-black-and-white animal,' to avoid the inelegance of calling his odor to mind. Oh, we *are* exquisite! There's no doubt of that, even if we are vastly ignorant. Refinements of this sort are of weight in aiding us to make vain distinctions between ourselves and those people whom we regard as vulgar and common, but they do not aid us in the search for wisdom.

Now, many of the processes of disintegration are unpleasant and they serve as warnings, but the best of us does not put his handkerchief to his eyes if he sees an unpleasant sight, or stop his ears and run away if he hears a cry of pain. The best of us listens to hear where the trouble is, and hastens to help if he can. But when we smell a disagreeable odor we usually get up and run away. It is all we know how to do. And every unpleasant odor is by no means a sign of danger or even of organic disintegration. Some entirely harmless products are dreadful beyond description in their odor, and, on the other hand, the aroma of prussic acid and a number of other virulent poisons is delightful.

But the field is far wider than these qualifications of pleasantness and unpleasantness, and we shall only baffle research if we wed ourselves to empirical rules before they have been tested out.

Sir William Ramsay, whose ever-young enthusiasm leads him into so many of the secret gardens of nature, has found a relation between odor and molecular weight, and J. B. Haycraft has pointed out what appears to be a

cousinship of odors that accords with the periodic law; another notes that odorous substances seem to be readily oxidized, and Tyndall showed that many odorous vapors have a considerable power of absorbing heat. Some work has been done in German, French, and Italian laboratories to discover the nature of the phenomenon of smell, but very little that is definite has been brought out; only here and there a few facts; and nobody seems to want to know them.

And yet the scientific possibilities are very fascinating, even if they are bewildering. For instance, it appears that the sensitive region of either nostril is provided with a great number of olfactory nerve-cells embedded in the epithelium. The olfactory cells are also connected by nerves which extend to the brain. Well, what happens when we smell anything? The olfactory nerve-cells are surrounded by a liquid. What is the nature of that liquid? Do the particles which we assume to be the cause of olfactory phenomena dissolve in it? If they do—and here we pray thee, oh, great Arrhenius, come help us!—does dissociation take place, and are there *smell* ions? That is, do fractions of the molecules of those bodies that give odor dissociate themselves from the rest and ride in an electric stream to the nerves? What do they do when they get there?

Let us try again. The ends of the nerves must be covered with some sort of a membrane. Here is where osmosis may come in.

Osmosis is the gentle art  
Whereby, as you should know,  
A substance side-steps to the place  
Where it would like to go.

Somehow it would seem that the particles that produce the sensation of smell must get through those membranes at the ends of the nerves. If they do not get through, themselves,

they must project something through; it cannot be a simple tapping, gentle tapping, at the nose's door. That might produce sound or heat or even light, but can it produce smell? Let us agree that the process may be an osmotic one and that the particles glide through softly, gently; and, without claiming that it has any special bearing upon the subject, let us remember that a healthy dog's nose is cold.

Having guessed that smell may be caused by an impact of smell ions upon the nerve termini, and having guessed again that the process may be an osmotic one, we may be troubled anew with the question as to that liquid that we think covers the termini of the olfactory nerves. Is it a colloidal solution? Now I begin to grow comfortable because I confess frankly that concerning colloids I am vastly uninformed; and in ignorance is easy guessing. The content of nerves is colloidal, and it is fair to presume that this liquid is. All of those albuminous physiological products are. So, if the liquid covering the nerve-ends is a colloidal solution, — meaning not a true solution in the usual sense, but indicating particles in suspension so minute that the whole behaves like a solution, — let us assume that the substances producing odor enter into this state, and so we may proceed to call the process colloidal. It may be both colloidal and osmotic, it may be — but we shall do better to call for help.

We are sorely in need of research along the olfactory line. We are still questioning as to the nature of electricity and what it is, but good men are working over it. With the phenomenon of smell we are still mediæval. Nobody knows, and many talk big. There is little progress to be made by vapid guessing outside of laboratories. But those of us who are inactive in research may be of use if we are only frank and

talk about it enough to get it out of the taboo under which it has rested for a thousand years. Then, if we maintain a simple curiosity such as animates children and great men, there will come from laboratories one fact after another which has not been known before. Then, some day, some one with the Vision will arise and arrange the facts in their real order and so, suddenly, there will stand revealed the Truth! Thus, with the sense of smell added to the intelligent use of mankind, life will be greater and larger, and the boundaries of human knowledge will be moved back a span, and human understanding will take one more great step in advance toward the Infinite.

To return to the dog, he seems to know and to recognize certain emotions through his nose. He seems to recognize fear, and to have all sorts of fun with it. He appears also to recognize good-will, — although not always, as many of us can testify, — and he seems to know anger. Now, we know that nerve-reactions have at least a chemical accompaniment. Metabolism is often inhibited, the whole digestive process is frequently upset, and there is a fair possibility that the sweat glands are so modified by emotions that their processes are indicative of emotional reactions. The trained nose might recognize this. If we could only advance along this line until we could recognize anger and fear, and possibly even deceit, consider in what measure life would be augmented! It seems a far cry to imagine, in a court of law, the witness testifying with two or three good smellers sitting close by, to note his sweat-reactions; but it would be no more absurd than some of our courts to-day, with their far more misleading entanglements of legal procedure.

We talk of the value of publicity in regard to corporate affairs, but we have only for a minute to consider what an

aid to morals trained noses would be by way of effecting publicity in the family. The mere suggestion unlocks the door to the trouble parlor; but then, no one would try to lock it if he and his household were proficient in the art of smelling. The defaulting cashier

would reek to the ceiling of worry as soon as he made his first false entry, and if the specific odors of anger and deceit were discovered so that they might be known immediately, we—but this is not a theological discourse and its purpose is not to describe Paradise.

## TO AN ORCHID

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

MOON-HORNED orchid in the oak,  
Uttering thee, what spirit spoke?  
Thou who hearest patiently  
Humble *patois* of the bee,  
Hast thou anything to tell  
Of the angel Israfel?

Who would murmur half aloud  
Word of wind or star or cloud,  
If thy beauty were a throat  
For his far ethereal note?  
He by whom thou wert designed  
Kin of cloud and star and wind?

Mystic flower, could'st thou say  
If the little children play  
Much with Mozart where he dreams  
Daylong by the heavenly streams?  
Does he tire of asphodel?  
And with Keats, oh, is it well?

## THREE-ARCH ROCKS RESERVATION

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE fog was lifting. The thick, wet drift that had threatened us on Tillamook Bar stood clear of the shouldering sea to the westward, and in toward shore, like an upper sea, hung at the fir-girt middles of the mountains, as level and as gray as the sea below. There was no breeze. The long, smooth swell of the Pacific swung under us and in, until it whitened at the base of three dark rocks that lay in our course, and that now began to take on form out of the foggy distance. Gulls were flying over us; lines of black cormorants and crowds of murres were winging past toward the rocks; but we were still too far away from the looming piles to see that the gray of their walls was the gray of uncounted colonies of nesting birds, colonies that covered the craggy steeps as the green firs clothed the slopes of the Coast Range mountains, up to the hanging fog.

As we steamed on nearer, the sound of the surf about the rocks became audible; the birds in the air grew more numerous, their cries now faintly mingling with the sound of the sea. The hole in the Middle Rock, a mere fleck of foam at first, widened rapidly into an arching tunnel through which our boat might have run; the sea began to break before us over half-sunken ledges; and soon upon us fell the damp shadows of Three-Arch Rocks, for now we were looking far up at their sides, at the sea-birds in their guano-gray rookeries, — gulls, cormorants, guillemots, puffins, murres, — incrusting the ragged walls from tide-line to

pinnacle, as the crowding barnacles incrusting the bases from the tide-line down.

We were not approaching without protest, for the birds were coming off to meet us, more and more the nearer we drew, wheeling and clacking overhead in a constantly thickening cloud of lowering wings and tongues. We rounded the Outer Rock and headed slowly in toward the yawning hole of Middle Rock as into some mighty cave, so sheer and shadowy rose the walls above us, so like to cavern thunder was the throbbing of the surf through the hollow arches, was the flapping and screaming of the birds against the high-circling walls, was the deep menacing grumble of the sea-lions, as through the muffle of surf and sea-fowl, herd after herd lumbered bellowing into the foam.

It was a strange, wild scene. Hardly a mile from the Oregon coast, but cut off by breaker and bar from the abrupt, uninhabited shore, the three rocks of the Reservation, each pierced with its resounding arch, heaved their heavy shoulders from the waves straight up, huge, towering, till our little steamer coasted their dripping sides like some puffing pigmy. They were sea rocks, of no part or lot with the dry land, their beryl basins wave-scooped, and set with purple star-fish, with green and pink anemones, and beaded many deep with mussels of amethyst and jet, a glitter in the water's overflow; and just above the jeweled basins, like fabled beasts of old, lay the sea-lions,

lumpish, uncouth forms, flippered, reversed in shape, with throats like the caves of Æolus, hollow, hoarse, discordant; and higher up, on every jutting bench and shelf, in every weathered rift, over every jog of the ragged cliffs, to their bladed backs and pointed peaks, swarmed the sea-birds, web-footed, amphibious, wave-shaped, with stormy voices given them by the winds that sweep in from the sea. And their numbers were the numbers of the sea.

Crude, crowded, weltering, such life could never have been brought forth and nurtured by the dry land; her breasts had withered at the birth. Only the bowels of the wide, wet sea could breed these heaps, these cones of life that rose volcanic from the waves, their craters clouded by the smoke of wings, their belted bases rumbling with a multi-throated thunder. The air was dank with the must of a closed room, — closed for an æon past, — no breath of the land, no odor of herb, no scent of fresh soil; but the raw, rank smells of rookery and den, saline, kelpy, fetid; the stench of fish and bedded guano; and pools of reeking ammonia where the lion herds lay sleeping on the lower rocks in the sun.

A boat's keel was beneath me, but as I stood out on the pointed prow, barely above the water, and found myself thrust forward without will or effort among the crags and caverns, among the shadowy walls, the dams, the smells, the sounds; among the bellowing beasts in the churning waters about me, and into the storm of wings and tongues in the whirling air above me, I passed from the things I had known, and the time and the earth of man, into a period of the past, elemental, primordial, monstrous.

I had not known what to expect, because, never having seen Three-Arch Rocks, I could not know what my friend Finley meant when he said to

me, 'Come out to the Pacific Coast, and I will take you back to your cave-days; I will show you life as it was lived at the beginning of the world.' I had left my Hingham garden with its woodchuck, for the coast of Oregon, a journey that might have been compassed by steam, that might have been measured in mere miles, had it stopped short of Three-Arch Rocks Reservation, which lay seaward off the shore. Instead of miles, it was zones, ages, worlds that were traveled as I passed into this haunt of wild sea-bird and beast. And I found myself saying over to myself, 'Thou madest him to have dominion over the work of thy hands, Thou hast put all things under his feet' — as if the words had never before been uttered in human ears and could not yet be understood.

For here was no man-dominion; here the trampling feet had never passed. Here was the primeval world, the fresh and unaffrighted morning of the Fifth Day. Then, as the brute in me shook itself and growled back at the brute about me, something touched my arm, and I turned to find the Warden of the Rocks at my side, — God, as it were, seeing again everything that He had made, everything that man had unmade, and saying again with a new and a larger meaning, 'Have dominion over the fowl of the air, and over the fish of the sea, and over whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.'

And here at my side, by act of Congress, stood that Dominion, the Federal Warden, the collective, spiritual man, badged and armed to protect forever against the individual brute man, the wild life of these three rocks and the waters adjacent.

But did I fully understand the Why? Did I wholly comprehend the meaning and the value of such a sanctuary for wild life? I turned to the Warden with



the question. That honest official paused a moment, then slowly answered that he'd be hanged if he knew why. He did n't see any good in such protection, his salary notwithstanding. He had caught a cormorant (one from the Rocks) not long since, that had forty-nine young salmon in its maw; and as for the sea-lions, they were an unmitigated nuisance, each one of them destroying (so it had been reckoned) five hundred pounds of fish every day.

Now the Warden's findings are open to question, because there are good reasons for the cormorant's catch being other than salmon fry; still I have no proof of error in his figures. I will accept them just now, — the five hundred pounds of fish a day for the sea-lion, and the forty-nine salmon fry of the cormorant (they would easily total, four years later, on their way up the Columbia to the canneries, a half ton), — accepting this fearful loss of Chinook salmon then as real, is there any answer to my question, Why? Any good and sufficient reason for setting aside such a reservation as Three-Arch Rocks? for myself protecting the wild life of these barren rocks against myself?

No, perhaps not, — not if this destruction means the utter loss of the salmon as an industry and as an article of food. But there is an adequate and a paying catch of salmon being taken in the Columbia this year, in spite of the lions and the cormorants, as there will be again next year, for the state hatcheries have liberated over seven millions of young salmon this summer and sent them safely down the Columbia to the sea. No, perhaps not, — no good and sufficient reason for such protection were I an Astoria fisherman with the sea-lions pursuing the salmon into my nets (as occasionally they do), instead of a teacher of literature in Boston on the other side of the world. It is easy in Boston to believe in sea-

lions in Astoria. It is hard anywhere not to believe in canned salmon. Yet, as sure as the sun shines, and the moon, there are some things utterly without an equivalent in canned salmon.

Among these things are Three-Arch Rocks and Malheur Lake and Klamath Lake Reservations in Oregon, and the scores of other bird and animal reserves created by Congress all the way from the coast of Maine, across the states, and over-seas to the Hawaiian Islands. They were set aside only yesterday; the sportsman, the pelt hunter, the plume hunter, the pot hunter, and in some instances the legitimate fisherman and farmer, ordered off to make room for the beast and the bird. Small wonder if there is some grumbling, some law-breaking, some failure to understand. But that will pass.

In to-day's news, cabled from Copenhagen, I read, —

'Americans of Danish descent have purchased a tract of 300 acres of typical and virgin Danish heather landscape, which is to be preserved for all ages to come as a national park. The wonderful, picturesque Danish heath, which for ages has furnished inspiration to national artists and poets, has been disappearing fast before the onslaught of the thrifty Danish farmers, who are bringing every available square inch of Denmark's soil under cultivation. One day it dawned upon the Danish people that soon there would be nothing left of this typical landscape, and while the good people of Denmark were discussing ways and means of preserving this virgin soil, Americans of Danish descent had already had a representative on the spot who had bought up from a number of small landowners the 300-acre tract known as Rebild Bakkar [Rebild Hills], considered the most beautiful part of the heath, besides having historical associations dating hundreds of years back.'

I am sending the cablegram to the Warden of Three-Arch Rocks and to the Astoria Fisherman, and to myself, underscoring these lines, —

‘The wonderful, picturesque Danish heath, which for ages has furnished inspiration to national artists and poets, has been disappearing fast before the onslaught of the thrifty Danish farmers, who are bringing every available square inch of Denmark’s soil under cultivation.’

Three hundred acres of inspiration to artists and poets (and to common people, too), or three hundred acres more of vegetables, — which will Denmark have?

Now, I have a field of vegetables. I was born and brought up in a field of vegetables — in the sweet-potato and cabbage fields of southern New Jersey. To this day I love — with my heart and with my hoe — a row of stone-mason cabbages; but there are cabbages on both sides of the road all the way home, not fewer cabbages this year, but more, and ever more and more, with less and ever less and less of the virgin heather in between.

The heather is for inspiration, for pictures and poems; the cabbages are for cold-slaw and sauerkraut. Have any complained of our lack of cold-slaw and sauerkraut? No. Have any watched, as they who watch for the morning, for the coming of our great painter and poet? Yea, and they still watch.

Cold-slaw and sauerkraut and canned salmon let us have; but let us also have the inspiration of the virgin heath, and the occasional restoration to our primitive, elemental, animal selves, in a returning now and then to the clangor and confusion of wild life on Three-Arch Rocks. The body feeds on cabbage. The spirit is sustained by heather. Denmark has fifteen thousand square miles devoted to her body, and

has saved three hundred *acres* for her soul! What have we saved?

I have not convinced the Warden, doubtless; but if I have encouraged him to perform his duty, then that is something. And well he knows the need for his guard. The sea was without a sail when we steamed in toward the Rocks. We had scarcely landed, however, when a boat hove in sight, and bearing down upon us, dropped anchor within rifle-range of the lion herds, the men on board pulling their guns for an hour’s sport!

‘Thou hast put all things under his feet’; and the feet have overrun and trampled down all things except in the few scattered spots where the trespass sign and the Warden are keeping them off. I have been following these feet over the last-left miles of wild Canadian prairie, over a road so new that I could still see crossing it the faint, grass-grown trails of the buffalo. I followed the feet on over the Coast Range Mountains, through the last-remaining miles of first-growth timber, where the giant bolles, felled for the road, lay untrimmed and still green beside the way — a straight, steel-bordered way, for swift, steel-shod feet that shake the mountain and the prairie in their passing, and leave behind them down the trail the bones of herds and forests, the ripped sod, the barbed wire, the shacks that curse the whole horizon, the heaps of gutted tins, and rags, and scrap — unburied offal, flung from the shanty doors with rose-slip and grain of wheat, to blossom later in the wilderness and make it to rejoice.

Only it will not be the wilderness then, or the solitary place; it will not be prairie or forest. The fir tree will never follow the rose, nor the buffalo-grass the great gasoline tractor. I have seen the last of the unploughed prairies, the last of the virgin forests. It was only six weeks ago that I passed through

the mountain forest, and to-day, as I am writing, those age-old trees are falling as the summer grass falls across the blade of the mower.

This, I know, must needs be. All of this was implied, delegated, in the command, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and *subdue* it.' No, not all of this needs to be; nor ought to be.

'O River,' said Mary,  
'Why will you not stay,  
And tell me the things  
That you see on your way.

'Oh! why must you hurry,  
The day is so long;  
Pray, rest a short time  
And sing me a song.'

'My child,' said the River,  
'If I stay with you,  
Why, what will the grasses  
And sweet flowers do?

'The mills must be turned;  
Ships taken to sea;  
And the news of the day  
Must be carried by me.'

The river is right, though the child can hardly understand; and the child, too, is right, — will the river ever understand? The mills of men must be turned, their ships must be taken to sea, but the child, the eternal child, must be told a story, must be sung a song. For what does a child know of mills? It cannot live by wheaten bread alone.

The river is turning my mill, for I (a part of me) and my children (a part of them) need bread; but the heart of me, the soul of me, the eternal child of me and of my children, craves something that the harnessed river cannot grind for us, something that only the wild, free river can tell to us under the fir trees, at its far-off headwaters, can sing to us as its clear cascades leap laughing down from pool to boulder, in its distant mountain home.

The river is turning my mill. I must grind and the river must help me grind. But I must play too, and be told a story and be sung a song. Am I not a child? and do I not owe the child something? Must I put the child in the mill to grind? There are children in our mills, — little children, yes, and big children; young children, and *old* children, — more old children than young; grinding, grinding, grinding as our dank, dark rivers go turning on, too hurried now to tell a story, too thick-tongued to sing a song.

Here was still the story and the song, here on Three-Arch Rocks; a story as naked as birth and death; a song as savage as the sea, —

Birth, birth and death!  
Wing and claw and beak;  
Death, death and birth!  
From crowded cave to peak.

These were the Isles of Life. Here, in these rocky caverns, life was conceived and brought forth, life as crude and raw and elemental as the rock itself. It covered every crag. I clutched it in my hands; I crushed it under my feet; it was thick in the air about me. My narrow path up the face of the rock was a succession of sea-bird rookeries, of crowded eggs, and huddled young, hairy or naked or wet from the shell. Every time my fingers felt for a crack overhead they touched something warm that rolled or squirmed; every time my feet moved under me, for a hold, they pushed in among top-shaped eggs that turned on the shelf or went over far below; and whenever I hugged the pushing wall I must bear off from a mass of squealing, struggling, shapeless things, just hatched. And down upon me, as rookery after rookery of old birds whirled in fright from their ledges, fell crashing eggs and unfledged young, that the greedy gulls devoured ere they touched the sea.

An alarmed wing-beat, the excited

turn of a webbed foot, and the murre's single egg or its single young was sent over the edge, so narrow was the footing for Life, so yawning the pit below. But up out of the churning waters, up from crag to crag, clambers Life, by beak, by claw, falling, clinging, climbing, with the odds forever favoring Death, with Life forever finding wings.

I was mid-way in my climb, at a bad turn, edging inch by inch along, my face hard-pressed to the face of the cliff, my fingers gripping a slight seam overhead, my feet feeling blindly at the brink beneath, when there came up to me, small and smothered, the wash of the waves, — the voice of space and nothingness and void, the call of the chasm out of which I was so hardly climbing. A cold hand clasped me from behind.

With an impulse as instinctive as the unfledged murre's, I flattened against the toppling rock, fingers and feet, elbows, knees, and chin clinging desperately to the narrow chance, — a falling fragment of shale, a gust of wind, the wing-stroke of a frightened bird, enough to break the hold and swing me out over the water, washing faint and far below. A long breath, and I was climbing again.

We were on the Outer Rock, our only possible ascent taking us up the sheer south face. With the exception of an occasional western gull's and pigeon guillemot's nest, these steep sides were occupied entirely by the California murre, — penguin-shaped birds about the size of a wild duck, chocolate-brown above, with white breasts, that literally covered the sides of the three great Rocks wherever they could find a hold. If a million meant anything, I should say there were a million murre's nesting on this Outer Rock; not nesting either, for the egg is laid upon the bare ledge, as you might place it upon a mantel, a single sharp-

pointed egg, as large as a turkey's, and just as many of them on the ledge as there is standing-room for the birds. The murre broods her egg by standing straight up over it, her short legs, by dint of stretching, allowing her to straddle the big egg, her short tail propping her securely from behind.

On, up along the narrow back, or blade, of the Rock, and over the peak, were the well-spaced nests of the brandt cormorants, nests the size of an ordinary straw hat, made of sea-grass and the yellow-flowered sulphur-weed that grew in a dense mat over the north slope of the top, each nest holding four long, dirty, blue eggs or as many black, shivering young; and in the low sulphur-weed, all along the roof-like slope of the top, built the gulls and the tufted puffins; and, with the burrowing puffins, often in the same holes, were found the stormy petrels; while down below them, as up above them, — all around the rock rim that dropped sheer to the sea, — stood the cormorants, black, silent, statuesque; and everywhere were nests and eggs and young, and everywhere were flying, crying birds — above, about, and far below me, a whirling, whirring vortex of wings that had caught me in its funnel.

So thick was the air with wings, so clangorous with harsh tongues, that I had not seen the fog moving in, or noticed that the gray wind of the morning had begun to growl about the crags. It was late, and the night that I had intended to spend on the summit would be dark and stormy, would be too wet and wild for watching, where one must hold on with his hands so close to the edge, or slip and go over.

I had hoped to wrap up in my blanket and, in the dark of the night, listen for the return of the petrels, the Kaeding petrels, that built all over the top. The earthy, north slope of the top is honeycombed with their burrows, yet

never a petrel is seen about the rock. I had dug out the brooding bird and its single white egg during the afternoon, but I knew that I must wait until after dark if I would hear the winnowing of the wings and the chittering of the voices as the mate in the burrow gave greeting and place to the mate that had been all day, and all night, at sea. But the cold driving fog, and the drizzle that was setting in, made a night on the top impossible; so we got over the rim and by rope down along the south face of the cliff, up which we had climbed, to a small shelf under an overhanging ledge about forty feet above the waves. Here, protected from the north-west wind, and from much of the rain, we rolled up in our blankets, while night crept down upon us and out over the sea.

It was a gray, ghostly night of dusk and mist that swam round and round the crags and through the wakeful caverns in endless undulations, coiling its laving folds over the sunken ledges, and warping with slow, sucking sounds its mouthing tentacles round and through the rocks. Or was it only the wash of its waves? only the gray of the mist and the drip of the rain? Or was it the return of the waters? the resolving of firmament and rock back through the void of night into the flux of the sea?

It was a long night of small, distinct, yet multitudinous sounds. The confusion caused by our descent among the birds soon subsided; the large colony of murres close by our heads returned to their rookery; and with the rain and thickening dark there spread everywhere the quiet of a low murmurous quacking. Sleep was settling over the rookeries.

Down in the water below us rose the bulk of a sea-lion, an old lone bull, whose den we had invaded. He, too, was coming back to his bed for the night. He rose and sank in the half light, blinking dully at the cask and other things that we had left below us on the ledge belonging to him. Then he slowly clambered out and hitched up toward his bed. My own bed was just above his, so close that I could hear him blow, could see the scars on his small head, and a long open gash on his side. We were very near.

I drew back from the edge, pulled the blanket and sail-cloth over me, and turned my face up to the slanting rain. Two young gulls that had hidden from us in a cranny came down and nestled quite close to my head, their parents, one after the other, perching an instant on the rock just out of reach, and all through the night calling to them with a soft nasal quack to still their alarm. In the murre colony overhead there was a constant stir of feet and a soft, low talk; and over all the Rock, through all the darkened air, there was the silent coming and going of wings, shadow-wings of the stormy petrel, some of them, that came winnowing in from afar on the sea.

The drizzle thickened; the night lengthened. I listened to the wings about me, to the murmur among the birds above me, to the stir of the sea beneath me, to the breathing of the sleeping men beside me; to the pulse of the life enfolding me, of which I was part and heart; and under my body I felt a narrow shelf of rock dividing the waters from the waters. The drizzle thickened; the night lengthened; and — darkness was upon the face of the deep.

# THE COURTS AND LEGISLATIVE FREEDOM

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

TWENTY-FIVE to fifty years ago there were time-honored phrases which were applied by lawyers with more or less popular approval to the American judiciary. The courts were the 'Palladium of our liberties,' the 'Guardians of the Ark of the Covenant.' To-day the public attitude has largely changed. These phrases are no longer current. The people are dissatisfied with the guardians, and in some quarters there is dissatisfaction with the ark itself. The popular magazines are full of articles upon judicial aggression, judicial oligarchies, and the lucubrations of ingenious laymen, who, unconstrained by any embarrassment through knowledge of law or of the functions or powers of the judiciary, cheerfully lay at the doors of the courts all the ills of our body politic. The legislatures and constitutional conventions are debating proposals for the recall of judges, and the bar associations are adding to the general confusion by sweepingly denouncing, as demagogic attacks upon the courts, all proposals of change except certain excellent, though tardy, measures of procedure-reform emanating from themselves. The platform of one political party advocates a simplification of the method of impeachment. Between indiscriminate attack and unreasoning defense, the courts suffer both from their enemies and, if possible, still more from their friends; and sober-minded citizens are left without light or leading.

What is the fundamental cause arousing this tumult of conflicting charges,

this spirit of bitterness, these recriminations and attacks? At bottom, the difficulty will be found to be in a change in the attitude of the people, not toward the courts themselves, but toward law-making bodies; and the desire to readjust, in an essential particular, constitutional power as between the courts and the law-making bodies, by the only feasible method which our complicated system affords — direct application of public opinion.

To attempt to analyze the process of this change would be difficult, and no broad generalization can be made which would not appear in some quarter to be glaringly inaccurate. For one thing, there has been in our country, in recent years, a decided growth in actual democracy. Despite occasional flashes of its ancient power, government by political oligarchies, boss-rule, is slowly losing ground. Invisible government is giving way to visible government of a better type. Again, we have passed industrially from individualism to collectivism, and our law has not yet adapted itself to the transition. A condition of interdependence, socially and industrially, requires recognition and regulation by law. Senator Root has, with great felicity, expressed this in a recent address. He says, —

'Instead of the give-and-take of free individual contract, the tremendous power of organization has combined great aggregations of capital in enormous industrial establishments, working through vast agencies of commerce,



and employing great masses of men in movements of production and transportation and trade, so great in the mass, that each individual concerned in them is quite helpless by himself. The relations between the employer and the employed, between the owners of aggregated capital and the unit of organized labor, between the small producer, the small trader, the consumer, and the great transporting and manufacturing and distributing agencies, all present new questions, for the solution of which the old reliance upon the free action of individual wills appears quite inadequate. And, in many directions, the intervention of that organized control which we call government seems necessary to produce the same result of justice and right conduct which obtained through the attrition of individuals before the new conditions arose.<sup>1</sup>

There is beneath all a spirit of restlessness in the people not to be overcome by soporifics or reactionary forebodings, a dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a demand upon law-making bodies for greater service in harmonizing law to the requirements of a changed industrial order. To meet these new conditions new measures are required. They must proceed from law-makers. In response to that demand in the states and in the nation, long-neglected subjects of legislation are receiving attention. With this growing interest in such matters the law-maker, and those interested in legislation upon these topics, find in certain fundamental parts of the work of legislation a conflict of power between the law-maker and the courts.

Such a conflict is more or less essential in any system of checks and balances like ours. With us it has, in fact, always existed, but just now the force

of public opinion is more largely on the side of the law-maker and those whom he represents in the demand for legislation, than it was in the days when he was generally discredited and distrusted, and when he was less the representative of the people and more the tool of a boss-ridden party system.

The sphere of power of the law-maker, under our present system of checks and balances, as interpreted by our courts, is the arc of a pendulum, which has the phrase 'due process of law' at both extremities. How wide the pendulum may swing depends upon how far the courts consider it lawful that the legislature should go before coming in conflict with the phrase.

It will be said at once that this statement is incorrect because every state constitution, as well as the Constitution of the nation, has a multitude of limitations upon legislative action, and the provision that property shall not be taken without due process of law is only one of them. This criticism is not without merit. But the due-process clause is the principal example of these broad general expressions current in our Constitution which, not placed there by the courts, are nevertheless to be construed and given a meaning and a force as limitations of legislative and executive power. This provision is the great stumbling-block of the law-maker because it is not defined except in vague generalities by the courts, and is not readily susceptible of definition.

For illustration, take a subject with which a dozen American states are now struggling, and on which there is an aroused public opinion, — industrial accidents. A workmen's compensation act is under legislative consideration. A bill is drawn recognizing, as in Europe, that such accidents are an inevitable part of modern industry and are chargeable justly upon the in-

<sup>1</sup> *Judicial Decisions and Public Feeling*. An address before the New York State Bar Association, January 19, 1912.

dustry itself, and providing for compulsory compensation by the employer for all accidents occurring in his plant, irrespective of whether they are occasioned by his fault. Does it take property without due process of law? The law-maker looks to see what 'due process' is declared to mean by the courts. What does he learn? He learns first that the words are equivalent to 'the law of the land' as used in Magna Charta. This is historically interesting, but to him of no practical value. He then learns, if he looks a little further, that what he has tried to find out by judicial decision, the courts themselves have refused to define, except in terms which afford no practical help, saying that these words are incapable of accurate definition, and that it is wiser to ascertain their intent and application 'by the gradual process of judicial inclusion and exclusion, as the cases presented for decision shall require, with the reasoning upon which such decisions may be founded.'

'It must be confessed,' says the United States Supreme Court, 'that the constitutional meaning and value of the phrase "due process of law" remains to-day without that satisfactory precision of definition which judicial decisions have given to nearly all the other guaranties of personal rights found in the constitutions of the several states and of the United States.'

The courts say, in substance, to the law-maker, 'We can give you no rule or definition for this thing which shall enable you to know what due process of law is before you legislate, but if you pass some law and afterwards it is questioned in court, we can then tell by application of this indefinable thing, by our process of inclusion and exclusion, whether the particular law is void or not, as taking property without due process of law.'

When a law has been enacted and is

being tested in court, the brief of the lawyer who attacks it is usually full of illustrations of other statutes more or less like it, which courts have held to be bad, as taking property without due process of law. The brief of the lawyer in favor of the law is based on those cases, if any he can find, in which more or less similar statutes have been declared valid, and with these cases he has generally an argument that this particular kind of a statute which he desires to uphold is what he calls a valid exercise of the police power.

Now, the legislator is interested in both of these things. If he cannot know in advance what is due process of law which tells him what he must not do, he will be quite safe about his statute-making if he can know what is the scope of the police power which tells him what he can do. Upon searching among court decisions for a definition of this police power, so-called, he finds there is no concrete definition of it. It also is incapable of definition. The courts do, of course, describe it. In a thousand decisions it is referred to as the power of the law-making body 'to promote the health, peace, morals, education, and good order of the people by the enactment of reasonable regulations for that purpose.'

But since it is incapable of exact definition and there are no certain rules governing it, the courts again say that the question whether a law is a valid exercise of the police power must be determined by testing the individual statute by application. 'With regard to the police power, as elsewhere in the law, lines are pricked out by the gradual approach and contact of decisions on the opposing sides.' The courts will examine the statute. If they find that, in their judgment, the legislature adopted it in the exercise of a reasonable discretion, based upon sufficient facts, they will hold that the law is a

valid exercise of the police power. To forbid barbers to work on Sunday is reasonable. To forbid women to work at night is unreasonable. So the first law is a valid exercise of the police power, and the second takes liberty and property without due process of law.

In the meanwhile, what becomes of the law-maker? He is endeavoring to respond to the demands of the people for legislation on questions which, without any constitutional puzzles injected into them, are in themselves difficult in the extreme. New conditions need new remedies. He devises the new remedy. He introduces it as a bill, which contains some limitations upon the conduct of some class or body. It is debated in committee. It is amended to meet objections. It is debated in the two houses. It is passed. It is examined by the governor and his advisers. It becomes law. Then it goes to the court and if three out of five men, greatly learned in law, applying the judicial mystery of due process of law, decide that the thing attempted is, as they see it, not a reasonable exercise of the discretion of the legislature in imposing the restraint or regulation proposed, the wisdom of two branches of the legislature and of the governor is overcome. The law is not a law.

The thing which the courts in these decisions are dealing with is that process of adjustment, inevitable in law as in life, between the rights and liberties of the individual and the rights and necessities of society. The police power, so-called, is in law the branch which expresses the expanding needs of society, and through which society's demands upon the individual are made. Society asserts, by legislation based upon police power, the necessities of social coördination for the development of the state. The individual — or more often some one pretending to

act in his interest — resists, through the due-process clause, the encroachments of society upon 'natural' right.

The problem thrust upon the courts is the duty of harmonizing — without set rules or chart or compass — the relations of man, the individual, to the society to which he must belong. Plato declared that he was ready to follow as a god any man who knew how to combine in his conduct the law of the one and the law of the many. How infinitely more difficult the task of prescribing such conduct, not for one's self only, but for the one and the many of a complex state! It is the most difficult of tasks. It is imposed upon no other courts than ours in the world. The duty which Milton took upon himself in his epic, of justifying the ways of God to man, is in our time only paralleled by the duty of American courts of justifying the ways of society to man and of man to society.

The theory of procedure in this process of justification, to be sure, is simple. Show us — say the courts — a necessity of society so great as to require the subordination of the personal rights of the individual to the greater demands of the aggregation of individuals composing the whole, and we will sustain the law which causes that subordination. Show us a case where, for an alleged social need, but having no just cause or basis, or real social requirement, the rights of the individual are threatened with arbitrary destruction, and we will in turn protect the individual from such a law by declaring that his life, liberty, or property cannot be taken without due process of law.

The essential conflicts between the courts and the legislatures on these subjects are over questions of fact. The legislature says, for example, We have found as a fact a social necessity for limiting the hours of labor of bakers.

We have examined into the condition of their work and find that their welfare, and thereby the welfare of society, requires such limitations. The Supreme Court of the United States says that there are no reasonable grounds for believing that such social necessity exists, and it finds the law to be unconstitutional in taking away the baker's liberty.

As to the hours of women in laundries and men in mines, the court approves the legislative finding of social fact, declaring these to be cases where the legislature has adjudged that a limitation is necessary for the preservation of the health of such employees; and there are reasonable grounds for believing that such determination is sustained by the facts. The question in each case is whether the legislature has adopted the statute in the exercise of a reasonable discretion, or whether its action is a mere excuse for an unjust discrimination or the oppression or spoliation of a particular class.

The opportunity for conflict between the legislature and the courts on questions of social fact is apparent. In this conflict, public opinion finds itself more and more on the side of the legislature. This shift in public opinion does not come because the majority of people are convinced that legislators are wiser than courts or less prone to make mistakes, but is born of a more general realization of the fact that, so far as law can effect them, solutions of industrial and economic questions are necessarily legislative ones, and that to deny the legislator the power to make mistakes is also to deny him the power to remedy or correct evils which can receive correction only through legislation. Underlying a great part of the current discussion of the judiciary, and as a main basis for the nostrum entitled the recall of judges, is this matter of the potential domination of the

legislative idea of reasonableness by the judicial idea of reasonableness.

The conservative deprecates and deplores the irritation and impatience thus engendered and manifested toward the courts. As a process of adjustment of such difficulties he repeats the time-honored argument that the true remedy is to meet these conflicts, one by one, with the cumbrous, difficult, and dilatory procedure of piecemeal constitutional amendment. The suggestion that the situation can be met in any other fashion or by any change of attitude of the courts themselves, he regards as sheer demagoguery. What the conservative refuses to see, in his resistance to the new forces in public opinion, is that the more progressive or radical influences in our society are themselves endeavoring to accomplish an essential conservative reform through this insistence upon the recognition by the courts of the need of greater legislative freedom. They are endeavoring to find a *modus vivendi* in our Constitution for an ancient and time-honored clause which, upon the conservative's own logic, they should seek to repeal.

It is essential that we should see the true nature of this conflict, and the alternative which it affords. We must do one of two things: either determine to continue our courts in their present position of harmonizers between the individual and society, and thereby continue in form and theory their present power over legislation, looking to the courts themselves for such practical modification of their exercise of that power as shall give a necessary leeway to legislation; or, what has not yet been suggested, we must abolish vague constitutional limitations, and decide that an impracticable and unworkable power of the courts over legislatures should be removed by a repeal of the clause or clauses of the

Constitution forming the basis for its existence.

As a conservative, as well as a practical people, we are trying the first of these alternatives. Without changing the theory of judicial power in any fundamental way, we are seeking to have it practically so applied by the courts as to enlarge the province of legislation. We are endeavoring to accomplish this largely by a severe criticism of those judicial decisions which interfere with what many now recognize as an essential part of legislative freedom.

We are asking to have the courts themselves recognize an extension of the ordinary domain of legislative power, that is, the domain in which the law-maker may enact his statute without being obliged to claim justification for what he enacts in any special plea of social necessity, — the police power. The extent of this common field of legislation depends largely upon the breadth of action permitted by the courts in their definition of due process of law. One definition of the test for due process, in the constitutional sense of the term, has been laid down by many decisions of the courts.

‘We must examine the Constitution itself to see whether this process be in conflict with any of its provisions. If not found to be so, we must look to those settled usages and modes of procedure existing in the common and statute law of England before the emigration of our ancestors, and which are shown not to have been unsuited to their civil and political condition by having been acted on by them after the settlement of this country.’

More briefly they describe it as ‘a conformity with the ancient and customary laws of the English people.’

If the basis for determining whether we can do certain things legally in the twentieth century is to be found by as-

certaining whether they could legally have been done in England at or prior to the fourth day of July, 1776, the problem of grasping new conditions in new ways by new laws is made infinitely difficult. The touchstone for progress then becomes not solely the needs of the present, but the extent to which these needs can be met by the application of historical precedents of the past. Nations are incapable of growth in any such fashion, by any such method.

It is doubtless true that, historically, due process of law, as understood and applied in England from the days of Magna Charta to the time when we adopted our Constitution, contained far fewer limitations upon executive and legislative powers than those which have been construed into it by American courts in the past hundred years. But it is the method of progress which is important. No man can run forward freely while continually looking backward.

There is, however, another view of due process consistent with national growth. As the Supreme Court of the United States has said, —

‘The Constitution of the United States was ordained, it is true, by descendants of Englishmen who inherited the traditions of English law and history, but it was made for an undefined and expanding future, and for a people gathered, and to be gathered, from many nations and many tongues, and while we take just pride in the principles and institutions of the common law, we are not to forget that in lands where other systems of jurisprudence prevail, the ideas and processes of civil justice are also not unknown. . . . There is nothing in Magna Charta rightly construed as a broad charter of public right and law which ought to exclude the best ideas of all systems and of every age, and as it was the characteristic principle of the common law to



draw its inspiration from every fountain of justice, we are not to assume that the sources of its supply have been exhausted. On the contrary, we should expect that the new and various experiences of our own situation and system will mould and shape it into new and not less useful form.'

The theories of due process of law: the narrow one, which makes its touchstone history and the settled usages and modes of procedure used in England prior to our independence, and the broad one, which sets aside all such limitations and gives the phrase the expansive power by which there may be created in America law not only for the descendants of Englishmen, but for a people gathered from many nations and many tongues, represent an actual, but not yet freely recognized, conflict between the courts themselves.

The expansionist and the contractionist notions of due process of law are expressed in many judicial decisions. They conflict at times in the decisions of the same courts. Both cannot live. The permanence of our constitutions in their present form depends upon the establishment of a broad doctrine which permits a free exercise of all the essential attributes of legislative power.

What may be called the expansionist theory is to-day rapidly gaining ground. The notion that the courts form an adamant barrier to progress is false. They do not bow to every fitful breath of change. Some judges move more slowly than others, to be sure, in adapting the law to the settled will of the people. But to that will they do conform. What is taking place is a slow but sure change, under the pressure of formulated public opinion, in the character and scope of the constitutional limitation of due process of law. Even when found by many most alarming, the movement from which this pressure comes is es-

entially a conservative one. Nowhere has there been, from any respected source, the suggestion that the whole framework of our constitutional system should be destroyed or that the power of the courts to annul acts which contravene the clause should itself be destroyed. This in itself is a tribute to the courts. If the people were satisfied that the power to declare laws unconstitutional under the due-process clause had been in the main detrimental to their best interests, that its continuance was necessarily or essentially a menace to the progress of the nation, the reform movement would have a different programme. 'No,' said the old farmer; 'I don't want a divorce, what I want is a leetle more freedom on lodge nights.'

The people do not desire to abolish the ancient landmarks. There is as yet no expressed desire on the part of any group or party to take from the courts the power to test legislation by ascertaining whether it conforms to natural and inherent principles of justice; or the power to forbid that one man's rights or property shall be taken for the benefit of another, or for the benefit of the state, without compensation; or that any man should be condemned in his person or property without an opportunity of being heard in his own defense.

No other country in the world permits its courts to test or to approve or condemn legislation by the application of any vague concept such as 'natural and inherent principles of justice,' or by the interpretation of phrases incapable of approximately exact meaning which law-makers can know in advance. In theory at least, the continuance of a constitutional system for governing ninety millions of people on such a basis involves peril, if not disaster. 'Yes,' said an English barrister to me some months ago,



'things are pretty bad with us just now. A lot of this Lloyd George legislation is stuff and nonsense, too. Of course Parliament had to do something, though; and with us, to be sure, it has a pretty free hand; but,' he added cheerfully, 'if we were tied up with your Constitution we should be having a civil war.'

A civil war is too remote a prospect to arouse in an American much sense of alarm. Our natural resources are still vast. The field of individual opportunity, though narrowing, is still large. The sense of any impending peril which requires a fundamental revision in our system of government, our theory of national life, is still unfelt. We do realize the need of a change in the theory of legislative power which shall give the law-maker more freedom. Some of us are aroused to this need by problems of labor, the Lawrence strike, the McNamara and Haywood affairs; some by problems of capital, by the trust investigations; while the high cost of living has influenced the unthinking mass. The result is a desire to readjust the position of the courts in the general system of our government.

The recall of judges is in small measure due to a desire to get rid of judges, but more largely to a desire to remind them, by its crude potentialities, of their duties to society as well as to the individual. The misnamed recall of decisions is an entirely different and less objectionable proposition having the same general end in view; a plan under which due process of law in its final analysis is to be determined by the people who put the words in the Constitution for the judges to follow, and who put the judges in their places to interpret these words. Instead of attempting to terrorize the judge by the threat of personal punishment through the recall, instead of repealing the due-pro-

cess clause, instead of adopting amendments to our constitutions, necessarily broad and general, and conferring large and possibly dangerous powers on legislators in advance of legislation, it proposes to refer to the people a specific law, with the "due-process" objections of the courts to its constitutionality! Whatever the practical difficulties might be in its operation, its theory is not radical but conservative. It proposes that the question whether a measure is due process of law shall be tested by the judgment of the legislatures and the courts and, when they disagree, by the sober judgment of the people, who created both.

Ohio, in her constitutional convention, has submitted to the people, and they have adopted with general approval, the proposition that no law shall be declared unconstitutional unless five out of six of the judges of her supreme court concur.

Other proposals with like objects are made. The debates over them produce charges and countercharges. The forces of reaction, the perpetual minority, which in all ages has believed in the continuance of things as they are, the conservatives who see, as they believe, the threatened destruction of the safeguards of freedom, the still larger class which believes that the American people are as yet only partially capable of self-government, find themselves arrayed in defense of a theory of judicial power which is out of harmony with the new programme of democracy.

This programme has for its initial purpose the more direct participation of the people in their own government, and in the selection of their representatives, and in a more direct sense of responsibility by those representatives to the people. Its first period is still one in which questions to be debated are largely matters of machinery. The

direct primary, the presidential preference primary, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, the direct election of United States senators, are not ends of democracy, they are the means by which democracy seeks to express itself. How it shall express itself is another matter. The part of this programme which affects the courts is that which seeks to bring them in line with this movement by compelling them to recognize a shift in the balance of power, a necessary change in their

relation to a system which must depend for its strength, its efficiency, and its growth upon the power to create, and not upon the power to complicate or prevent.

The Ark of the Constitution is not to be destroyed, the priests are not to be driven from the temple of justice. But the Ark exists not for the priests and the Levites, but for an expanding nation. Its safe place is not a temple, but the hearts of a people whom it guides, protects, and serves.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF ONE BEHIND THE TIMES

BY AN OLD-TIMER

I AM engaged upon a book. Having by this statement discouraged all readers save the very boldest, I venture to confide to them, not its subject, but its causes, so far as I may do so without betraying the secrets of my guild; for every trade has its dark corner, sought out by investigating committees and muck-raking magazines, and the business of university professor must, like all others, protect its arcana from unsympathetic scrutiny. The investigation has, in fact, already begun, and a few in our ranks are too familiar with such terms in the science of academic mensuration as 'research-units,' and 'ratio of professor-power to assistant-professor-power.' These new ideas impress me a good deal, I confess, especially when I hear one of my pupils of a few years ago demonstrating to us his teachers just what blunders we made in his training. As I walk home, deep in scientific and pedagogic de-

spondency, I feel that he is right, and that the results produced by my teachers in me are vastly superior to what I and my colleagues have accomplished in him.

I find myself, in short, an old-fashioned person, not quickly adaptable to the times in which I live; and though I have been so duly chastened by my juniors as only rarely and in secret to reveal myself as a *laudator temporis acti*, still it is difficult or impossible for me to reach the flying goal of being up-to-date.

When the elective system was descending upon us, as some one has said, 'like the great sheet let down out of heaven' (and with equally varied and tempting contents), I was just beginning in my classes to substitute for the dogmatic *memoriter* methods, in which I had been nurtured, a set of attractively arranged inductive nibbles at the great cake of knowledge. Again (if I

VOL. 111 - NO. 3

may abruptly change metaphors, like horses, in mid-stream), when I had barely climbed from the straight and narrow way of prescribed studies to the broad open plateau of unlimited election and was rather helplessly trying, among its confused and recrossing cart-paths, to find where the real *via salutis* lay, I was puzzled to find what had become of my more progressive colleagues, whose advice and example had lured me to these heights. After considerable search I found that they were apparently dispersed in a series of curious little natural pockets or recesses, perfectly self-sufficient and completely separated one from another, and each, for its own denizens, as easy of access and as difficult of egress as Avernus itself.

As I looked from above, from my broad but somewhat chilly plateau, there I could see them, each like a monk in his cell, and each dipping his pen in the newly patented ink of productive scholarship or applying his already practiced lips to the blow-pipe of original research. I tried to call to one or two of them from where I stood, telling them how pleasant I had hoped it would be to ramble with them over the open country. They replied politely but briefly, saying that for me, a philosopher, it might be permissible to stray at large, but for them scholarship must be henceforth not broad but deep. One of them, in reply to a question of mine, admitted that he felt at times a little lonely, and that he had thought of tunneling through to the valley of his nearest neighbor, but he doubted whether he would have time in leisure moments to get there, without doing injustice to his research, and he also doubted whether his neighbor would, or even could, meet him halfway.

So I left my former colleagues and began to search over the plateau for my

present pupils; but somehow most of them had fallen into the hollows and could n't get out, and the few I could finally gather around me seemed to have their attention much distracted, like my own, by the extent of the landscape and its horizon. Now and then they would run off to one side, whenever we approached a hollow, to see what their comrades in it were doing. Not a few in this process fell over the edge and were lost. I thought of the old days when we all, teachers and pupils alike, walked on the one straight road in the valley, with fewer views along the way, but with many pleasant salutations and conversations as we met and passed one another, and we all were fondly hoping that the same road would lead us somewhere at last. But enough of metaphor, lest it degenerate into allegory, which is alike unscholarly and out-of-date.

A few years ago, an acquaintance disclosed to me that the only sure road to academic preferment (if that be the proper term — the English ecclesiastical term 'living' has, naturally, no analogue in the American college) was to publish. 'Publish what?' said I innocently. 'Pages; no matter what,' said he, in a whisper, with a glance to see that no one could overhear. Who would not be impressed by wisdom so unselfishly and courageously imparted? But I am always a little slow in acting upon advice, and for some time I let matters slide. I did write one or two little notes for learned reviews on more or less technical and unimportant subjects, but I had been trained when a boy to say a thing in as few words as possible (a defect which I am fast outgrowing), and the few ideas which nature had bestowed upon me did n't fill many pages. Clearly this method would n't do.

After a little it occurred to me that the problem might be solved in one

of two ways: either by increasing the number of ideas to an article, or by increasing the number of words to an idea; and, pausing to study the writings of some of my colleagues, who, I understood, were considered promising scholars in their respective fields, I soon discovered that the latter was the approved method. My examination of their works taught me other valuable points in technique, such as the use of thick paper to make a bulky volume, the dignity of wide margins and large type, and the insertion of lengthy quotations and of columns of statistics, not too closely printed. Then, too, I noted the effect of full tables of contents, in which one tells what he will discuss on each separate page; and of equally full indexes, telling what he has discussed on each separate page; these two features resembling the watertight compartments at the bow and stern of an ocean steamship, designed to protect the vital but frail part between. But often, when I looked within, what was my surprise to find that, in spite of such elaborate protective arrangements, the cargo had apparently been jettisoned, or else that the ship had put to sea with nothing on board but sand-ballast. This was a little startling to me with my inherited respect for the dignity and importance of our merchant marine. Yet *nil admirari*, as Horace says — but I forgot for the moment that one of the habits I have been trying to unlearn is that of extemporaneous and unverified quotation, especially from the Bible or from the classics, which I find in particularly bad form at present.

While making confessions may I also make another? When a boy, I was taught proper restraint in the use of the first personal pronoun, but I had never been forbidden its use entirely. My models nowadays, I find, do otherwise. Why, Stubbs, my learned col-

league in history, told me the other day that he made a regular practice, in order to secure proper objectivity in his voluminous work, of avoiding the pronoun 'I'. 'I find it hard,' he said, 'even now always to remember, but I have secured the services of a graduate student who runs over my manuscript and makes these substitutions: for "I" he writes, "the critical student of history"; for "my," "the historical investigator's"; and for "me," "the candid historian." It really,' he continued, 'has had a most bracing effect upon my style.' The next day he sent me a copy, fresh from the press, of his *Life and Letters of William Murray, First Settler in Murrayville, Oklahoma. Edited, with a Critical Introduction, by Roderick Stubbs, Ph.D.*, and I began to find myself a convert to the denatured style which it so beautifully illustrates.

But I was still without a subject for my *magnum opus*. The census reports, such an unfailing resource for some of my friends in other lines of work, seemed to contain little that could be brought to bear upon philosophy. I look back now with regret upon the supineness with which we philosophers, of my generation and those before it, have allowed the rich statistical fields of the natural sciences and psychology and economics and education and sociology to slip, one by one, out of our proprietorship. What would some of us not give for a tithe of those opportunities for counting and tabulating that have fallen now to other fingers than ours! Because we cannot each be a James or a Bergson, must we be excluded from productivity, and must we grope in vain for some little theme proportionate to our powers?

I thought of writing some popular articles or books in my own field, but of course that was only in a moment of weakness, for I knew well enough how

they would be received. So, like the farmer's daughter back from a boarding-school, too highly educated to live at home, and too unsophisticated to live anywhere else, I felt myself something of a failure. At this juncture a kind friend said to me, 'Why not do some translating?' From that seed has grown my present work. For even a translation, if it be big and of some book too abstruse for the dreaded popular reader, may not be without an academic grace of its own. The personality (or lack of personality) of the translator is easily concealed, and bulk may be attained without any of the pains that accompany the birth of an idea or the anxieties that attend its rearing. In short, translation is like the adopting of a well-developed child, whose chief defects may plausibly be ascribed to heredity, and for whose virtues the adopting parents may, some day, obtain a little credit. Not only that, but one good translation deserves another, and so long as industrious Germans, with or without ideas, continue their amazing productivity, so long my pen need never rust from disuse.

But one cloud, the size of a man's hand, has lately appeared upon my horizon. Can it be that another change is impending, and that I, on the hill, well in the rear, see it more clearly than some of the foremost fighters in the valleys? A visitant has recently come to our shores from no less a centre of light than Berlin (a name not lightly to be taken upon any lips), with the pronouncement that one thing still is lacking in our educational fabric;

namely, that quality in the German professor known as *Persönlichkeit*.

Far be it from me, though a professed translator, to weaken by inadequate translation that resonant word. Rather let me watch its magic effect upon my contemporaries. How sudden, Friend Stubbs, may be the reversal of your most prized scholarly habits and ideals if the aroma of *Persönlichkeit* must be made to exhale both from your presence and from your carefully desiccated and depersonalized volumes! And young Whitaker, our efficiency expert, who will tell you the cost to the university of each sheet of paper used therein (except such university stationery as he impartially employs for his private correspondence), that emotionless manipulator of the machinery which is gradually being imposed upon us — is Whitaker, I say, suddenly to pause in his productive processes and clothe himself with *Persönlichkeit* as with a garment? And will my other colleagues — yes, and shall I myself — some day be strutting about in our respective *Persönlichkeiten*, as unfamiliar at first to one another, and even to ourselves, as in that motley garb of academic dignity in which we disport ourselves on Commencement Day? But my place, as I said before, has ever been in the rear of great movements; therefore I must back to my translating (of which I should have been able, according to tables furnished me by Whitaker, to do seven and three sixteenths pages in the time wasted over these lines), and again leave to others the brunt of first contact with the new order.

# THE LIFE OF IRONY

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

## I

I COULD never, until recently, divest myself of the haunting feeling that being ironical had something to do with the entering of the iron into one's soul. I thought I knew what irony was, and I admired it immensely. I could not believe that there was something metallic and bitter about it. Yet this sinister connotation of a clanging, rasping meanness of spirit, which I am sure it has still in many people's minds, clung about it, until one happy day my dictionary told me that the iron had never entered into the soul at all, but the soul into the iron (St. Jerome had read the psalm wrong), and that irony was Greek, with all the free, happy play of the Greek spirit about it, letting in fresh air and light into others' minds and our own. It was to the Greek an incomparable method of intercourse, the rub of mind against mind by the simple use of simulated ignorance, and the adoption, without committing one's self, of another's point of view. Not until I read the Socrates of Plato did I fully appreciate that this irony, — this pleasant challenging of the world, this insistent judging of experience, this sense of vivid contrasts and incongruities, of comic juxtapositions, of flaring brilliancies, and no less heartbreaking impossibilities, of all the little parts of one's world being constantly set off against each other, and made intelligible only by being translated into and defined in each other's terms, — that this was a life, and a life of beauty,

that one might suddenly discover one's self living it all unawares. And if one could judge one's own feeble reflection, it was a life that had no room for iron within its soul.

We should speak not of the Socratic method, but of the Socratic life. For irony is a life rather than a method. A life cannot be taken off and put on again at will; a method can. To be sure, some people talk of life exactly as if it were some portable commodity, or some exchangeable garment. We must live, they cry, as if they were about to begin. And perhaps they are. Only some of us would rather die than live that puny life that they can adopt and cover themselves with. Irony is too rich and precious a thing to be capable of such transmission. The ironist is born and not made. This critical attitude toward life, this delicious sense of contrasts that we call irony, is not a pose or an amusement. It is something that colors every idea and every feeling of the man who is so happy as to be endowed with it.

Most people will tell you, I suppose, that the religious conviction of salvation is the only permanently satisfying coloring of life. In the splendid ironists, however, one sees a sweeter, more flexible and human principle of life, adequate, without the buttress of supernatural belief, to nourish and fortify the spirit. In the classic ironist of all time, irony shows an inherent nobility; a nobility that all ages have compared favorably with the Christian ideal. Lacking the spur of religious emotion,



the sweetness of irony may be more difficult to maintain than the mood of belief. But may it not for that very reason be judged superior, for is it not written, 'He that endureth unto the end shall be saved'?

It is not easy to explain the quality of that richest and most satisfying background of life. It lies, I think, in a vivid and intense feeling of aliveness which it gives. Experience comes to the ironist in little darts or spurts, with the added sense of contrast. Most men, I am afraid, see each bit of personal experience as a unit, strung more or less loosely on a string of other mildly related bits. But the man with the ironical temperament is forced constantly to compare and contrast his experience with what was, or what might be, or what ought to be, and it is the shocks of these comparisons and contrasts that make up his inner life. He thinks he leads a richer life, because he feels not only the individual bits but the contrasts besides, in all their various shadings and tints. To this sense of impingement of facts upon life is due a large part of this vividness of irony; and the rest is due to the alertness of the ironical mind. The ironist is always critically awake. He is always judging, and watching with inexhaustible interest, in order that he may judge. Now irony, in its best sense, is an exquisite sense of proportion, a sort of spiritual tact in judging the values and significances of experience. This sense of being spiritually alive, which ceaseless criticism of the world we live in gives us, combined with the sense of power which free and untrammelled judging produces in us, is the background of irony. And it should be a means to the truest goodness.

Socrates made one mistake, — knowledge is not goodness. But it is a step toward judging, and good judgment is the true goodness. For it is on judg-

ment impelled by desire that we act. The clearer and cleaner our judgments then, the more definite and correlated our actions. And the great value of these judgments of irony is that they are not artificial but spring naturally out of life. Irony, the science of comparative experience, compares things not with an established standard but with each other, and the values that slowly emerge from the process, values that emerge from one's own vivid reactions, are constantly revised, corrected, and refined by that same sense of contrast. The ironic life is a life keenly alert, keenly sensitive, reacting promptly with feelings of liking or dislike to each bit of experience, letting none of it pass without interpretation and assimilation, a life full and satisfying, — indeed a rival of the religious life.

The life of irony has the virtues of the religious life without its defects. It expresses the aggressive virtues without the quiescence of resignation. For the ironist has the courageous spirit, the sympathetic heart, and the understanding mind, and can give them full play, unhampered by the searching introspection of the religious mind that often weakens rather than ennobles and fortifies. He is at one with the religious man in that he hates apathy and stagnation, for they mean death. But he is superior in that he attacks apathy of intellect and personality as well as apathy of emotion. He has a great conviction of the significance of all life, the lack of which conviction is the most saddening feature of the religious temperament. The religious man pretends that every aspect of life has meaning for him, but in practice he constantly minimizes the noisier and vivid elements. He is essentially an aristocrat in his interpretation of values, while the ironist is incorrigibly a democrat.

Religion gives a man an intimacy

with a few selected and rarified virtues and moods, while irony makes him a friend of the poor and lowly among spiritual things. When the religious man is healing and helping, it is at the expense of his spiritual comfort; he must tear himself away from his companions, and go out grimly and sacrificing into the struggle. The ironist, living his days among the humbler things, feels no such severe call to service. And yet the ironist, since he has no citadel of truth to defend, is really the more adventurous. Life, not fixed in predestined formulas, or measurable by fixed, immutable standards, is fluid, rich, and exciting. To the ironist it is both discovery and creation. His courage seeks out the obscure places of human personality, and his sympathy and understanding create new interests and enthusiasms in the other minds upon which they play. And these new interests in turn react upon his own life, discovering unexpected vistas there, and creating new insight into the world that he lives in. That democratic, sympathetic outlook upon the feelings and thoughts and actions of men and women is the life of irony.

That life is expressed in the social intercourse of ourselves with others. The daily fabric of the life of irony is woven out of our critical communings with ourselves and the personalities of our friends, and the people with whom we come in contact. The ironist, by adopting another's point of view and making it his own, in order to carry light and air into it, literally puts himself in the other man's place. Irony is thus the truest sympathy. It is no cheap way of ridiculing an opponent by putting on his clothes and making fun of him. The ironist has no opponent, but only a friend. And in his irony he is helping that friend to reveal himself. That half-seriousness, that solemn treatment of the trivial and trivial treatment of the

solemn, which is the pattern of the ironist's talk, is but his way of exhibiting the unexpected contrasts and shadings that he sees to be requisite to the keenest understanding of the situation. The ironist borrows and exchanges and appropriates ideas and gives them a new setting in juxtaposition with others, but he never burlesques or caricatures or exaggerates them. If an idea is absurd, the slightest change of environment will show that absurdity.

The mere transference of an idea to another's mouth will bring to light all its hidden meaninglessness. It needs no extraneous aid. If an idea is hollow, it will show itself cowering against the intellectual background of the ironist like the puny, shivering thing it is. If a point of view cannot bear being adopted by another person, if it is not hardy enough to be transplanted, it has little right to exist at all. This world is no hothouse for ideas and attitudes. Too many outworn ideas are skulking in dark retreats, sequestered from the light; every man has great, sunless stretches in his soul where base prejudices lurk and flourish. On these the white light of irony is needed to play. And it delights the ironist to watch them shrivel and decay under that light.

The little tabooed regions of well-bred people, the 'things we never mention,' the basic biases and assumptions that underlie the lives and thinking of every class and profession, our second-hand dogmas and phrases, — all these live and thrive because they have never been transplanted, or heard from the lips of another. The dictum that 'the only requisites for success are honesty and merit,' which we applaud so frantically from the lips of the successful, becomes a ghastly irony in the mouth of an unemployed workingman. There would be a frightful mortality of

points of view could we have a perfectly free exchange such as this. Irony is just this temporary borrowing and lending. Many of our cherished ideals would lose half their validity were they put bodily into the mouths of the less fortunate. But if irony destroys some ideals it builds up others. It tests ideals by their social validity, by their general interchangeability among all sorts of people and the world, but if it leaves the foundations of many in a shaky condition, and renders more simply provisional, those that it does leave standing are imperishably founded in the common democratic experience of all men.

To the ironist it seems that the irony is not in the speaking, but in the things themselves. He is a poor ironist who would consciously distort, or attempt to make another's idea appear in any light except its own. Absurdity is an intrinsic quality of so many things that they only have to be touched to reveal it. The deadliest way to annihilate the unoriginal and the insincere is to let it speak for itself. Irony is this letting things speak for themselves and hang themselves by their own rope. Only, it repeats the words after the speaker, and adjusts the rope. It is the commanding touch of a comprehending personality that dissolves the seemingly tough husk of the idea.

The ironical method might be compared to the acid that develops a photographic plate. It does not distort the image, but merely brings clearly to the light all that was implicit in the plate before. And if it brings the picture to the light with values reversed, so does irony revel in a paradox, which is simply a photographic negative of the truth, truth with the values reversed. But turn the negative ever so slightly so that the light falls upon it, and the perfect picture appears in all its true values and beauty. Irony, we may

say then, is the photography of the soul. The picture goes through certain changes in the hands of the ironist, but without these changes the truth would be simply a blank, unmeaning surface. The photograph is a synonym for deadly accuracy. Similarly the ironist insists always on seeing things as they are. He is a realist, whom the grim satisfaction of seeing the truth compensates for any sordidness that it may bring along with it. Things as they are, thrown against the background of things as they ought to be, — this is the ironist's vision. I should like to feel that the vision of the religious man is not too often things as they are, thrown against the background of things as they ought not to be.

The ironist is the only man who makes any serious attempt to distinguish between fresh and second-hand experience. Our minds are so unfortunately arranged that all sorts of belief can be accepted and propagated quite independently of any rational or even experiential basis at all. Nature does not seem to care very much whether our ideas are true or not, so long as we get on through life safely enough. And it is surprising on what an enormous amount of error we can get along comfortably. We cannot be wrong on every point or we should cease to live, but so long as we are empirically right in our habits, the truth or falsity of our ideas seems to have little effect upon our comfort. We are born into a world that is an inexhaustible store of ready-made ideas, stored up in tradition, in books, and in every medium of communication between our minds and others. All we have to do is to accept this predigested nourishment, and ask no questions. We could live a whole life without ever making a really individual response, without providing ourselves, out of our own experience, with any of the material that our minds

work on. Many of us seem to be just this kind of spiritual parasites. We may learn and absorb and grow, up to a certain point. But eventually something captures us: we become incased in a suit of armor, and invulnerable to our own experience. We have lost the faculty of being surprised. It is this incasing that the ironist fears, and it is the ironical method that he finds the best for preventing it. Irony keeps the waters in motion, so that the ice never has a chance to form. The cut-and-dried life is easy to form because it has no sense of contrast; everything comes to one on its own terms, vouching for itself, and is accepted or rejected on its own good looks, and not because of its fitness and place in the scheme of things.

This is the courage and this the sympathy of irony. Have they not a beauty of their own comparable in excellence with the paler glow of religious virtue? And the understanding of the ironist, although aggressive and challenging, has its justification, too. For he is mad to understand the world, to get to the bottom of other personalities. That is the reason for his constant classification. The ironist is the most dogmatic of persons. To understand you he must grasp you firmly, or he must pin you down definitely; if he accidentally nails you fast to a dogma that you indignantly repudiate, you must blame his enthusiasm and not his method. Dogmatism is rarely popular, and the ironist, of course, suffers. It hurts people's eyes to see a strong light, and the pleasant mist-land of ideas is much more emotionally warming than the clear, sunny region of transmissible phrases. How the average person wriggles and squirms under these piercing attempts to corner his personality! 'Tell me what you mean!' or 'What do you see in it?' are the fatal questions that the ironist puts, and

who shall censure him if he does display the least trace of malicious delight as he watches the half-formed baby ideas struggle toward the light, or scurry around frantically to find some decent costume in which they may appear in public?

The judgments of the ironist are often discounted as being too sweeping. But he has a valid defense. Lack of classification is annihilation of thought. Even the newest philosophy will admit that classification is a necessary evil. Concepts are indispensable, — and yet each concept falsifies. The ironist must have as large a stock as possible, but he must have a stock. And even the unjust classification is marvelously effective. The ironist's name for his opponent is a challenge to him. The more sweeping it is, the more stimulus it gives the latter to repel the charge. He must explain just how he is unique and individual in his attitude. And in this explanation he reveals and discovers all that the ironist wishes to know about him. A handful of epithets is thus the ammunition of the ironist. He must call things by what seem to him to be their right names. In a sense, the ironist assumes the prisoner to be guilty until he proves himself innocent; but it is always in order that justice may be done, and that he may come to learn the prisoner's soul and all the wondrous things that are contained there.

## II

It is this passion for comprehension that explains the ironist's apparently scandalous propensity to publicity. Nothing seems to him too sacred to touch, nothing too holy for him to become witty about. There are no doors locked to him, there is nothing that can make good any claim of resistance to scrutiny. His free-and-easy

manner of including everything within the sweep of his vision, is but his recognition, however, of the fact that nothing is really so serious as we think it is, and nothing quite so petty. The ironist will descend in a moment from a discussion of religion to a squabble over a card-game, and he will defend himself with the reflection that religion is, after all, a human thing, and must be discussed in the light of every-day living; and that the card-game is an integral part of life, reveals the personalities of the players, — and his own to himself, — and, being worthy of his interest, is worthy of his enthusiasm. The ironist is apt to test things by their interest as much as by their nobility, and if he sees the incongruous and inflated in the lofty, so he sees the significant in the trivial and raises it from its low degree. Many a mighty impostor does he put down from his seat. The ironist is the great intellectual democrat, in whose presence and before whose law all ideas and attitudes stand equal. In his world there is no privileged caste, no aristocracy of sentiments to be revered, or segregated systems of interests to be tabooed. Nothing human is alien to the ironist; the whole world is thrown open, naked, to the play of his judgment.

In the eyes of its detractors, irony has all the vices of democracy. Its publicity seems mere vulgarity, its free hospitality seems to shock all ideas of moral worth. The ironist is but a scoffer, they say, with weapon leveled eternally at all that is good and true and sacred. The adoption of another's point of view seems little better than malicious dissimulation, — the repetition of others' words, an elaborate mockery; the ironist's eager interest seems a mere impudence or a lack of finer instincts; his interest in the trivial, the last confession of a mean spirit;

and his love of classifying, a proof of his poverty of imaginative resource. Irony, in other words, is thought to be synonymous with cynicism. But the ironist is no cynic. His is a kindly, not a sour, interest in human motives. He wants to find out how the human machine runs, not to prove that it is a worthless, broken-down affair. He accepts it as it comes, and if he finds it curiously feeble and futile in places, blame not him, but the nature of things. He finds enough rich compensation in the unexpected charm that he constantly finds himself eliciting. The ironist sees life steadily, and sees it whole; the cynic only a distorted fragment.

If the ironist is not a cynic, neither is he merely a dealer in satire, burlesque, and ridicule. Irony may be the raw material, innocent in itself, but capable of being put to evil uses. But it involves neither the malice of satire, nor the horse-play of burlesque, nor the stab of ridicule. Irony is infinitely finer, and more delicate and impersonal. The satirist is always personal and concrete, but the ironist deals with general principles and broad aspects of human nature. It cannot be too much emphasized that the function of the ironist is not to make fun of people, but to give their souls an airing. The ironist is a judge on the bench, giving men a public hearing. He is not an aggressive spirit who goes about seeking whom he may devour, or a spiritual lawyer who courts litigation, but the judge before whom file all the facts of his experience: the people he meets; the opinions he hears or reads; his own attitudes and prepossessions. If any are convicted they are self-convicted. The judge himself is passive, merciful, lenient. There is judgment, but no punishment. Or rather, the trial itself is the punishment.

Now, satire is all that irony is not.



The satirist is the aggressive lawyer, fastening upon particular people and particular qualities. But irony is no more personal than the sun that sends his flaming darts into the world. The satirist is a purely practical man, with a business instinct, bent on the main chance and the definite object. He is often brutal, and always overbearing; the ironist never. Irony may wound from the very fineness and delicacy of its attack, but the wounding is incidental. The sole purpose of the satirist and the burlesquer is to wound; and they test their success by the deepness of the wound. But irony tests its own by the amount of generous light and air it has set flowing through an idea or a personality, and the broad significance it has revealed in neglected things.

If irony is not brutal, neither is it merely critical and destructive. The world has some reason, it is true, to complain against the rather supercilious judiciousness of the ironist. 'Who are you to judge us?' it cries. The world does not like to feel the scrutinizing eyes of the ironist as he sits back in his chair; does not like to feel that the ironist is simply studying it and amusing himself at its expense. It is uneasy, and acts sometimes as if it did not have a perfectly clear conscience. To this uncomfortableness the ironist can retort, 'What is it that you are afraid to have known about you?' If the judgment amuses him, so much the worse for the world. But if the idea of the ironist as judge implies that his attitude is wholly detached, wholly objective, it is an unfortunate metaphor. For he is as much part and parcel of the human show as any of the people he studies. The world is no stage, with the ironist as audience. His own personal reactions with the people about him form all the stuff of his thoughts and judgments. He has a

personal interest in the case; his own personality is inextricably mingled in the stream of impressions that flows past him. If the ironist is destructive, it is his own world that he is destroying; if he is critical, it is his own world that he is criticizing. And his irony is his critique of life.

This is the defense of the ironist against the charge that he has a purely æsthetic attitude toward life. Too often, perhaps, the sparkling clarity of his thought, the play of his humor, the easy sense of superiority and intellectual command that he carries off, make his irony appear as rather the æsthetic nourishment of his life than an active way of doing and being. His rather detached air makes him seem to view people as means, not ends, in themselves. With this delight in the vivid and poignant, he is prone to see picturesqueness in the sordid, and tolerate evils that he should condemn. For all his interests and activity, it is said that he does n't really care. But this æsthetic taint to his irony is really only skin-deep.

The ironist is ironical, not because he does not care, but because he cares too much. He is feeling the profoundest depths of the world's great beating, laboring heart, and his playful attitude toward the grim and sordid is a necessary relief from the tension of too much caring. It is his salvation from unutterable despair. The terrible urgency of the reality of poverty and misery and exploitation would be too strong upon him. Only irony can give him a sense of proportion, and make his life fruitful and resolute. It can give him a temporary escape, a slight momentary reconciliation, a chance to draw a deep breath of resolve, before plunging into the fight. It is not a palliative so much as a perspective.

This is the only justification of the æsthetic attitude, that, if taken pro-



visionally, it sweetens and fortifies. It is only deadly when adopted as absolute. The kind of æsthetic irony that Pater and Omar display is a paralyzed, half-seeing, half-caring reflection on life, — a tame, domesticated irony, with its wings cut, an irony that furnishes a justification and a command to inaction. It is the result, not of exquisitely refined feelings, but of social anæsthesia. Their irony, cut off from the great world of men and women and boys and girls and their intricate interweavings and jostlings and incongruities, turns pale and sickly and numb. The ironist has no right to see beauty in things unless he really cares. The æsthetic sense is harmless only when it is both ironical and social.

### III

Irony is thus a cure for both optimism and pessimism. Nothing is so revolting to the ironist as the smiling optimist, who testifies, in his fatuous heedlessness, to the desirability of this best of all possible worlds. But the ironist has always an incorrigible propensity to see the other side. The hopeless maladjustment of too many people to their world, of their bondage in the iron fetters of circumstance, all this is too glaring for the ironist's placidity. When he examines the beautiful picture, too often the best turns worst to him. But if optimism is impossible to the ironist, so is pessimism. The ironist may have a secret respect for the pessimist, — he at least has felt the bitter tang of life, and has really cared, — but he feels that the pessimist lacks. For if the optimist is blind, the pessimist is hypnotized. He is abnormally suggestible to evil. But clear-sighted irony sees that the world is too big and multifarious to be evil at heart. Something beautiful and joyous lurks even in the most hapless, — a child's

laugh in a dreary street, a smile on the face of a weary woman. It is this saving quality of irony that both optimist and pessimist miss. And since plain common sense tells us that things are never quite so bad or quite so good as they seem, the ironist carries conviction into the hearts of men in their best moments.

The ironist is a person who counts in the world. He has all sorts of unexpected effects on both the people he goes with and himself. His is an insistent personality; he is as troublesome as a missionary. And he is a missionary; for, his own purpose being a comprehension of his fellows' souls, he makes them conscious of their own souls. He is a hard man; he will take nothing on reputation; he will guarantee for himself the qualities of things. He will not accept the vouchers of the world that a man is wise, or clever, or sincere, behind the impenetrable veil of his face. He must probe until he elicits the evidence of personality, until he gets at the peculiar quality which distinguishes that individual soul. For the ironist is, after all, a connoisseur in personality, and if his conversation partakes too often of the character of cross-examination, it is only as a lover of the beautiful, a possessor of taste, that he inquires. He does not want to see people squirm, but he does want to see whether they are alive or not. If he pricks too hard, it is not from malice, but merely from error in his estimation of the toughness of their skins. What people are inside is the most interesting question in the world to the ironist. And, in finding out, he stirs them up. Many a petty, doubting spirit does he challenge and bully into a sort of self-respect. And many a bag-of-wind does he puncture. But his most useful function is this of stimulating thought and action. The ironist forces his friends to move their rusty

limbs and unhinge the creaking doors of their minds.

The world needs more ironists. Shut up with one's own thoughts, one loses the glow of life that comes from frank exchange of ideas with many kinds of people. Too many minds are stuffy, dusty rooms into which the windows have never been opened,—minds heavy with their own crotchets, cluttered up with untested theories and conflicting sympathies that have never got related in any social way. The ironist blows them all helter-skelter, sweeps away the dust, and sets everything in its proper place again. Your solid, self-respectful mind, the ironist confesses he can do little with: it is not of his world. He comes to freshen and tone up the stale minds. The ironist is the great purger and cleanser of life. Irony is a sort of spiritual massage, rubbing the souls of men. It may seem rough to some tender souls, but it does not sear or scar them. The strong arm of the ironist restores the circulation, and drives away anæmia.

On the ironist himself the effect of irony is even more invigorating. We can never really understand ourselves without at least a touch of irony. The interpretation of human nature without is a simple matter in comparison with the comprehension of that complex of elations and disgusts, inhibitions, and curious irrational impulses, that we call ourselves. It is not true that by examining ourselves and coming to an understanding of the way we behave, we understand other people, but that by the contrasts and little revelations of our friends we learn to interpret ourselves. Introspection is no match for irony as a guide. The most illuminating experience that we can have is a sudden realization that had we been in the other person's place we should have acted precisely as he did. To the ironist this is no mere intellectual convic-

tion, that, after all, none of us are perfect, but a vivid emotional experience, which has knit him with that other person in one moment in a bond of sympathy that could have been acquired in no other way. Those minds that lack the touch of irony are too little flexible, or too heavily buttressed with self-esteem to make this sudden change of attitudes. The ironist, one might almost say, gets his brotherhood intuitively, and feels the sympathy and the oneness in truth before he thinks them.

The ironist is the only man who really gets outside of himself. What he does for other people,—that is, picking out a little piece of their souls and holding it up for their inspection,—he does for himself. He gets thus an objective view of his own spirit. The unhealthy indoor brooding of introspection is artificial and unproductive, because it has no perspective or contrast. But the ironist, with his constant outdoor look, sees his own foibles and humiliations in the light of those of other people. He acquires a more tolerant, half-amused, half-earnest attitude toward himself. His self-respect is nourished by the knowledge that whatever things discreditable and foolish and worthless he has done, he has seen them approximated by others, and yet his esteem is kept safely pruned down by the recurring evidence that nothing he has is unique. He is poised in life, ready to soar or to walk as the occasion demands. He is pivoted, susceptible to every stimulus, and yet chained so that he can not be flung off into space by his own centrifugal force.

Irony has the same sweetening and freshening effect on one's own life that it does on the lives of those who come in contact with it. It gives one a command of one's resources. The ironist practices a perfect economy of mate-

rial. For he must utilize his wealth constantly, and over and over again, in various shapes and shadings. He may be poor in actual material, but, out of the contrast and arrangement of that slender store, he is able, like a kaleidoscope, to make a multifarious variety of wonderful patterns. His current coin is, so to speak, kept bright by constant exchange. He is infinitely richer than your opulent but miserly minds that hoard up facts, and are impotent from the very plethora of their accumulations.

Irony is essential to any real honesty. For dishonesty is, at bottom, simply an attempt to save somebody's face. But the ironist does not want any faces saved, neither his own nor those of other people. To save faces is to sophisticate human nature, to falsify the facts, and miss a delicious contrast, an illuminating revelation of how people act. So the ironist is the only perfectly honest man. But he suffers for it by acquiring a reputation for impudence. His willingness to bear the consequences of his own acts, his quiet insistence that others shall bear consequences, seem like mere shamelessness, a lack of delicate feeling for 'situations.' But, accustomed as he is to range freely and know no fear nor favor, he despises this reserve as a species of timidity or even hypocrisy. It is an irony itself that the one temperament that can be said really to appreciate human nature, in the sense of understanding it rightly, should be called impudent, and it is another that it should be denounced as monstrously egotistical. The ironical mind is the only truly modest mind, for its point of view is ever outside itself. If it calls attention to itself, it is only as another of those fascinating human creatures that pass ever by with their bewildering, alluring ways. If it talks about itself, it is only as a third person in

whom all the talkers are supposed to be eagerly interested. In this sense the ironist has lost his egoism completely. He has rubbed out the line that separates his personality from the rest of the world.

The ironist must take people very seriously, to spend so much time over them. He must be both serious and sincere, or he would not persist in his irony and expose himself to so much misunderstanding. And since it is not how people treat him, but simply how they act, that furnishes the basis for his appreciation, the ironist finds it easy to forgive. He has a way of letting the individual offense slide, in favor of a deeper principle. In the act of being grossly misrepresented, he can feel a pang of exasperated delight that people should be so dense; in the act of being taken in, he can feel the cleverness of it all. He becomes, for the moment, his own enemy; and we can always forgive ourselves. Even while being insulted or outraged or ignored, he can feel, 'After all, this is what life is! This is the way we poor human creatures behave!' The ironist is thus, in a sense, vicarious human nature. Through that deep, anticipatory sympathy, he is kept clean from hate or scorn.

The ironist, therefore, has a valid defense against all the charges of brutality and triviality and irreverence that the religious man is prone to bring against him. He can care more deeply about things because he can see so much more widely; and he can take life very seriously because it interests him so intensely; and he can feel its poignancy and its flux more keenly because he delivers himself up bravely to its swirling, many-hued current. The inner peace of religion seems gained only at the expense of the reality of living. A life such as the life of irony, lived fully and joyously, cannot be peaceful; it cannot even be happy, in

the sense of calm content and satisfaction. But it can be better than either — it can be wise, and it can be fruitful. And it can be good, in a way that the life of inner peace cannot. For the life of irony, having no reserve and weaving itself out of the flux of experience rather than out of eternal values, has the broad, honest sympathy of democracy that is impossible to any temperament with the aristocratic taint. One advantage the religious life has is a salvation in another world to which it can withdraw. The life of irony has laid up few treasures in heaven, but many in this world. Having gained so much it has much to lose. But its glory is that it can lose nothing unless it lose all.

To shafts of fortune and blows of friends or enemies, then, the ironist is almost impregnable. He knows how to parry each thrust and prepare for every emergency. Even if the arrows reach him, all the poison has been sucked out of them by his clear, resolute understanding of their significance. There is but one weak spot in his armor, but one disaster that he fears more almost than the loss of his life, — a shrinkage of his environment, a running dry of experience. He fears to be cut off from friends and crowds and human faces

and speech and books, for he demands to be ceaselessly fed. Like a modern city, he is totally dependent on a steady flow of supplies from the outside world, and will be in danger of starvation if the lines of communication are interrupted. Without people and opinions for his mind to play on, his irony withers and faints. He has not the faculty of brooding; he cannot mine the depths of his own soul, and bring forth, after labor, mighty nuggets of thought.

The flow and swirl of things is his compelling interest. His thoughts are reactions, immediate and vivid, to his daily experience. Some deep, unconscious brooding must go on, to produce that happy precision of judgment of his; but it is not voluntary. He is conscious only of the shifting light and play of life; his world is dynamic, energetic, changing. He lives in a world of relations, and he must have a whole store of things to be related. He has lost himself completely in this world he lives in. His ironical interpretation of the world is his life, and this world is his nourishment. Take away this environmental world and you have slain his soul. He is invulnerable to everything except that deprivation.

## LETTERS OF A DOWN-AND-OUT

[An earlier installment of these letters was printed in the *Atlantic* for February, with a note which explained that they are genuine letters written without thought of publication. The writer is a young man in the thirties, who, having achieved very considerable financial success, met with misfortunes, and stripped of money, wife, and children, went West to make a new start. — THE EDITORS.]

*Wednesday, May 8.*

From Mr. Malone, not Maloney, this morning I secured the job of time-keeper at Camp 26A. He and I walk up to-morrow. This has been a day of idleness, devoted chiefly to talking with the different men sitting around the so-called hotel. Men here have been pretty much all over the world, the greater part in search of gold. A few have struck it, but like most gambling money, they blew it in in short order. Had a nap this afternoon and caught cold.

*Thursday, May 9.*

Left Seeley with Mr. Malone at eight o'clock. It seemed good to be walking without a pack. Mine I left at the warehouse, and it will reach camp by the first freight team that goes in to our camp. Reached New Hazelton about ten, and after a few moments in the general office started once more up river, this time the Buckley, a branch of the Skeena, the Skeena going north by north-east, while the Buckley follows an easterly direction. Walked steadily until noon, reaching Duncan Ross's camp just at dinner-time. He is working on the longest tunnel on the road.

Resuming our *mush* at one, reached Camp 26A at three o'clock, and as I had developed a bird of a headache, I for one was glad the trip was over.

Camp 26A is not very large, only fifty-odd men being on the job; it's a cut-and-fill proposition. The old time-keeper was overjoyed to see me; it seems he is captain of the New Hazelton baseball team and that they play Old Hazelton on Sunday. About two hours finished my instructions, and as the books are quite simple I do not anticipate any great trouble with the work.

*Friday, May 10.*

Spent the day in checking up my predecessor's work. Had an old-fashioned headache in the night which I thought would kill me. Coffee every half hour is keeping me going, and, by the way, is the best that I've had since I was in New York. The cook is a good one, but has n't a great deal to work with. Of course, the further from the base of supplies, the simpler the food must be. It's beef, potatoes, coffee, and tea three times a day, and very little besides.

*Saturday, May 11.*

Married twelve years ago to-day. 'Tempus fugit.'

Have completely checked up my accounts. Everything O.K. except cash, which is 50 cents short. Looked over the job carefully. It reminds me a good deal of coal-mining.

It's a great relief to get a decent place to sleep. The office, occupied by the Foreman and myself, is a small (15 × 15) log cabin, but *clean*, with two very decent bunks, and one gets some air at night. A camp stove in the middle of the room gives a welcome glow in the morning as, though it is very warm in the middle of the day, ice still forms

at night. *Mosquitoes awful.* I would swear some of them have an over-all spread of wings of at least an inch and a half.

*Sunday, May 12.*

Spent a large part of the day in making shelves, etc., for my store stock. I have most everything for sale that a country store sells. Prices are something terrible; four candles for 25 cents, cake of soap 25 cents, towel \$1, ordinary working shoes \$8, socks 75 cents, three envelopes for 10 cents.

Also built myself an armchair, in which I sit as I write. First armchair I've sat in for seven weeks.

*Monday, May 13.*

Walked to Camp 26 this morning to get my pack which the teamster had left there by mistake. It is a walk of about two miles, with magnificent scenery and, way below my trail, the Buckley River flowing by swiftly. It is 'White Water' for miles, and above, the Cascades covered with snow. Very hot sun before I arrived back at camp. Shaved (needed it), and after dinner had a grand clean-up. Bath, clean clothes, and a hair-cut by the blacksmith.

On my tally (about three-thirty) I was a man out. Finally discovered that I had counted three Russian brothers as two. The three of them look identically alike.

To go back to the hair-cut, I needed it, as it was in early March when I had the last. I looked a good deal like the late Joe Jefferson when he played Rip Van Winkle. It's getting pretty gray, and my eyesight is not what it was. Another sign I notice of increasing years is that I do not require near the sleep that I did.

I'm very much afraid of our water-supply, which comes from a small stream out of a swamp that our 'fill' is crossing. It's full of wrigglers. The

Foreman with scorn has granted my request for men to dig a well. Don't like well water, but think that the chances of typhoid are less with that than with swamp water.

*Tuesday, May 14.*

Aside from my routine duties I have done a number of odd jobs to-day. Burned up a large amount of garbage which was much too near the office and the cook-house; collected this with a rake that I constructed. Had the Bull Cook (man-of-all-work) carry off about 4,000,000 empty tin cans. Mended the cook's assembling table, and in the afternoon made a window in the back of the office, which was badly needed, both for light and ventilation. As the logs are about a foot and a half through, it was quite a job getting an auger through so I could use a saw. (No key-saw in camp.)

Number 30, a man who went to New Hazelton on Sunday, came in to-night with a pair of slippers that I had ordered. It surely is a change for the better to get boots off at night.

*Wednesday, May 15.*

The fine weather continues, but it has been excessively warm the last two days; of course, only in the middle of the day.

In addition to the routine work, I to-day finished up the well. I think it will be a great improvement over the present water-supply. It would rather seem as though from here out my life would be passive and rather in the rôle of spectator. Well, at any rate, I went at a fast and furious pace from 1898 to 1912. What a lot of work I did crowd in during those years! The — king of New England seemed to be in sight, and now I'm a petty clerk in the wilds of British Columbia. Truly, it's a funny old world, but as a rule the sporting expression, 'They



never come back,' I fancy, is a true one. I don't suppose I ever will.

I think I'll have to write an essay on sheets. With the exception of two nights in Prince Rupert I've gone without for almost two months, while I've slept in underclothes for three. Then again, washing one's own clothes is an awful chore. I'd rather do a hard day's work than tackle the Oil Can (the universal washing-tub of British Columbia being a ten-gallon Imperial Oil Company's — Canadian branch of Standard — can). It raises the devil with the hands for hard work.

I presume the world wags much as usual, but we don't know it. Days since I've seen a newspaper. *I wish I had a Dog.*

*Thursday, May 16.*

I'm tired to-night as I have had a long day. Up at 5.30 and it is now 9.30. (Plenty of light to write.) Books and checking up the men take but part of my day, so I have made a self-closing screen door, finished a drain for the cook-house, and washed and darned all my clothes. To-morrow I plan to dig a hole in the swamp for a bath-tub. Mr. Ward, Assistant General Superintendent for Farrington, Weeks & Stone, rode in at dinner-time to-day. He reported forest fires as serious below us.

*Friday, May 17.*

Another day gone. A change in the weather, cooler and showery. The snow on the mountains is going very fast. Regular work and a skylight that lifts for ventilation for the cook-house, is the record for the day. Punch, a fox terrier, who belongs to Camp 26, is a visitor; am told he stays two or three days. He is quite welcome. At the moment he occupies my new chair, drawn up in front of the camp stove, while I write on the side of my bunk.

One surely is in the wilderness in this country; it seems a million miles from

the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets.

*Saturday, May 18.*

Rained hard in the night. Camp has several bad leaks. Mr. Malone here this A.M., also the Chief Engineer of G. T. P. (on tour of inspection) dropped in for dinner. Very blue and lonesome this afternoon, caused no doubt by a severe cold that makes me feel mean all over.

Since March 11, 1910, I have seen my wife and son but once. I wonder when I'll see them again? In a year or never. I wish I had some one to talk with. Have about exhausted the mental possibilities of the Foreman.

*Sunday, May 19.*

I believe it's Sunday, but it's almost a guess as we do not boast a calendar. Of course, keeping books, particularly Payroll Book, I always know the date, but one day in the week is like another in a railroad camp.

Nothing of interest. Feel mean and blue, with plenty of cold. Used up my entire supply of handkerchiefs.

I have the promise of a puppy from Camp 26. His father is Punch, the fox terrier that visited us. His mother is an Irish terrier. Will not bring him down until we get some condensed milk as he is not old enough for meat.

It's curious how the laboring-man drifts in this country. There are forty-one of us in camp to-day, and since I've been there about fifteen have left, and about as many more gone to work.

*Monday, May 20.*

Overcast and raw. Fire in the stove makes the office cabin comfortable. My slippers are a great comfort. Guess they were a good investment, even if they did cost two days' pay.

I wonder what the — bunch [a group that used to meet in the — Hotel in Boston] are doing to-day?

Sent a man to the Seeley Hospital yesterday afternoon. Think he had one broken bone in his right forearm.

Telephone-line man has just gone out after a five-minute chat. He is full of trouble, owing to the recent forest fires. It must be inconvenient for the head office in Hazelton not to be able to get their various camps.

Neuritis still bothering. Had a bath in a swamp-hole this afternoon. Blue and homesick for Beantown to-night. Gives one a funny feeling to go to bed night after night in broad daylight.

*Tuesday, May 21.*

Uneventful day. Heard by phone that Seeley Warehouse had tinned milk. This means in three days' time we shall have milk for oatmeal and coffee. It will be welcome as usual, as the camp has had none for six weeks. Have ordered a tent, thinking we (the Foreman and I) would be more comfortable than in our cabin. The middle of the days is very warm, it must get close to 90° in the sun, and the cabin, having a tar-paper roof, gets oppressive. The nights, however, are still cool. We have a fire morning and evening.

*Wednesday, May 22.*

Walked up to Camp 26 this morning to get detonators which the Seeley Warehouse failed to send us. We use about a hundred a day in the Gumbo (wet clay and dirt that is harder to break up with dynamite than rock).

McCloud, the timekeeper, gave me my dog. I have named him Tony the Second.

Very warm this noon. The snow now only reaches a third of the way down the side of the mountains; the river, of course, is very high. It makes a constant roar as it passes through the canyon. Had I a camera I could get some wonderful pictures.

*Thursday, May 23.*

One day is much like another; war between nations, earthquakes, and famines might take place without our having any knowledge of them. It is peaceful and restful, but not highly exciting. Called the hospital at Seeley to find out how Doheny, the man hurt here, was getting on. The doctor reported a compound fracture, also paid me quite a compliment on my splints.

Tony the Second is quite amusing, and helps to pass some idle moments. Am anxious, of course, to go fishing, but am afraid that if I did it would be the moment that some superior officer dropped in to see how our work was getting on.

*Friday, May 24.*

Had two G. T. P. engineers and Mr. West for dinner. Busy all day putting up a tent for White and myself, thinking it would be more comfortable than the log cabin. Though it is 18 × 20 I am afraid it will be small, with bricks, stove, and all the commissary stuff. They have quite a stunt in this country: *i.e.*, the lower edge of the wall of the tents is three or four feet off the ground, the space in between being boarded up. This, of course, gives more air and head-room.

As I write it is ten minutes before nine, yet the sun is still shining. Though the scene is grand as it sinks behind the snow-covered mountains, it, in my opinion, does not compare with the setting sun behind old Marblehead seen from the Neck.

H. D. P.

*June 7, 1912.*

DEAR —: —

Your very nice letter of May 22 reached me on Tuesday last. . . .

In many ways life with me at present is perfect; as you may remember, I always had a fondness for carpenter-

ing and camping, and, as I am doing both at the present time, I presume I should be content.

I am sitting in the office tent, which I consider extremely comfortable (as every bit of it, with exception of putting up the ridge-pole, is my work). Two *good* bunks, one for the Foreman, and a mattress, a camp stove, big window, easy-chairs (I have built such an improvement on the Morris chair that, with the design, the Paine Furniture Company would wax wealthy on it alone). Desk, shelves for books and papers, and, on my right, shelves extending the extreme length of the tent (it is 20 × 16) for the commissary stuff. I keep what is practically a country store. Sell dynamite, sewing-thread, tobacco, quinine, shoes, writing-paper, postage-stamps, crowbars, etc., etc. We were in a log cabin which was within ten feet of the kitchen door of the cook-house, which, of course, meant the flies were awful. As I have the window screened and a screen door and a good tight board floor, we are quite free from insects, but outside the black flies and mosquitoes are awful.

The balance of the camp is about half and half: cook-house, storehouse, and two bunk-houses made of logs; while the stable and the other two bunk-houses are made of canvas.

The weather is truly wonderful, not over an hour continuous rain during the month I've been here; perhaps a trifle too warm in the middle of the day, but cool enough for two heavy blankets at night. The scenery (which is the only free thing in the country) magnificent; as I look up from the paper and through the door, three mountains with snow extending perhaps a third of the way down, are directly in my vision. These belong to the Cascade Range, this camp being a considerable distance west of the Rocky Mountains.

The railroad grade follows the Buck-

ley River, which is for mile after mile the fastest kind of fast water. I have been speculating whether or not one could run it in a canoe. If one did, it would be at the rate of a mile in two minutes.

The food is good, though you get the same thing day after day: beef and potatoes three times a day. (We use 2,000 lbs. of beef a week.) Apple pie for dinner and supper, while we have bacon and hot cakes every morning for breakfast.

The job is a cut-and-fill; the fill is simple, but the cut is going through what is known as Gumbo, a wet blue clay full of small round boulders from the size of a baseball to a football. It is quite impossible to pick the stuff to pieces, so it is shoot, shoot all the time, which, of course, makes slow work. There is nothing about the work that I have not done while coal-mining; so I have strongly recommended to the Assistant General Superintendent (visits us about once a week), that he make me foreman on a similar job; but to this writing, Messrs. Farrington, Weeks & Stone have not acted on my suggestion. Incidentally, F. W. & S. ought to make an awful killing on the G. T. P. work through B. C. The total contract is something over a hundred million, and they should net at least 20 per cent.

Camp foremen get one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, which is a great improvement on the time-keeper's sixty, so I want to be a foreman; I may be a trifle weak on shooting Gumbo, but I can give a lot of them cards and spades on track and dump-cars. The steel is supposed to reach us by September, but, in my opinion, we won't have our job done before the first of October.

Outside of timekeeping and book-keeping (the first trial balance I have taken in ten years came out O. K. The

next, I suppose, will take a week), I have, as already stated, fixed the office tent, built two wells (one with an overflow is my bath-tub), put two glass skylights in the cook-house roof, built a new meat-house, repaired cars, and, as the blacksmith went off on a drunk, shod the mules.

I make a very long day; breakfast is at 6.15 and, as it does not get dark until 10.30, I generally do not turn in until that time.

For the first time, yesterday, I took a couple of hours off. The fact is, I had made a fishing-rod, butt and second joint of white birch, and the tip of willow, used small copper wire for my rings, and, of course, lashings to fasten the joints. I went or rather dropped down to the Buckley (it's some 500 feet below us in a canyon), took 22, between three o'clock and five, that weighed from a half to three pounds. The men called them salmon trout; they were shaped more like a land-locked salmon than a square-tail, but had red spots; very good eating.

We have (in the cut) gone through a scam of mother or bastard coal. I have no doubt that a true scam is in the near vicinity, but it means money to look for it.

We are, of course, very much 'in the woods.' F. W. & S. have a telephone line connecting their camps with headquarters in Seeley and New Hazelton, but as for news of the outside world, we get none. I have not seen a newspaper since I've been here, but nevertheless presume the Boston National Baseball Team is leading (?) the League.

In spite of the glowing advertisements, I consider the land worthless except for its timber; frost most every night, which puts it on the bum for farming, so no land for mine. From present indications, will be here till work is done and stay with F. W. & S.

if they have a job for me at that time. As ever,

H. D. P.

July 10, 1912.

DEAR ———:—

Here is a letter I will call 'The Time-keeper's Day's Watch.' It gives an average day.

The puppy bit my ear; I growled at him but he kept on, so I rolled over and looked at my watch: five minutes after five. As I had to get up anyway in a few minutes, I rolled out of my blankets and made my toilet in about four minutes. If one in a moment of weakness lets a puppy on his bed one has to pay the penalty, and that is let him sleep on the foot of the bed forever afterwards. The night cook (who also gets breakfast) gave me a cup of coffee, then out on the grade I went. First looked at the shovel score-board: 745 cars, a very good night's run; then I went to the cut, where I found they had taken out 184 cars; pretty good all around. Bosses reported three men only stopped work at midnight. The getting-up gong had already rung when I was once more back in camp, and the men were tumbling out of the tents and bunk-houses. Pretty frowsy-looking lot they were, but cold water helped. At six I took my customary station beside the entrance of the mess-house, the cook rang the gong, and the men filed in.

My tent was quite comfortable when I went in, as I had lit the fire on getting up. Fancy a fire in the middle of July; but the ground was white with frost. To the mess-house for breakfast, and pretty good it was, too: oatmeal and cream (condensed), beefsteak, fried potatoes, tea and coffee, bread, jam, and that invariable breakfast adjunct (to railroad work), hot cakes. This morning, for a wonder, no one tried to go past me who was not working in the camp.

As a rule there are three or four every morning, stragglers going up or down the line. All of them have a delightful habit of trying to eat on the company; they know perfectly well they should go to the office and buy meal-tickets (fifty cents apiece), but they all try to eat for nothing. The most effervescent cursing is answered by a smile and 'Me no understand.'

After breakfast quite a few came in to make purchases from the commissary; mostly tobacco, which sells for three times as much as in the East. For instance, Bull Durham, a great favorite, at fifteen against five cents.

Four men of the night crew wanted their time, so I cast up their accounts, subtracting their board, commissary account, and medical fees, made out their time-checks, and took their receipts. Next, the men's time for the night-shift went on the time book. Then the sales of the day before. After perhaps a half hour's work on the books, the cook came for the daily supplies. From the storehouse he took 200 pounds potatoes, 200 pounds white flour, a case of corn, 3 of tomatoes, 2 of milk, 2 of peas, and 80 pounds of cheese, 24 tins of jam, 4 boxes of macaroni, a box of prunes, figs, and dried apples. Then from the meat-house, one hind quarter of beef. Quite a lot of stuff, but it takes a lot of grub to feed 175 men. In the next hour and a half while working on last month's cook-house report, I went to the supply storehouse five different times—for waste oil, track spikes, and axe and saw and shovels. Also answered the telephone five times. Each trip meant a separate entry in the day book, as all supplies and materials are carried in separate ledger accounts, debited when received, and credited when used. (Trial Balance for July showed a total on either side of well over \$200,000).

I looked at my watch—ten o'clock.

I should have been out on the work a half-hour ago. Checking up 175 men with an average of 15 new faces a day is quite an undertaking: one has to train the mind to remember faces, on the second, and in any event the third sight. Our work extending over a mile, it takes an hour and a quarter to go over and find all the men. To-day all hands, excepting four, were out; on my return to camp I hunted these up. Three were sick; these I dosed with quinine; and the other one was laying-off. The men (it seems as though we had at least one representative of every nationality under the sun) are like children about medicine, but, owing to successfully putting a man's broken forearm in splints last May, I've quite a reputation as a doctor. My two remedies are quinine and plenty of black pills.

This being done I made up two loads of freight for our wagons. Our base of supplies is at Seeley, sixteen miles down river and at the head of steamboat navigation. Owing to the poor roads a load for four horses is 4800 to 5000 pounds. A little of everything in the 10,000 pounds, from 60 per cent dynamite to smoking tobacco, from canned tomatoes to Perry Davis's Pain-Killer.

Dinner-time caught three strangers at the door, and I explained that Mr. Farrington (he is, I believe, rated at \$40,000) needed fifty cents from each of them in the worst sort of way. Then a brisk sale of commissary goods, up to one o'clock, when the men again went out. Right after one, had to go to the powder-house and check out powder for the powder boss. The material we are taking out requires constant shooting. Then the cook came; he had forgotten two things he wanted for the night cook. Then a fifteen minute conversation on the telephone with the General Superintendent, who wanted some detailed information.

Next, my one luxury of the day:

walked down river three quarters of a mile where our pump (water for shovel) is located. The pump-man, owing to my tears, has rigged up a very good shower-bath. I started as hot as I could stand it and ended with the water directly from the spring. On the way back took the time for the afternoon. Just four when I was once more in my office; got in a solid hour of work on reports when the interruptions started. The night men began coming in, buying tobacco, snuff (up to this my knowledge of snuff was so limited I had supposed it was wholly a habit of the past; I sell fifty pounds a month), socks, etc., etc. And then, *mirabile dictu*, two Sisters of Charity appeared, escorted by Duncan Ross (big tunnel camp). They, it seems, are collecting money for an Orphan Home in New Westminster, a suburb of Vancouver. They showed me a list of the boys in the Home, and one is named Henry D. P. I had already given them a dollar, now gave them another, with the request that they buy some little toy for Henry. I entertained them while the men ate supper; as soon as they were through, I, accompanied by the nuns, 'Bally-hooed' through camp for them. We did pretty well, I think: collected \$57.25. I arranged over the telephone for them to pass the night at Camp 26, but as four G. T. P. Railway engineers (civil) were spending the night there, they had no spare blankets, so I rolled up four and with the nuns' modest baggage as the balance of a pack, we started to *mush* (*i. e.* walk with a pack), turning them over to John McCloud, and after three or four God-blessings started back.

Found the cook had saved me a bit to eat (it was after nine), which was welcome. After eating, once more out on the grade, taking the time, then back to the office; as a rule finish up work by daylight, but after ten have to use

a light. Made up the daily report (much detail) and then to bed, ten after eleven. Nothing to do until tomorrow.

CAMP 26A, August 18, 1912.

MY DEAR —: —

. . . Now a bit about myself. I am more or less contented with my lot; I am almost literally out-of-doors all the time (have n't worn, in fact don't own, a hat for three months) — a good bed, and plenty of *good* plain food. Feel very fit, due no doubt to good air, lots of sleep, a moderate amount of exercise, and no rum. But as far as attaining money or position, I can't see it. As a matter of fact, neither exists in the country.

Railroad contracting, like everything else nowadays, is on an enormous scale, and it takes tremendous capital to butt into the game. F. W. & S. are supposed to be worth \$50,000,000, and quite a bit of it must be in use here in B. C. To show you the magnitude of their business, I am told on unquestionable authority that they cleaned up over \$1,000,000 on the first 100 miles of the G. T. P. (Prince Rupert East), and that the whole job will net them in the vicinity of \$20,000,000.

Now, considering the fact that members of the firm have inspected the work but twice in six months, you would think their headmen on the job would be high-price men, but they are not. Mr. —, their financial man, and Mr. —, the General Superintendent, get but \$6000 a year. There are numerous sub-contractors below and above us, but they seem to be all uncles, cousins, and aunts of members of the firm, and the — see to it that they make but a living. You see, one of the principal sources of income to F. W. & S. are supplies, from pins to dynamite, potatoes to steam-shovels; and as they operate all over the world, they do a grocery business that would make



S. S. Pierce green with envy; and all sub-contractors bind themselves to take all supplies from them. Of course, very often, they could not possibly get them elsewhere. If it seems that a sub is making too much money, up goes the price of all the stuff going in to him. So you can see that a decent job with F. W. & S., and sub-contracting, are not inviting.

Outside of building the railroad, there is mighty little. The country from either an agricultural standpoint or lumbering is n't worth a tinker's damn, in spite of what you read. We have had frosts so heavy for the past three nights that nothing like, for instance, potatoes, could possibly stand. There does seem to be a lot of Galena hereabouts, but it takes money to go prospecting; if I had the price I would take a whack at it next year sure. But it would cost \$2000 to make the trip I have in mind, way north of the Peace River. To a \$75 a month clerk, \$2000 is a fortune; perhaps you would like to grub-stake such an expedition. The remaining chance is the fish business (when the road is through, Prince Rupert ought to ship large quantities of cod, salmon, and halibut East).

I don't dare to return either to semi- or full civilization without a job in sight or some money. The few dollars I've earned would barely buy me a suit of clothes. (I have n't even a *coat* to my name.) If I had a few dollars I believe I would try it, but, of course, it's out of the question to-day, and yet as this job will be (for me) through by October 1st at the latest, and as F. W. & S. may not have anything for me, I may be driven to it.

When I started on this line I wrote, *contented*; of course I fully realize that a man going on to thirty-seven should be at about his best, and if I either had ability, or have any left, it is being wasted here in the woods; but, having

studied the situation from every angle, I can't see any way out. I don't want to *go hungry again* and to be frank I'm afraid to tackle town-life again without either the above-mentioned job or money to get along on until something turns up.

Am on a 'writing basis' with — now. My son J—— is at B—— and has caught his first fish. Were I there to show him how, and teach him to swim!

As ever, old fellow,

H. D. P.

P. S. Am catching you on the gray hairs pretty fast.

August 24, 1912.

MY DEAR —:—

Your very nice letter of the 8th reached me yesterday. Yes, I agree, my life for fifteen years or thereabouts has been very much out of the ordinary. What a lot of work, play, dissipation, pleasure, and so forth, I've crowded into the time since I left Boston on 'the good ship Hopedale' to Timekeeper for F. W. & S., Camp 26A, British Columbia. Of late I have wondered just how 'cracked' I am. Presume more rather than less, but you see I've been through some pretty tough experiences and they have left marks and effects.

I have been very blue and lonely the past week. It's rather hard not to ever see one's son and little daughter and to be completely cut off from every one you know.

It does seem an awful waste to lead the life I am leading now, if I have it left in me to do things again. As I wrote you a few days ago, I can't see much ahead, and yet, for the reasons I've explained, I really don't care to make a move. However, another thirty days will see the job (Camp 26A) done, and then if F. W. & S. have nothing to offer I'll have to do something. . . .

As I have cut my right thumb just where you hold pen or pencil, this must be a short note.

As ever,

H. D. P.

Saturday, September 20, 1912.

DEAR ———: —

Life with me goes on about the same; our work is so near through, our camp has dwindled down to sixty men; the steel is only thirteen miles below us now and, when the wind is fair, we can hear the locomotive. This I rather resent, as it means civilization and that is something which, without clothes and position, I positively dread.

After a spell of bad weather we are now enjoying the most beautiful Indian summer that I have ever seen. The weather is glorious beyond words; nights sharp, but warm enough from 8.30 till 5 in the afternoon to go without a coat (that is, down to a flannel shirt). The foliage is very fine and its background, the snow-covered mountain, marvelous.

F. W. & S. have made no sign that they wish my valuable services? After this job is over, if they don't, I plan to *mush* (i. e., walk or hike) through the mountains to Fort George which, from present indications, should in time become quite a town. Eventually, the C. P. R., the C. U. R., and the S. T. R. will reach it. If we do not have too much snow it should prove a wonderful trip. Will go very light; two blankets, bacon, flour, coffee, and a rifle. (Of course a few flies for trout.)

Besides Tony Christo del Monte Monks, Jerry, a dog *ex* Camp 26, has adopted me. He is a most interesting beast; from Pete Seymour, a Siwash Indian, from whom I buy salmon (3 cents a lb. delivered, dressed in camp, the only cheap thing in the country), I have

learned his history. As is the custom, his mother was tied out in the woods when in heat two falls ago; the timber wolves roaming about found her and, after paying their respects, were shot by Pete. It seems that if they were not shot or driven off they would ultimately kill her. Curious!

Jerry is now about a year and a half old and must weigh about 150 pounds. He looks more like a wolf than a dog, and is the queerest combination of bravery and timidity possible. He will tackle a bear in a minute, but if something drops behind him he will put his tail between his legs and run like the veriest cur. Very, very difficult to obtain his confidence, but once obtained he is my shadow; even when at table he insists upon having his head in my lap. He looks so like a wolf a short distance away, I am greatly afraid some prospector will shoot him.

His sleep is most incredibly light, a field-mouse will bring him to his feet in a second and, unlike a dog, when on his feet, he is wide awake. He won't play with any one except me, and not with me if there is any one in sight. Some weeks ago I used a curry-comb on him, and now a regular morning performance is his going to the stable and barking for me to come. And the most curious sound: it is not like a regular dog's bark at all! For a week past we have had a band of wolves around camp and Jerry evidently has spent three or four nights with them. Their nightly howling is evidently too much for him to stand. Apparently he wants to get out with the bunch. As ever,

H. D. P.

[The *Atlantic* has no further information concerning the writer of these letters beyond the bare fact that he has acquired a steady position.]

# VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

## CHAPTER X

### MRS. AND MISS JAMESON AT HOME

THAT date of the first of May, eighteen-ninety-eight, was to be a much more memorable one even than poor Lorrie, restlessly following her sweetheart on his journey, through all the wan watches of the night, dreamed. For, by dawn of the next day, when he and many another girl's sweetheart, and hundreds of husbands and brothers besides, were long miles to the south, or already down there on the Gulf, there went blazing through the country the tidings of the battle in Manila harbor. The newspapers screamed jubilantly, and for once acceptably; a generation may not witness more than one such event. Old Glory flapped triumphantly from a thousand flag-staffs, fireworks roared and bonfires flamed. Remember the Maine! No danger, they'd remember it *now* fast enough! 'I can't help feeling sorry for poor old Spain!' Bob Gilbert wrote from Tampa, to the touched amusement of the family; that was like Bob, they thought fondly, like his good-nature, his pliant humanity.

The young man was, for a while, very diligent about writing; Lorrie has a bundle of his war letters locked away in a drawer this minute. They have got to looking worn and dust-soiled in these ten years, and I suppose they are not written in a very high literary style, being merely the headlong scribbling, full of fun and nonsense and spirit, you might expect from Bob. It

had been a toilsome trip, he wrote; everything disarranged or 'congested' by the army trains, nothing running anywhere on schedule time, all kinds of delays, eat whenever you got a chance, and sleep if you dared! Tampa, of course, was chockful; he was bunking with some other newspaper men in the office of the *Daily Mail*, corner of Twiggs Street (address him there). They slept on the floor. Tell Moms not to worry; he had a blanket, and there was a place where they could wash up, and it was too roasting hot for anybody to catch cold; his cough was almost gone. As for Florida — give him little old Ohio! The tropic scenery did n't come up to specifications. For one thing, the palms were a fizzle. Instead of being a nice, tall, smooth, tapering trunk like a porch column, they were all swelled out in the middle like an Adam's apple on a giraffe — 'I would n't give one of our buckeyes for the whole outfit of palms in Florida! . . . Everything down here is Plant's or Flagler's; they own the State between them. You ought to see the Tampa Bay Hotel, the one Plant spent so many millions on. It looks like Aladdin's Palace done in cake or butter or something, like the models of the World's Fair buildings the chef at the Queen City Club made one New Year's, don't you remember, Lorrie? All the high chief muck-a-mucks are staying there, and have their offices and headquarters; I saw Lawton and Roosevelt together. . . .'

During succeeding days, the corre-

spondence fell off; but that was only natural, considering the progress of the events which Robert had been detailed to watch. Even Lorrie's other letters, which had been at first of a daily regularity, gradually ceased to come, although Lieutenant Cortwright must have had time to spare, for he had complained bitterly of the state of inaction in which the army was being kept, while the navy was 'right on the job,' and 'something happening every day'; and he railed at the Administration, and prophesied disastrous failure for a campaign conducted with so notable a lack of spirit and 'push.' Lorrie thought with a kind of adoring and delighted terror how brave and reckless and altogether demigod-like her hero was.

It was her brother's opinion, too, that the navy was getting all the best of it. 'They landed some marines at a place on the coast somewhere, called Cienfuegos, and had a fight — don't know how much of a one. It's the talk here that the troops are to be embarked to-morrow — everybody perfectly crazy to go, of course, but only the regulars and the 70th New York, and *perhaps* some of ours to be taken. The censorship is something fierce; not half that goes on gets in the papers; he just blue-pencils it, you know. The Porter brought in another prize-ship this morning, I heard. That must make about the twentieth; I've lost count. Wish I was a midshipmite or a bo'sun tight, or a somebody with a cheerily, my lads, yo ho! This prize business is as easy as rolling off a log. Saw Cort again yesterday. Nothing doing in his regiment,' Bob wrote, in one of the last letters they had from him.

Spring flowered abundantly; the noisy, joyous-fearful days went by with new wild reports for almost every hour of them. The State troops began to be more and more restless and ag-

grieved at Chattanooga and the other points of concentration. Nothing material seemed to be happening in Cuba. The Oregon arrived happily and joined the blockading squadron; more prizes were pounced upon and victoriously herded in. On the other hand, the Spanish men-of-war and the torpedo flotilla, about which such dire misgivings had been aroused in the beginning, vanished from the face of the waters! And '*Quo Vadis* hades Cadiz navies?' blithely inquired the comic journalist, as much to the fore as ever. To the ordinary layman and non-combatant, the host of American gentlemen of letters, short-story writers, long-story writers, magazine contributors, and newspaper correspondents, appeared to be the strongest and most active force at this moment menacing Cuba.

Notwithstanding their presence and efforts, it was June before the location of the unlucky 'Cadiz navies' was ascertained to be the harbor of Santiago. Towards the end of the month Lorrie got a letter from her brother — the first in two or three weeks — written from Key West, in the wildest spirits. Bob had been cruising on one of the press boats, the *Milton D. Bowers*, right off the coast of Cuba — right among the Fleet! He had been too busy to write — sorry! — but tell Moms he had not yet been in the slightest danger, and was n't likely to be unless he deliberately went after it, and you might trust little Percival not to do *that*. And he could n't tell them where to address their letters, he had no idea where he might be within a few hours; better send to the Tampa address, as heretofore.

Lorrie read the letter to her mother, both of them smiling and interested and uneasy as they sat in the side porch in the summer morning under the honeysuckle vine, which was all fragrant and thick with bloom; and old

Dingo spread out peaceably in the patch of sunlight at their feet, stirred and cocked up his good brown head and ears as she finished. 'I believe he knows we were reading something from Bob,' said Lorrie. She spoke to the dog. 'Yes, you're right, it's Bob's letter. Look, Dingo, Bob's letter!'

Dingo growled again amicably, and rose, wagging; and a shadow came across the plot of sunshine. Mrs. Gilbert gave a jump and exclamation; she was nervous these days, and the unexpected appearance of a visitor startled her unduly. 'Why, *Paula!*' she ejaculated the next moment; 'where did you drop from? Why, we did n't even know you were in town! Why, *Paula!* You came stealing up like a little ghost. When did you get back? Did you have a nice time?'

'It was in the paper Sunday, Mother, did n't you see it?' cried Lorrie; and sprang up and would have kissed the other, but that Paula, who, after her sudden arrival had stood for a second quite motionless, staring abstractedly at both of them, now stooped or turned aside, and dropped down into the nearest chair, without making any movement to return the salute. Lorrie was still standing almost awkwardly, in her surprise. One might have said that the girl had intentionally evaded her. Paula was arrayed in her familiar style of over-ornamentation, the pale-blue fabric of her dress all but obscured by embroidery and cascading laces; through the sheer folds of the waist there was visible yet more embroidery, threaded with pink ribbons, delicately enticing. Her hat was a cloud of flowers, butterflies, rhinestone buckles, chiffon rosettes; she had correct white silk gloves, correct white canvas shoes; enough must have been spent on the toilette, one would have supposed, to make even Paula supremely happy, but she did not look happy. Her Dresden-

china face wore a fretful and tired expression, oddly out of place on it.

'We got back Saturday; they did n't get the right day in the paper,' she said, in a wearily complaining voice; 'and they said we'd been in Atlantic City ever since we left Palm Beach, and we had n't at all. We *were* in Atlantic City, but we've been in New York for four weeks. I wish we had n't come home. I did n't *want* to come home. There is n't anybody here I want to see. Is n't it horrid and hot? Oh, I *am* so tired!'

Lorrie and her mother — of whose greeting and extended hand Miss Jameson had taken no notice — surveyed her in a momentary silence, each thinking the same thought with a certain compassion, namely, that the poor child had never been taught any manners, and not being clever or observant, or perhaps fine-natured enough, to acquire them of herself, the lack would show more and more as she got older. The pause, brief as it was, startled her self-consciousness.

'What's the matter? What are you both looking at me that way for? Don't I look all right? Do I — don't I — Is there anything the matter with me?' she demanded sharply, darting a glance full of suspicion from one to the other, and straightened her figure with an effort; she had allowed herself to droop heavily in the Professor's wide, rough, old splint-bottomed chair. And she began to make nervous, fluttering gestures about her hair and flowery hat and laces and ribbons. 'Do tell me if I don't look right anywhere!' she entreated.

'Your dress is all right, my dear; it's so pretty we could n't help staring at it, that's all. And your hat is on straight, don't worry!' said Mrs. Gilbert, hastily, a good deal amused at this characteristic anxiety. 'But you *do* look tired, Paula,' she added, in a kind

concern; 'you must have been doing too much.'

'Oh, no — that is, maybe I have, I guess — but I'll — I'll be all right in a little,' Paula said, fingering her dress mechanically; 'it's only being tired that makes me look this way —'

'Traveling around so much is really hard work,' suggested Lorrie, sympathetically.

'Yes, that's it. I hate to look ugly, though. Do you think I'm getting fat?' She turned her eyes to Lorrie, with so tragic an inquiry that the older girl, kind-hearted as she was, could hardly keep back her laugh; *fat* was the utter abhorrence, the abominable thing, the secret enemy and terror of the Jamesons, mother and daughter.

'Why, no, Paula, you're not a bit fatter,' Lorrie made haste to assure her; 'that is, just a little, maybe; you're always nice and round and no bones showing, you know. But I think you're thinner in the face, if anything.' In fact, Paula's small, regular features did look rather pinched, and she was unnaturally sallow.

'I'm tired,' she repeated, prodding at a crack in the porch floor with the ferule of her expensive lingerie parasol. 'I did n't *want* to come back to this old town, anyhow,' said Paula, jabbing at the floor petulantly. She raised her head with an abrupt motion; her face suddenly flushed, all but her tightly drawn lips, which kept an unwholesome lead color. For the instant she was almost homely; it was startling. 'Lorrie,' she said, in a high, accusing tone. 'I never knew you were engaged. I never knew until I got a copy of our paper and saw it in the "Jottings," when we were in Atlantic City; I never knew. When did it happen? It did n't say when it happened. Did it happen before I went away?' She leaned forward; her eyes and her whole face burned.

'Why — why — I — I don't know —' stammered Lorrie, taken aback at the other's fevered interest. 'I don't remember whether you were still at home or not.'

'Well, anyhow, you know when it happened, I should hope. You know when he asked you,' said Paula, with a violent impatience. Lorrie and her mother felt the same inward recoil; for the first time Paula seemed to them actually coarse. Her shrill voice was coarse; her eager, persistent curiosity was coarse. 'When *was* it?' she reiterated imperatively.

'In — in the winter — it was some time in the winter,' said Lorrie, at last, with difficulty.

'Oh!' Paula relapsed into the chair with a movement of her shoulder indicating open disbelief. 'I don't see why you don't want to talk about it.' And, after a second of angry silence, she burst out, vehemently reproachful, 'Why did n't you tell me, Lorrie? You knew you were going to be engaged to him. You knew you were going to say yes the minute he asked you. You knew he'd ask you; you had it all fixed up, you know you did. Why did n't you tell me? I think you're *mean* — you — you — it was n't fair. You ought to have told me at the very first. I think you're a mean old thing, Lorrie Gilbert —!'

She choked off, her lips working, her eyes fastened on Lorrie with an unimaginable fierceness. It was plain to the other two women that Paula had brooded herself into a fury over this silly grievance, like the spoiled child she was; she might have been funny, but for the fact that there is always something a little dreadful about the anger of a fool.

'I did n't think you'd care so much, Paula,' Lorrie said, kindly setting herself to appease the girl; 'and besides, I did n't tell anybody *particularly*, you



know. It was announced so that everybody would know all at once —'

'Is that your ring? Did he give you that?' Paula interrupted hoarsely, thrusting her hand out suddenly and seizing the other's.

'Yes.'

Paula examined it closely for a minute. 'I guess it's a real diamond,' she said at length, dropping the hand as unexpectedly as she had snatched it. All at once, she seemed to have forgotten her complaint; indeed, she was by nature too amiable or too indolent to keep herself in such a state of ferment for any length of time. 'Has everybody gone away?' she asked. 'To that old war, I mean? Your brother went, did n't he?'

'Yes. Bob's at Key West, now,' said Lorrie in the vigorously cheerful style she always adopted in her mother's presence.

'I heard Mr. Cortwright went, too,' said Paula, working the parasol-tip around and around in a knot-hole, intently.

'Yes. Campaigning seems to suit him. He's been very well, and enjoying himself!' Lorrie's mother answered this time; and now it was her turn to assume the artificial confidence. Neither of them was in the least deceived by it; but if mothers and daughters should cease to practice these gallant and tender hypocrisies, what would be the use of mothers and daughters, or of women at all?

'Do you know where he is, all the time?' Paula asked, worrying the knot-hole.

'Why, of course. He's at Tampa with the troops, unless they've been moved — and nobody knows what they are going to do from one hour to the next; but that was the last we heard.'

'He — he writes to you, I suppose?'

'To *me*?' said Mrs. Gilbert, with a little indulgent smile; 'I'm afraid, my

dear child, I'm very much afraid he's never given *me* a thought! But Lorrie has been getting a letter every day, strange to say!' She gave her daughter a look full of affectionate mischief and fun. Lorrie colored faintly; she wished Phil *would* write every day.

'Are you sure all *your* letters get to him? How do you address them?' Paula said next.

'Why, to his regiment, you know.'

'Well, I — I supposed so; I was n't sure,' Paula said. She abandoned the porch floor, laid the parasol across her lap, and began an equally automatic and earnest fidgeting with the bit of pompadour ribbon elaborately knotted on its handle.

'Are you still getting ready to be married, Lorrie? Mr. Cortwright might get shot in a fight, you know,' she said shrilly and distinctly; and looked up, as the other winced and paled, with an extraordinary watchful curiosity. About the speech and manner there was that childish brutality not unnatural to Paula; it repelled, partly because one felt the hopelessness of trying to illuminate her. A child might mature, might learn, but this girl, never! There went through Mrs. Gilbert's mind, even in the midst of her distress and indignation, a weird fancy presenting Paula as one of the Psyches, the Undines, the lovely creatures without a soul that figure in countless old-world legends. 'She's hardly responsible!' thought the mother, with a kind of impatient pity.

'Well, I — I try not to think about that,' Lorrie said with an effort.

'I don't see how you can help thinking about it — I'm sure *I* would. I would n't know whether to go on with my clothes or not.' She eyed Lorrie with a return of her morbid interest. 'Don't it make you feel awfully when you think of the times he's kissed you? He *did* kiss you, did n't he?'

Lorrie sat, turning white and red, incapable of a word; and it was Mrs. Gilbert who answered in a cold voice, stiffening to her very marrow, 'Please *don't*, Paula! It's not necessary to talk about — about things like that.'

'I suppose not. It's no use, anyhow,' Paula assented dully. There was another silence. 'I *wish* we had n't come back!' she burst out again. 'I wish we'd stayed in Florida. Then we'd have been right near it — the war, you know — we'd have seen them all — all the soldiers and everything — we'd have seen —'

Her face puckered together, she put up her hands with a frantic movement; the parasol slid down unheeded. Paula began to rock herself back and forth, and the other two women saw, to their fright and pain, that her slender shoulders were heaving violently; it was like seeing a bruised humming-bird in torments.

'Mercy! Why, Paula — why, what *is* the matter? Don't you feel well? Are you sick? What is it that hurts you? Tell me where it hurts! Don't cry that way!' cried out Mrs. Gilbert, all her anger dissolved in kindness; she ran to the girl with little soft, purring ejaculations, and took the pretty, trivial, bedizened figure into her maternal arms. 'There now, there now! Tell me what's the matter!'

'Oh, I'm tired — I'm sick — oh, I *wish* we'd never come back!' sobbed Paula, wildly.

Lorrie and her mother exchanged a glance above the flowered hat; for goodness' sake! Crying and broken-hearted this way because she had n't seen the army! both thought. But after all, that was just like poor Paula. They tried to comfort her with much the same means they might have employed had she been eight years old; and Paula sobbed on with long, shuddering gasps and moans like a child,

sitting rigid between them, not yielding to their caresses.

'I'll go back with you — you're not well enough to go by yourself that long, hot walk. I'll just go along with you,' Lorrie assured her, when they had got her somewhat quieted at last. They rescued the parasol, and straightened Paula's frills, and dabbed her face and eyes with soothing cold water, and fetched the talcum powder and the smelling-salts, and, in short, performed all the hundred and one small offices women find necessary to such an occasion. 'Maybe it would be better if you lay down a little while — don't you think?' they suggested kindly.

'I c-can't lie down in this d-dress,' said Paula, pitifully; 'it would spoil it. No, you don't need to come, Lorrie. You don't need to come with me. I can go by myself. I don't *want* you to come!' She spoke with hysterical entreaty, looking at the other with something like fear, almost as strong as aversion, in her blue eyes, that were ordinarily blank and beautiful as a mountain lake.

'Oh, now, don't be a goose!' said Lorrie in good-natured and sensible command. 'We can't let you go off feeling this way. It's no trouble; I have n't got a thing to do. S-sh, now! Don't say another word. I'm *going*!'

Paula submitted as unexpectedly as she had rebelled, and dragged feebly down the steps, her arm interlocked with Lorrie's, who walked beside, hatless, in the unconventional summer style of our suburbs, erect and firm, with all her chestnut-colored hair ruffling and shining in the sun. Lorrie was not a tall woman or of strong build, yet, in contrast to her companion, she produced a surprising effect of superiority; perhaps it was not wholly physical; one might have fancied that a greater dignity of spirit in her had magically become visible. Mrs. Gilbert

herself, looking after them, wondered aloud. 'Why, I did n't realize Lorrie was so — so —' she mused, and turned and went back into the house without being able to find the proper adjective.

The two girls went on slowly and silently, the elder in a good deal of private anxiety, as she noted her charge's color wane, and her hollow eyes, and the unwholesome moisture clinging around her taut lips. In fact, Paula's strength barely held out for the journey, and it was with unmeasured relief that Lorrie at length beheld the sprawling, decorated façade of the hotel looming ahead of them. She got the other up the steps, helped by a porter who chanced to be passing, and grasped the situation. Mrs. Jameson, rather cross at being roused from her regular morning nap, which formed a part of the exercises in physical preservation and improvement about which she was always most systematic, came to the door of their room, in a flowing white negligé, embroidered with garlands of lilac, wistaria, and what-not, by some Gallic artist of the needle, with lilac-hued ribbons floating and intermingling with its flounces. Rich odors accompanied the lady; indeed, they gushed out of the darkened bedroom (which was littered with other ribbons, and wilted flowers, wrapping-papers, odd slippers, a bath towel or two, and a pair of pink brocade corsets draped over the back of a chair) in a volume Lorrie found almost suffocating; and Paula, who nevertheless must have been accustomed to this atmosphere, reeled against her companion.

'Well, I *must* say, Paula —' her mother began, sharply; she checked herself at sight of the visitor. 'Oh, Miss Gilbert! Do excuse my hair, please. I always put it up on kid curlers this way, you know. I don't approve of curling-irons, they're so bad for the hair —'

'Let me get Paula to the lounge, please, Mrs. Jameson; she's not feeling very well,' Lorrie interrupted her ruthlessly; she had to push the surprised woman aside to enter.

'I'd like a drink of water,' said Paula, in a vague, distant whisper.

Mrs. Jameson stood stupefied and entirely useless as Lorrie briskly, and largely by main strength, got her daughter to the sofa, opened her dress, threw up the window, ran and came back with a tumbler of ice-water and a fan — all in five seconds, and with an ease, noiselessness, and certainty of movement such as Mrs. Jameson had never witnessed in her life. 'Why, why — what is it? What's the matter with Paula?' she repeated two or three times, trailing ineffectually up and down in Lorrie's wake. She stopped by the sofa. 'Are you sick, Paula?'

'I'm afraid it's this heat,' said Lorrie, kneeling and fanning swiftly. 'Just sip the water, Paula, just a little at a time. That's right — yes, you *can* swallow it — see! — that's right. It's better for you a little at a time. Now lie down flat. No, let me take away the cushion, Mrs. Jameson; she'll feel better with her head low.'

'Is it the heat, Paula?' asked her mother, helplessly. 'Do you think it's the heat? I don't know what to do for a heat-stroke. What's best, Miss Gilbert?'

'I think she'd better have a doctor,' said Lorrie; 'there's one in the hotel, is n't there? I'll get him —' She was on her feet with the words.

'No, *no*, I don't want him, I don't want any doctor!' said Paula, faintly, struggling upright with wild eyes. She clutched desperately at Lorrie's skirts. 'I won't have the doctor, Lorrie; I won't, I *won't!*' She began a kind of weak screaming.

'He's old school — the one in the hotel is — and we've always been

homœopathic — the medicine is so much easier to take —' Mrs. Jameson explained feebly.

Lorrie looked at her, at the sick girl crying and writhing on the sofa, at the hot, untidy, perfumed room, with a sudden overmastering repugnance; the next instant she chided herself sternly for it.

'I'll get any other doctor you want, Mrs. Jameson,' she compelled herself to say with gentleness; 'Paula *must* have somebody — you can see that for yourself.'

'Well, Doctor Booth —' Mrs. Jameson said, hesitating.

She was interrupted by Paula's high-pitched wailing. 'No, don't — oh, don't — oh, *please don't!*' She beat the air with her hands. 'I'll tell — I'll tell — oh, *please!*'

Lorrie sped down the hall — the hysterical screeches sinking to hysterical chokings and mutterings within the room behind her. She planned quickly. Doctor Booth's office, fortunately, was only about half a dozen squares away; he could reach the hotel in a few minutes; but if he was not in, she would call up the next nearest — who would that be? — Doctor Livingston — he was 'old school,' but pooh! what difference did *that* make? It was getting on toward noon, not a very good hour to go in search of doctors. She debated whether she had not better take it on herself to telephone for a trained nurse, too, since it was plain that that foolish, scared woman in the lavender embroideries would be absolutely of no account in a sick-room, and Paula might be going to be seriously ill for some time. Lorrie associated Florida with malarial germs, and New York and Atlantic City with incautious eating and drinking; poor water — typhoid — over-fatigue — all the alarmist reports of the day crowded into her mind. And then the sound of her own name, distract-

VOL. 111—NO. 2

edly called, arrested her with her finger on the button to summon the elevator. 'Miss Gilbert! Miss Gilbert!'

Mrs. Jameson rushed up, gasping; her face was ash-color — the fine lines and crows'-feet in it showed mercilessly; but she had forgotten all about them, she forgot her kid curlers and her negligé, even with the elevator-man imminent in his cab. She ran and grasped the front of Lorrie's white shirtwaist with trembling hands, on which all sorts of rings and jewels glittered keenly. 'Don't get the doctor!' she managed to get out in a strangled whisper. 'For God's sake, don't! That is, — if you *could* get one — no, no, don't!' She paused breathlessly, in a tortured indecision, terrible to see on her doll-featured face.

Lorrie stood, sorely perplexed, genuinely alarmed. 'But, Mrs. Jameson —!' she began to protest.

'Is there a doctor here that nobody knows — that nobody ever *has* — that is n't *anybody's* doctor?' demanded the older woman, holding her fiercely. 'If you *did* know of one —'

'Why, no — how could I — why, what for — why —' Lorrie was utterly bewildered.

'No, no, don't call anybody, then!' reiterated Mrs. Jameson, releasing her. 'I don't want anybody, do you hear? I won't have anybody. I'm her mother, and I don't want any doctor for her, and it's none of your business, do you hear me?' she said with stifled violence. She thrust her face almost into Lorrie's. 'Don't you *dare!*' All at once she became a beldame, a vulgar fury, a disheveled hag before whom the young woman shrank in some feeling not far from terror.

Lorrie went home, a little shaken by the morning's experiences; very likely she was already somewhat overstrained by these recent trying weeks. 'Mother,' she said, gravely, as the two

ladies sat down to their luncheon, 'I'm afraid I've been doing that poor Mrs. Jameson an awful injustice all this while. She is very much fonder of Paula than I thought — just as fond as other mothers are of their children — just like *you*! Of course she did n't act the way you would if I were suddenly taken sick, but she's just as frightened and anxious. Why, do you know, when she finally did realize that Paula was sick, she — why, she was just like a crazy woman!'

## CHAPTER XI

### IN WHICH WE PACK OUR VALISES

During all this time, the unimpressible Mr. Kendrick worked along according to his habit, as has been recited, paying only a passing attention to the history-making in progress around him. Van himself was making, not history, but what was much better worth while, from his point of view, Money — yes, Money with a capital letter. The Good Apprentice prospered, for once, as all good apprentices should. He was shrewd, he was cool, he was just, he was unfathomably patient; and without question his whole heart was in the work. Mr. Kendrick had nowhere else to bestow it; so that steady and reliable organ beat, presumably, only for himself.

It is true he was very good to his family, indulging their whims as far as he was able, supplying their wants with the utmost liberality, and rarely inquiring how they disposed of the funds which he poured into that apparently bottomless hopper. 'They're mighty good women — all of 'em, even Uncle Stan; he's about the same as a woman,' Van used to reflect humorously; 'good and kind, and I guess they've got as much sense as most women that are n't nearly so nice,

either, by jiminy!' Saying which he would methodically file away their letters asking for money, or acknowledging the receipt of it, in the drawer he used for that purpose. In time there got to be a stack of these documents. . . . 'Dearest Van: Your noble, generous, splendid check came this morning. You dear old fellow, I'm so afraid you went without something yourself, to provide us. What would we not all give to take this burden off of you! But never mind, Van darling, some day it will all be made up to you, that is my devout belief.'

Van Cleve used to skim through this part with a highly irreverent inattention; he knew from experience that toward page three the ladies would finally come to the point, 'get down to business'; that is, divulge the amount they wanted. He had all their letters tied up in packets, year by year, and labeled in his neat, square handwriting: '*M. V. C. Lucas 5/1/98, \$75. Answd. 5/22/98.*' '*E. Lucas 7/15/02, \$50,*' and so on. 'Don't they ever write to you about anything but money?' was once asked of him. 'Oh, yes. But that's the only important thing.'

Being now a bachelor at large upon the world, the young gentleman sometimes forsook his boarding-house of an evening and made a call, or recreated himself at the theatre or at the club, which he had recently found he was able to join; indeed, this last was probably his most favored resort, for, except with other men, Van had no great social gift. I fear Mr. Kendrick was not at all a ladies' man. They appeared to him mostly as pretty, decorative creatures, sharing doubtless the funny and occasionally irritating feeblenesses of his own womenkind. It was a matter of increasing wonder to him that any man should voluntarily elect to spend his life with one of them.



'Well, it would n't be all roses for any girl that had to live with *me!*' he sometimes retorted upon himself, satirically honest. Van never admitted, even in this privacy, that there was always an exception lurking in the back of his mind. There was *one* girl — heigh-ho! He believed he could have lived with her and made her happy.

It was to her house that he went in the hot summer night of the day of Paula's ill-starred visit there. Van Cleve, too, had had a letter from Bob, and found no difficulty in persuading himself that it would be a kindness to take it over for the family to read. So Mr. Kendrick left his fellow boarders on the porch, with their rocking-chairs and their fans, and journeyed over to Warwick Lane in the face of an ominous cloudbank all along the western horizon, intermittently streaked and splashed with lightning. Lorrie was sitting, as usual, on the Gilbert front steps, alone in the sultry dusk; all the front steps up and down the little suburban street were thus decorated at this hour, and you might hear the young people's laughter, and a banjo twanging here and there; everybody had n't gone to the war. As he came up the walk, Van, through a lamplit square of window, could perceive the Professor bending over a sheaf of writing — examination papers, very likely — and Mrs. Gilbert darning a stocking on the other side of the table; the two tired gray heads showed distinctly.

The family had also heard from Robert, Van Cleve learned, and his own news was of no later date. He and Lorrie agreed that the trip seemed to be doing Bob good, and he was getting a lot of fun out of it, anyhow; his letters were so happy. 'I don't believe it's the — the sort of fun that will harm him, either, do you, Van?' the girl asked earnestly. 'Of course there're all kinds of men in an army — a camp like that;

but they must be mostly all *right*, or they could n't *stay* in the army.'

'They're under pretty strict discipline — the regulars, that is, I believe,' said Van Cleve, trying to be diplomatic. 'Anyhow, it suits Bob better than anything he has ever tried. He was crazy to go, and it would n't have done any good to have kept him at home.'

During and since the excitement, Lorrie and Van had tacitly agreed to forget their differences over Bob — to bury the hatchet. The old friendly confidence was restored; and if another person's name would be forever cropping up, Van Cleve realized, with a twinge, that this was natural and inevitable. Her lover was constantly in Lorrie's mind, and it was right and proper that he should be; then how could she help talking about him?

'That's what I tell Mother, but she can't help worrying, you know,' said Lorrie, answering his last speech. 'I wish Bob could be more with — with Mr. Cortwright, but they don't seem to have seen much of each other. The camp's perfectly huge, they say, swarming with men. And then Philip — Mr. Cortwright — must be on duty a great part of his time,' the girl added, with a note of pride; 'he said in one of his letters he would n't have much chance to look after Bob.'

Van Cleve, who still kept to his ideas — doubtless unfair and prejudiced ones — about the benefit Robert might receive from an association with this gentleman, did not reply for a moment. Then he spoke, overlooking Mr. Cortwright. 'I suppose if we could be there at Tampa or Key West and see it, we'd laugh at the notion of finding or looking out for anybody. It must be an awful mix-up,' he said wisely.

There was a pause while the thunder began to rumble overhead.

'Do you suppose cannon sounds like that?' Lorrie said.



'Don't know. I've a notion it's shorter and *boomier*, somehow — not quite so much like a lot of empty hogs-heads rolling downstairs,' Van suggested. 'Your mother was near some of the battlefields in the Civil War, was n't she? She must know what sort of noise the guns make.'

'Yes, but I don't like to ask her. I think it pains her to be reminded of it.'

They glanced at the open window.

'How old your father and mother are beginning to look, Lorrie,' Van said, involuntarily; the knowledge came to him with an unwelcome shock.

'Do you think so?' she said, troubled; 'they have n't been well, either of them; and Bob's never out of their minds for one instant, you know. It does seem as if we'd had so many upsetting things happen lately; and when people get older, they can't stand them so well. Now, to-day Paula Jameson—' Lorrie gave him some description of the girl's seizure. 'I hope it's nothing serious, but it certainly was enough to frighten anybody to see it — it was so sudden,' she concluded. 'Mother's been what she calls "as nervous as a witch" all day. I'm glad she did n't have to have anything to do with Mrs. Jameson, anyhow. Van, it was *awful*! That poor thing was completely frightened out of what little sense she has — Is that somebody coming in?'

The visitor was Mrs. Jameson, walking fast. 'Gracious! Suppose she heard me! I hope I was n't speaking very loud!' Lorrie ejaculated inwardly, panic-struck; and greeted the other in a flutter that made Van Cleve smile in the dark.

'Why — why — good evening, Mrs. Jameson. A — er — how is Paula?' And then, as the girl's mother came up and stood breathing hurriedly and excitedly, without a word, Lorrie add-

ed in quick alarm, 'She's not worse? She's not going to be very sick? What is it? A — a fever? Not a fever, I hope?'

Mrs. Jameson spoke at last in a hasty, fluttering voice, catching herself and swallowing at every other word. 'No, it's not that — she's better — that is, she — she'll be better — I don't know — *Who's that?*' she cried out shrilly, and darted a step forward, peering into the shadow where Van Cleve sat. 'Is that your brother? Is that you, Bob Gilbert?'

'Why no, Bob's not home — he's gone away — he's with the troops down in Florida — did n't Paula tell you?' Lorrie explained, a good deal startled, as Van Cleve got to his feet and came into the light, himself somewhat surprised. Mrs. Jameson fell back unsteadily and stared at him. 'It's Mr. Kendrick, Van Cleve Kendrick, you know. Why, I was sure you knew Van Cleve,' said Lorrie. 'Paula knows him.' And she asked again, unconvinced, 'Is Paula better? Can't I do something for her?'

'Oh, I've met Miss Jameson lots of times —' Van was saying, a little embarrassed.

'Oh, yes, yes — I — I *beg* your pardon, Mr. Kendrick, of *course* — I could n't see who it was — I *beg* your pardon —' Mrs. Jameson said in a manner that so laboriously parodied her accustomed artificial graces that the others observed it with a kind of incredulity. She put up a hand to her bare throat, as if to help the control of her voice. 'I — I thought for a minute your brother might have come back, and — and I wanted to see him on business — a — a little business,' she said to Lorrie.

'I'm sorry Bob's not home —' Lorrie stammered, confounded by this statement; 'I can give you his last address, though, but we're not sure where

he'll be —' she was going on to say, when Mrs. Jameson cut her short with a sudden wild ejaculation and gesture; she threw out both hands as if she rent and tore away some bond, resigned some struggle, with a need stronger than herself. 'It don't make any difference!' she said loud and harshly; 'where's his father? I want to see his father. Is *he* here?'

'*Father?*' repeated Lorrie, blankly. The request was stranger, if that could be, than the first. Professor Gilbert had never met, had never even seen, Mrs. Jameson in his life; it was impossible to imagine their having a single interest in common, a single thought or feeling. '*Father?* Why yes, he's here — he's in the house. Do you want — I mean, shall I call him — I mean, won't you come in?'

'I want to see your father,' said Mrs. Jameson again, vehemently. 'Is that him in there? That gray-headed man?' She advanced into the full light, showing a face and figure in uncanny disorder; she had a black lace dress and black hat flung on anyhow; tag-ends of lavender ribbon and white edging stuck out inappropriately about the corsage; the plumes of her hat swept and bobbed and dipped over her big white neck and shoulders, that showed fleshily under the figured net draperies; and wisps of her red hair blew or hung stringily out of curl about her.

The two young people looked at her almost appalled; for terror and misery stared out of the woman's eyes, and walked in this slattern finery, on those pinched, French-heeled slippers. 'The poor thing has gone out of her head, sure enough! Paula must be going to die!' both of them thought. For an instant they stood helpless, not knowing what to do or say.

'I want to see your father,' said Mrs. Jameson, moving toward the door, still with that air of having thrown

down all barriers. She turned quickly. '*You'd better go away!*' she said, her glance comprehending them both. 'Why don't you go away? I want to see him by himself.'

'But Mrs. Jameson, Father can't — he does n't — he won't know who you are — just wait a minute — only a minute, won't you?' Lorrie expostulated, trying to gather up her own wits, and to speak soothingly and with composure. 'Had n't you better sit down here, and — and let me get you something? You — you're nervous, you know. Can't you tell *me* what it is? Is it something about Paula? Tell me, won't you?'

Mrs. Jameson shook off her hands. 'Let me alone!' she said savagely; and thrust them both aside and went into the house. Lorrie and Van Cleve hesitated behind her, each questioning the other's face.

'That's just the way she was to-day when she found how sick poor Paula was!' whispered the girl. Unconsciously she laid a hand on his arm. 'Mercy, I'm glad you're here, Van! *What* do you suppose is the matter? She acts as if she might do *anything*! And yet she said something about Paula's being better.'

'Oh, she's just frightened, I guess,' said Van Cleve, reassuringly. Mrs. Jameson's manner reminded him of his aunt's when that lady reached a high pitch of excitement. 'You'll find there's nothing much wrong,' said the young man, wagging his head knowingly, as he followed her. The storm was rising noisily, clapping the doors, and sending the Professor's papers scurrying all about the room. There came a dash of rain.

'Lorrie! Van! Better run and close the windows!' Mrs. Gilbert called out. She dropped her work and ran to the door. 'Come in, children, both of you! Is there somebody else out there?

I thought I heard somebody — Mrs. Jameson!’

The other shouldered past without heeding her. ‘Is that Bob Gilbert’s father? Are you his father?’ she demanded.

Professor Gilbert, who had been gathering sheets of foolscap from under the fender where they had blown and lodged, straightened up, smoothing them in his hands, and turned around. He pushed up his glasses and green shade to survey her amazedly.

‘My name is Gilbert, madam,’ he said, recovering; and made a little courteous, old-fashioned gesture of apology. ‘Er — who is it, if you please?’

‘It’s Mrs. Jameson, Sam — you know — Paula Jameson’s mother — you know Paula,’ Mrs. Gilbert interposed hastily. ‘My husband, Professor Gilbert, Mrs. Jameson,’ she added, conventionally, notwithstanding her surprise; she supposed that the other had run in for a refuge from the rain. And — ‘Won’t you sit down?’ said the hospitable little lady, seeking to put the guest at her ease. Still Mrs. Jameson did not move or speak; and in the silence, Lorrie’s mother suddenly sensed impending calamity. ‘How is Paula? Is she — ? It’s not *serious*?’ she asked quickly. Her eyes searched the other mother’s face, and whatever she divined there, stark horror all at once laid hold of her. ‘Merciful Heaven, is n’t she going to — to get well? She — she’s not going to — to —’ She could not finish.

Mrs. Jameson glanced at her impatiently. She made a movement toward the Professor, then checked herself, as it seemed unwillingly, and looked around on the others. ‘I said for all of you to go away.’ Then, as nobody moved immediately, in the common bewilderment, she threw out both hands again in a paroxysm of impotent anger. ‘My God, won’t anybody listen

to me?’ she screamed out violently, and stamped the floor; ‘I *know* I’m acting queer — I know it as well as you do! But I’m not crazy — not yet, anyhow!’ And with this outburst she seemed on a sudden to repossess herself! It was as if some unimaginable flood of desperate emotion had deluged and devastated her soul and rushed on, leaving her to the ultimate calm — the calm of defeat. She went up to Professor Gilbert and spoke steadily. ‘I have come about your son. I mean the one that’s called Bob. I want you to send for him to come back. He’s got to come back here!’

‘Bob? You mean Bob?’ said the father, uncomprehendingly; ‘*you* want him to come back? But madam, I — I don’t understand. What is the matter? Why —?’

‘Because he’s ruined my girl — that’s why!’ said Mrs. Jameson; and as Professor Gilbert moved, with an inarticulate sound, she repeated the words.

There was a speechless moment. Outside the storm roared past and shook the four corners of the house; but for the people in the Gilbert sitting-room, silence engulfed the universe. Mrs. Jameson stood haggardly in the midst of them, her hand clutching at her throat; she was spent utterly and could feel and think no further. For that matter, thought was beyond the others, too; nobody was thinking; their minds stood still, clogged with formless protest. Van Cleve, who more than any one present had the habit of self-mastery, was the first to recognize that Mrs. Jameson was not insane; she was most tragically sane, and she believed herself to be telling the truth. It might be monstrous — it *was* monstrous — but it explained and justified her. After another chaotic instant, Lorrie came to the same realization; strangely enough, her first coherent thought in

that flash of miserable illumination, was not of her brother, not of Bob's guilt or innocence, but of Paula. Lorrie understood now; sick horror and pity surged over her.

Mrs. Gilbert spoke, grasping at her first definite idea; it was more like an impulse uttered than a thought. 'My son never did that thing. Our Bob never did that,' she said.

'Will you send for him?' said the other mother.

'Mrs. Jameson,' said the Professor, collecting himself; 'I — I cannot believe — I do not mean that I doubt *you* — I mean I — I —' He stopped; then made another effort. 'I trust you will not misunderstand me — I trust you will bear with me when I say I can't believe — I don't believe my son would so wrong —' He had to stop again.

'Would Paula lie about it? What for?' said Mrs. Jameson.

The rest looked at one another, groping for an answer. Suddenly Mrs. Gilbert became aware that her daughter and a young man were in the room — a young unmarried man and woman. 'You ought n't to be here, Lorrie — you and Van,' she said distressfully.

Van Cleve obediently turned to the door, in a turmoil of shame and sympathy; but Bob's father interposed quickly. 'Van Cleve — Van! Don't go! You're Bob's friend — don't go!'

'Oh, Mother, it does n't make any difference — nothing makes any difference except whether this is true or not. That's all that matters!' said Lorrie. They looked at her. It was so. Nothing mattered but the truth. The kindly, well-meant screens and shams of daily intercourse were all abolished; there they stood, men and women, with their wretched knowledge, like people around a corpse.

'Did she — did Paula tell you so?' Mrs. Gilbert asked, unconsciously

clenching her hands together. 'Did she say it — it was Bob?'

'Yes. I made her tell me. She did n't want to, but I made her. Will you send for him?'

Mrs. Gilbert put out a hand blindly, and caught hold of a table and clung to it, trembling. It was that little old table with the decanter of peach-brandy, and the thing rocked over now, struck against the wall, and went smashing unregarded to the floor, and the heavy, gummy liquor splashed and ran down over the wall in a thick stream. That was like the stain on the family honor: it would never come off.

'I cannot believe it,' Professor Gilbert said again. 'Bob has been wild — he has been wild, but he — he —' Torturing doubt appeared on his face; his eyes sought Van Cleve's in unhappy appeal. 'Van Cleve, you've always been his friend — you know him better than anybody — much better than I. I've never known how to — to do right with Bob,' said the father, humbly. 'Do *you* believe it?'

The young man hung his head; he, too, had been thinking that Bob was wild, was weak. 'All that talk about never harming anybody but himself, what does that amount to? If a fellow lets go of himself one way, he's bound to let go of himself other ways,' he thought, gloomily. 'But if he *did* do this, by God, I know it was n't all Bob's fault!' Aloud, he could only say huskily, 'Mr. Gilbert, I don't *want* to believe it.' The words sounded as hard as his hard face looked, yet they were uttered with real suffering.

'Are you going to send for him?' said Mrs. Jameson.

There was another unhappy silence; they could hear the water rustling along the gutter and down-spout at the corner of the porch; the storm had come, and burst, and passed since they had been in this room, and not one of

them had noticed it; and it was not yet ten minutes!

Mrs. Gilbert at last spoke, raising her head. 'Bob shall come back, Mrs. Jameson,' she said, firmly and clearly. 'He *must* come back. If he — if they have done wrong, it will be righted. Young people don't always seem to *know* — they don't mean to be wicked, they're just foolish —'

She paused, fighting for self-control; and before their mental vision there rose the picture of the pretty, little, soft, silly girl, the reckless, good-natured, self-indulgent young man. It was sad, it was shameful; but was it so very strange, was it wholly their fault? 'Why were n't you taking better care of your daughter, woman?' the one mother wanted to cry out. 'And why did n't you put better principles into your son, Ellen Gilbert?' conscience inquired sternly. 'It shall be made *right* — Bob shall make it right — we want it as much as you do,' Mrs. Gilbert began again. She turned to her husband with a fevered eagerness. 'We'll telegraph him — can't we telegraph? I mean to-night — now — at once; can't we?'

'If — if we knew where he is,' said the Professor, in helplessness. He took off the eye-shade and spectacles which he had been wearing all this while, and laid them down under the lamp with nervous and shaky movements; on a sudden, he seemed to have become an old man — old and infirm. 'Let me think — I have to think a little,' he said, brushing a hand across his eyes.

Lorrie went to her mother's side, with an anxious look into her face, and picked up Mrs. Gilbert's hand and began to stroke it gently. 'Bob would n't come anyhow for a telegram, Mother. How could you tell him what was the matter?' she said quietly. 'What could we say in a telegram, or even a letter? Never mind, Mother

dear, one of us will go and find him and bring him home. Never mind!'

'I was thinking of that,' said her father, with his drawn brows. 'I — could I see you at the bank to-morrow, Van Cleve?'

'No, no, you don't need to. I have money — I have *plenty* of money — I can get more!' Mrs. Jameson cried incoherently; her woman's mind rushed forward to an understanding while Van Cleve was yet wondering what the Professor meant to do, or wanted at the bank. She snatched out an ornate purse of gilded and wrought leather, with chains and trinkets dangling from it, and tried to force it on him. 'See, there's plenty — take it all — take it! I've got more — I can get more — it's my own money, you know. Don't wait for any banks, or letters, or anything! You've got to get him here *soon* — please don't wait!' Suddenly her features quivered; she dropped all the money at his feet and shrank back, covering her face, and a heavy sob shook her.

The two men were inexpressibly touched by the sight, by the pitiful offering — and the two women, strange as it would seem, not at all. Yet they were both good, tender-hearted women. Lorrie stooped and painstakingly recovered the bills and silver and pennies that had scattered in every direction.

'We don't want this, Mrs. Jameson,' she said coldly, returning it.

The other gazed at her, affrightedly, through her tears. 'I did n't m-mean any harm!' Paula's mother quavered. 'I'm sorry to m-make trouble. I'm going to take Paula away somewhere, so nobody will know about it, but I c-could n't help —' She broke down again. Her brief flame of courage and resolution had burned out; she could only plead and whimper weakly now.

'If you could manage it with your

bank people, Van? I don't know much about business methods. I have never been obliged to — to raise money hurriedly before,' said Professor Gilbert, in a pathetic anxiety; 'my — my personal note —?'

'That's all right, Mr. Gilbert,' Van Cleve said, inordinately relieved at the introduction of this safe, commonplace, familiar subject; he felt as if his feet were on solid ground at last. 'I'll get the money for you, any amount you say — I'll fix all that —'

'You can't go, Father,' Lorrie interrupted. 'You can't get away *now*. You'd have to explain —'

Her father's glance turned to the examination papers. 'I don't know —' he murmured; 'I could make an arrangement, I think —'

'I will go,' said Lorrie.

Her father and mother stared at her, startled. Mrs. Jameson, crumpled into a chair, ceased her moaning to gaze up at the girl in awed admiration and wonder. That a woman could speak or act with any sort of promptness, energy, or decision, coolly as if it was her habit, seemed to Paula's mother something abnormal; she did not like Lorrie and was afraid of her, yet trusted her devoutly. It was Van Cleve who began to protest.

'Why, Lorrie, you can't do that! You can't go running around trying to hunt up Bob. You have n't any idea what sort of places you might — that is, he might — you don't know what you're talking about. It's no place for women —'

'How about the nurses?' said Lorrie; 'Miss Rodgers — you know; at Christ's? — Miss Rodgers is going. She's going this week. She spoke to me the other day about it, because she'd heard I had said I'd like to go with the Red Cross. I could go with her.'

'You can't! It's insane —!'

'Van's right, Lorrie; you ought n't to think of going,' said Mrs. Gilbert, in alarm.

'Mother, you know Bob would listen to me — he'd pay more attention to me than to anybody else. I can do more with Bob than anybody else — more than you or father —'

'That's true,' said Professor Gilbert, with a kind of groan.

'Lorrie, don't talk that way — as if Bob had to be *made*!' said her mother, tremulously; 'Bob will do right, as soon — as soon as he knows. I *know* he will. Bob's not *bad*. He may have been wild — ever so many young men are — but he's always done *right* in the end, or — or tried to. You *know* he has,' said the poor mother, breaking down, at last, in her turn; 'you ought n't to talk that way about him — your own brother — and everybody's so against him, anyhow —!'

It was late when Van Cleve went out and called a carriage and put Mrs. Jameson into it to take her home — a silent and dreary journey, although the poor woman herself would probably have talked eagerly, in the relief and reaction of the moment, if she had had the slightest encouragement. 'Do you think Miss — Miss Lorrie ought to go that way by herself? Do you think she really will, Mr. Kendrick?' she asked him timidly. 'I'd be afraid of my life. I don't see how she dares. She's very unusual, is n't she?' Mrs. Jameson added, remembering that she had heard something about the young man's devotion in that quarter, and with some idea of making herself agreeable.

To her dismay, he scowled. 'Miss Gilbert won't be by herself,' he said briefly.

'I know. That Miss Rodgers — that nurse, of course —' said Mrs. Jameson, hastily, perturbed.



Van Cleve made no comment, glowering silently out of the carriage window at the night-scene of shining wet pavements, tracked with lights, and the hurrying trolley-cars with their soaked curtains pulled tight. After a while, Mrs. Jameson ventured again, even more nervously than before, —

‘Mr. Kendrick, you — you won’t tell anybody?’

‘Tell anybody?’ echoed Van Cleve, not understanding.

‘About us — about Paula — about this evening?’ faltered Mrs. Jameson, leaning forward and clutching at his knee, in her anxiety. ‘You won’t tell?’

‘No, I won’t tell,’ said the young man, recoiling throughout his whole being. What was the woman made of? Or what, in Heaven’s name, did she think he was made of?

‘I’m ever so much obliged. You’re doing a great deal for us. I’m awfully obliged,’ said Mrs. Jameson, weakly, conscious of a certain inadequacy about these phrases; but her pinch-beck vocabulary afforded nothing better. Van Cleve left her at her hotel, and paid the cabman, and went off home. He went upstairs to his boarding-house room, and got a traveling-bag out of the closet.

*(To be continued.)*

## NATIONALISM IN MUSIC

BY REDFERN MASON

NATIONAL music, if such a thing there be, is a form of art the very mention of which causes many excellent people to shudder. It offends their musical ideal, which is that of pure sonority unperplexed by the suggestion of anything outside of its own beauty. The confusion of tongues cannot reach it; it dwells far from the clash of races. According to this view, to stamp music with national characteristics is to reduce it from the proud position of being the one language which all can understand to a speech split up into a hundred dialects, some of them as incomprehensible to the generality of mankind as pigeon-English. Here and there, one of these idealists will grant to folk-song national flavor, just as there may be dialect poetry, or flowers may develop traits

peculiar to the part of the world in which they are found. But that the peculiarities of folk-song are to be met with in the music of the masters, or, if found, would become its dignity, this they deny, firm in the conviction that the fluctuating qualities of race and nationality cannot be expressed in an art so pure and abstract as music.

On the other hand, it is pointed out that our generation has not lacked composers who chose to write in what they deemed their national idiom — Liszt as a Hungarian, Grieg as a Norwegian, Moussorgsky as a Russian. Believers in the nationalism of song assert that the best work of the masters is national, and, in support of this view they point to the resemblance — a resemblance which they declare not to be accidental — borne by the best

melody of the great composers to the folk-music of their native land. In this resemblance they see a fitness based on the inherent dignity of national character; for a folk-song in its best form is the people's praise of love and heroism, their hatred of tyranny, their reaching out after the divine.

When Napoleon forbade, under penalty of death, the playing of the 'Ranz des Vaches' in the hearing of his Swiss soldiers, lest they should desert, as they had often done, sometimes in whole companies, he was bearing testimony to the existence of something in this mountain music that had a meaning for the Switzers which it possessed for no one else. Was the charm merely a sentimental memory, or had some quality allied to the genius of the race insinuated itself into the notes? On this point hinges the whole question of national music, whether by that term we mean the song of the folk or the compositions of the professional musician. Mountain melody has a character of its own. The bold skips and arpeggios of Styrian song may be paralleled, in significantly different melodic texture, in the songs of Norway and the Scotch Highlands. Moreover, strains inspired by the hills have a richness of harmonic suggestion, the reason for which we must seek in the echoes of cliff and hollow.

The emotion aroused in the Swiss soldiers by the 'Ranz des Vaches' has its explanation in some deep-seated kinship between the melody and the scene which called it into being. To say this is merely to assert the existence of an analogy between the physical character of a country and its music. The songs of Brittany recall certain mist-drenched pages of Pierre Loti; the airs of southern France, on the other hand, are languid with the fragrance of the honeysuckle. Compare the Breton hymn, 'Ar Barados,' with the Southern

song of 'Magali.' Germany has 'wood-notes wild' that suggest the sombre beauty of the Black Forest, notes that were well known to Karl Maria von Weber. Musicians, like painters, draw their inspiration from the land in which they dwell, and the image of the old home will slip into their compositions much as the wood-clad hills of Umbria slip into the Biblical backgrounds of Perugino.

Playing over Redskin melodies on the piano, people have sometimes been struck by their apparently Celtic character. Now, if Celt may be confounded with Indian, music as an index of national character is grotesquely deceptive. The confusion of types, however, is to be attributed, not to the similarity of melodies, but to the imperfections and limitations of our system of notation. The music of the Indians is largely based on a scale of five whole tones—our major scale with the half-tones left out. Celtic music has likewise a pentatonic basis. A purely theoretical examination would leave the impression that Celtic and Indian music used the same notes, were built of the same material, and therefore, apart from considerations of contour and rhythm, might be expected to sound much alike. But it is only necessary to hear Indian chanting and compare it with an Irish song sung 'in the Irish way,' or a coronach played by a Scotch piper, to be convinced that between the music of the American Indians and that of the Celtic peoples there is a wide gulf.

Our system of notation has this capital defect, that it obliterates tonal peculiarities. In many countries the diatonic scale is subtly modified. As interpreted by the piano, that scale is neither the 'scale of nature' nor the scale of any primitive people, but a succession of sounds arbitrarily modified so that the instrument may be

played in all the keys — an impossibility if it were strictly in tune.

The pianistic scale differs markedly from that of the Celts, with the result that Irish melodies lose much of their flavor when played in it. Julien Tiersot discovered that the Arabs use a scale analogous to our own, composed of tones and half-tones; but the pitch of certain notes differs from that of the corresponding degrees in the scale of northern Europe. To represent these shades of difference on a keyed instrument is impossible; our system of notation treats them as non-existent. Yet they are of the very essence of national song. Take the analogous subject of language. No matter how well a Frenchman or a German may speak English, a hundred fine shades of difference in pronunciation and intonation will declare him a foreigner. So it is in music, and the grave objection to our habit of deferring to the piano as the form of musical expression is that, unlike the violin or 'cello, it is incapable of any speech but its own narrow and individuality-destroying vernacular.

Between a notation that misrepresents, and instruments that pervert, national idiom, if it had not in itself something imperishable, would be lost. The only conclusive way in which this vexed question of tonality in national music can be settled, as matters stand, is by the comparison of phonographic records. Such a test would probably show that German, Celtic, Arab, and Red-skin music are based on as many variations of the universal diatonic as there are peoples. If races had not an intonation peculiar to themselves, the chant of an Indian would often resemble a Scotch or an Irish tune. It does so on paper, but hardly in practice.

We can learn something of a man's character by observing his walk. The sailor's gait tells its own story; so does the tread of the ploughman. The move-

ment of music is equally significant. Every race has some rhythm which it prefers to others. When the composer thinks of classic Italy, his muse may fittingly chose the lilt of the Pastorale, the measure to which it is not unphilosophic to imagine the Sicilian shepherds dancing while Theocritus ruminated on his idyls. Nor has it perished with the years. Bach and Handel loved it. When we are moved to tears by 'He shall feed his flock,' or uplifted heaven-high by the Shepherds' Music from the Christmas Oratorio, our thanks are due not only to the composers, but to the rustics of Italy who enriched music with this beautiful rhythm. How different is the merrymaking in the Pastoral Symphony. Here the humor is robust, uproarious even; the Austrian peasants have no aversion to getting tipsy. The change is not merely one of scene, but of temperament. Beethoven loved to watch the villagers at their revels and, like Goethe, he has left us a picture of the Teuton in holiday humor that men will relish as long as they love art. Here the dance is a waltz, footed with a bacchanalian zest. Mozart's Germans dance as though they wanted to be Italians. His minuets are own cousins to the measures of Padre Martini. Occasionally, however, when the grace of God is stronger than the fashion of the day, he slips into a Teuton mood. A Haydn symphony would be incomplete without some page in which elegance is redeemed from formality by humor borrowed from the life of the people. Why is it that so many composers — French, German, Polish — have written works avowedly in the Spanish spirit? It is because of the allure of the *bolero*, the fascination of the *jota*. *Carmen*, the work of a Parisian, is a series of tableaux painted in the hues of Spanish romance.

Even scholasticism may be given a

national turn. A canon by Rameau is apt to be as gracefully French as one of his rondos. Apart from the exercise of greater contrapuntal freedom, the polyphony of Bach differs from that of Palestrina by virtue of some quality which enters into the shape and articulation of the melody. The work of these great musicians differs in the same way that Dürer's Song of the Chosen differs from Raphael's Disputa. One is the expression of Gothic rapture, the other is the mystic ecstasy of the Latin; one suggests the 'Gloria in excelsis' of the B minor Mass, the other may be compared with the 'Et vitam venturi sæculi' of the Missa Papæ Marcelli.

Because for a century and a half Germany has had a preponderating voice in the shaping of the destinies of music, her scholars sometimes mistake their idiom for the speech of humanity. So successful have they been in imposing this view on the world at large, that composers have hardly dared to sing with the accent nature gave them. It needed all Liszt's encouragement to stiffen Grieg in his resolution to be his own Norse self, and not an imitation German. One of his German critics wrote that he had 'stuck in the fjord' and could not get out of it. These men had come to think that music which did not realize their ideal of what music ought to be, must be bad music. They forgot, or did not realize, that their own greatest composers were militantly national; not invariably so, of course, for it is not every day that a man is allowed to be the spokesman of his race and there are dull pages in Beethoven, in Wagner; but when they are at their best their music is the voice of the Fatherland. I hear the unconverted absolutist exclaim, 'Lay your fingers on the traits that declare "Casta diva" Italian, Schubert's "Aufenthalt" German, and Gounod's "Quand tu chantes" French.' I reply to this ob-

jection, 'Tell me by what token you recognize a German face or know a girl for Irish before she has opened her lips.' To ask for precise definition of all the things that go to make men or art national, is as reasonable as it would be for parents to exact of their child a detailed analysis of the charms of the well-beloved. It is demanding the reduction of the mystery of personality to terms of Euclidean precision.

The great masters prove their appreciation of the force of the race-spirit by their occasional use of a foreign idiom. Bach did not disdain to copy Vivaldi and develop an Italian manner. The Italianism of Handel is so marked that, in listening to Corelli, we sometimes seem to have come upon an early Handelian masterpiece. Mozart's arias betray the influence of southern *cantilena* at every turn, and, when Wagner wishes to express rapture, he makes Brunhilde sing *floritures à la Bellini*. Yet, in spite of their occasional use of some foreign mode of expression, the master composers touch their highest point when they sing their native strains. Beethoven departed from the Teutonic idiom less than any other of the Viennese trinity. He is a true German; the virtue of his music belongs to the German folk. It is the glorified echo of songs sung by men whose ancestors listened to the Minne-singers and grew large-eyed in wonder at tales of the haunted Rhine. Turn to the opening movement of the Seventh Symphony, to the *Allegro Vivace* which follows the introduction. In no music is Beethoven more solidly himself. How quickly the spell asserts itself. The rhythm takes possession of you; it dominates you, gliding off eventually, when the sound of the instruments has ceased and the mind is left to itself, into folk-strains like the old 'Grandfather's Dance' or the genial 'Es ritten drei Reiter zum Thore hinaus,' while

the heart gratefully confesses that the master musician wrote — not in a vein of impersonal classicism but in the heart-speech of the German folk. When he wants to picture the fraternizing of humanity, he weds Schiller's poem to an air so gloriously German that it seems as if the spirit of the Fatherland had sought embodiment in a song and chosen Beethoven to compose it. The canon which he wrote for his friend Maelzel becomes the *Allegretto Scherzando* of the Eighth Symphony; when he wants a contrasting theme for the Waldstein Sonata, he writes an air which breathes the spirit of the German hymn.

If this reasoning be sound, it must bear application nearer home. France and Germany have music of their own, why not America? Why not indeed? But it is to be remembered in this connection that the people of America are only politically a unit. Racially, sections of the populace speak with different voices. Saxon and Celt, Slav, Teuton, and Latin, are slowly blending into a racial whole; but, if we have to wait for American music until the process is perfected, we shall have to wait many generations. That, however, should not be necessary. Probably three fifths of the people have no European consciousness to-day; they think and feel as Americans. There is no apparent reason why a music characteristically American should not begin to manifest itself among them.

But what is to be the differentiating factor, by virtue of which American music shall be as different from that of Germany as the music of Germany is different from that of France? Will it be a matter of tonality, of rhythm, of style, or will it be a composite of all three? The question can be propounded, but not answered. The answer is for the future.

At the present moment the only

music that can be recognized as incontestably American — and un-European — is that in which the native composer has made use of the melodies of the Redskins. Edward Macdowell's Indian Suites are genuine American music. The elements of music he derived from the Old World; but they were not the discovery or property of any one people. They no more belong to a single civilization than does the alphabet. His musical scholarship he gained in Germany; but he was too strong a character to be warped from his native bent by the manner of a school. His way of thinking is his own and, when the subject matter is Indian melody, the three factors of acquired knowledge, personality, and thematic material combine in a formula which belongs to America, and to her alone.

It is different with the New World Symphony of Dvóřák. There we have American themes; but the composer thinks as a foreigner. He paints us a series of pictures of Negro and Indian life as seen through the eyes of a Bohemian. Incidentally, this is the defect of his work considered as a symphony. If not actual songs, Dvóřák's themes have in them so much of the folk-ego, they are so personal, that they transform his symphony into genre music. Beethoven avoided this pitfall; he composed in the folk-song spirit; but the note is not individual, it is universal. When Gustav Mahler called the Indian melodies crude, he forgot that the musical worth of a melody is to be determined, not so much by its beauty, viewed as an isolated strain, as by its potentialities in the hands of a gifted composer. Undeveloped though the Indian may be in many respects, he has affinities with nature in respect of which the white man must pay him the deference due to an interpreter of things but dimly

apprehended by the Caucasian mind. This aspect of the Indian character enters deeply into the music of the race, and the genius of Macdowell was quick to perceive its evocational power. Unlike Dvůrak, he did not allow himself to be mastered by his material, but made it serve the artistic purpose which he had in mind.

Macdowell's Indian Suites give an outlook in life and nature peculiar to the Western World. That they are the music of the whole American people I do not assert. The same phenomena that inspired the Indians — and, through them, furnished Macdowell with subject-matter — may lead to the composition of music very different from his when brought to bear on the descendants of Europeans without the intervention of the aboriginal intelligence. In other words, American music, like that of other countries, may have more facets than one. Yet all will be national, and, whatever music the sons and daughters of the New World create, we may be sure of this, that it will not have a European accent.

Not long ago we were visited by an orchestra of Russian *balalaika* players. One of their most beautiful numbers was a Volga boat-song. The oarsmen of the Nile have a similar song. Is it unreasonable to suppose that the Yukon, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence will inspire the American as the Volga has inspired the Muscovite and the Nile the Egyptian? May we not look for music of the Rocky Mountains which will vie in beauty with that

of the Tyrol, yet have in it something which belongs to America alone? To admit that this may be possible does not involve the consequence, as many people seem to fear it may, that music must be purely a thing of the senses.

While the broad general aspects of nature — mountains, rivers, prairies, the sea — suggest distinctive types of melody, these types are susceptible, not merely of a national complexion, but of a charm that reveals the personality of the composer. It is inconceivable that the influences which make the wit of Touchstone English, and the beauty of the Phidian marbles Hellenic, should be inoperative in music. Can we logically seek the *esprit gaulois* in Rabelais, and omit to look for it in Couperin? The 'Funeral March of a Marionette' proves its existence in Gounod. It is the functioning of the genius of race in the composer. That spirit is not to be limited to tonality and rhythm; it is diffused through melody and makes itself felt as the character of an individual shines in his countenance. We cannot reduce it to constituents more fundamental. It is the manifestation of something super-sensuous and mystical. We can recognize its effects; we can follow some of its processes; but we can no more understand it, root and all, branch and all, than we can understand a mother's love, or the infinity of space. To deny music the racial expression we find so significant in the human face is to withhold from art what nature has given to the flowers, to deprive melody of the color of language.



# FAITH

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Oh, I am tired out to-day.

The whole world leans against my door:  
Cities and centuries. — I pray, —  
For praying makes me brave once more.

I should have lived long, long ago,  
Before this age of steel and fire.  
I am not strong enough to throw  
A noose around my soul's desire,

And strangle it, because it cries  
To keep its old unreasoned place  
In some bright simple Paradise  
Before a God's too-human face.

I know that in this breathless fray  
I am not fit to fight and cry.  
My soul grows faint and far-away  
From blood and shouting, till I fly,

A blinded coward, back to hide  
My face against the dim old knees  
Of that too-human God, denied  
By these quick crashing centuries.

And there I learn deep secret things,  
Too frail for speech, too strong for doubt:  
How through the dark of demon-wings  
The same still face of God gleams out;

How through the deadly riotous roar  
The voice of God speaks on. And then  
I trust Him, as one might, before  
Faith grew too fond to comfort men.

I should have lived far, far away  
From this great age of grime and gold.  
For still, I know He hears me pray, —  
That close, too-human God of old!

## ZION CHURCH

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

BEAUTIFUL Zion Valley is an oval plain with hills surrounding it like the sides of a cup, and with a winding stream following the line of its longest diameter. In the centre of the valley, with the graveyard and the winding stream at its back, and opposite it and across the road the house of Matthias Lucas, stands Zion Church. The house of Matthias Lucas is old; it was built, as the German inscription above the door bears witness, by Matthias's grandfather in 1749. Below the name and date, carved in the stone, are the words, 'God bless all those who go in and out.'

The church is a magnificent one for a farming community. It is built of gray stone, its style is Gothic, and its spire, a hundred and ninety feet high from the base to the golden ball at its top, seems to rise higher than the hills. The great church room measures fifty feet from the floor to the apex of the arched ceiling. There are no frescoes; the walls are gray; the straight pews and the strange high pulpit with its winding stairs are dark walnut; the woodwork of the high galleries is painted white. The windows are clear glass; they were kept bright at first by Matthias Lucas, who, after he had given the church, became for

love of it its sexton; they are polished now by the women of the devout Pennsylvania German congregation. From some of the windows, one may see straight into the leafy hearts of old oak trees; from others one may look through thinner foliage out across the surrounding farms to the hills. From the distance, the gray mass of Zion Church dominates the landscape like the cathedral of Chartres upon the broad plain of France.

Zion Church is rich; she owns the broad stone house and the five farms of Matthias Lucas. She has no debt; her paint is always shining; the grassy lawn about her is always smoothly trimmed; her graveyard, whose mounds are covered with myrtle or lily-of-the-valley or clove-pink, is set with straight white stones on which no moss is allowed to gather.

Many of the graves are interesting to the antiquarian. There are several of Indians who were converted by the preaching of the first pastor, and there are many with German inscriptions. The inscriptions which are carved to-day are English; sometimes, added to those already on a tall monument, they form a record of the transition from one language to another. The grandmother of the Arndts was

recorded, 'Sarah Arndt, *geboren* Peterman'; their mother was described as 'Ellen Arndt, daughter of Rudolph Hummel'; above the grave of their young sister-in-law, who died a year ago, is written, 'Elizabeth Arndt, *née* Miller.' The Pennsylvania Germans have become cosmopolitan indeed! But the inscriptions on the Lucas graves are all German. Even Matthias, the last of his family, died before any one dreamed that the residents of Zion Valley would learn English.

It is three generations since Matthias Lucas in his middle-age cursed the congregation and the church and almost God himself, and went no more to service.

The Kirchen Rath (church council) met one winter evening, as it had met since the days of Matthias's grandfather, in the Lucas kitchen, an appropriate place, since, like his father and his grandfather, Matthias managed the affairs of the church. The second building in which the congregation worshiped had become unfit for use, the plans for a new church lay spread before the council on the old oak table. The members of the council, which had been in session from seven o'clock until midnight, had been arguing, and they were tired.

Then rose Matthias Lucas angrily from his chair. He was about forty years old, a man of powerful build and with a fine, ruddy color from working in the fields. He had inherited wealth from his father, and he was steadily adding to it. He meant to give largely to the new church, which was his own as much as was his great stone house or his farms or his wife and child. Devoted, generous, stubborn, Matthias Lucas might have said with conviction, 'I am Zion Church.'

'Who will have to build this church?' he demanded hotly, in his sonorous German speech. 'Who will

have to give most of the money? I will! Whose people gave the land in the beginning but mine? This —' Matthias laid his hand on one of the papers spread out before him — 'this is the way it is to be.'

The point under discussion was a minor one, some small difference in the height of the steeple, or in the work required on the foundation, a point on which there might easily be two opinions, both of them right. Matthias Lucas might have yielded, but he was stubborn and he had not been accustomed to having his judgments questioned. On the other hand, the church council might have yielded, but it had been looking at plans for five hours, and as far back as the mind could reach it had been domineered over by a Lucas. When the vote was taken, there were seven votes against Matthias and none with him.

Still standing, Matthias had his say. 'You will build the church alone, then. Not a penny will I give.'

Peter Arndt rose and faced him. The candle-light made two bright spots of their white faces in the great, low room with its brown, raftered ceiling and its black shadows. The members of Zion Church were not rich. All the low arable land of the valley belonged to the Lucases, and the fine ore deposits on the higher, poorer farms lay still unsuspected and undisturbed beneath the ground. The loss of the contribution of Matthias Lucas would be calamitous. But Peter Arndt faced him bravely.

'Then we will build it alone.'

Tired of their long meeting, certain that to-morrow Matthias would think better of his foolishness, the other seven members of the church council untied their horses from the fence along the lane and rode home. Matthias laughed when they had gone.

'Build it alone!' he mocked. 'Not

while the world stands! They will build it my way, or they will not build at all. They have no money.'

Matthias was right; without him Zion Church was not able to build. The old church was patched up and services were held there for ten years. Matthias, sitting in his front room on Sunday mornings, watched the congregation assemble, but did not join them. He listened in stubborn silence to the admonition of the preacher, he continued to contribute to the preacher's salary, but into the church he would not go.

'I will not risk my life in that old shell,' he declared to his wife. 'It will come down on their heads. When they are ready to build, let them come to me and we will build.'

But the church council did not come to Matthias. Presently, his wife and his only son died of smallpox, and, since even this isolated Pennsylvania valley had begun to observe quarantine, their bodies were carried directly from the house to the burying-ground, without the customary service in the church. Thus Matthias did not have to break his word.

Aghast at the sorrow which had come upon Matthias, the members of Zion Church visited him and shed more tears than did the stern man sitting in his grandfather's armchair in his lonely kitchen. When the funeral was over, he went about his work as though nothing had happened. The preacher added admonition to his consolation, he besought and then commanded Matthias to return to his church. But Matthias's heart was not softened; it was then that he cursed Zion Church and said that as God had forsaken him, so had he forsaken God.

Almost at once, as though to add to his bitterness and anger, the walls of the new church began to rise. The deep ore-beds had been opened; great

blast furnaces had sprung up through all the Pennsylvania German counties. The members of Zion Church had been saving their money in anticipation of building; now, as they began to sell their ore, they added to their original plan. They had for their church a spirit of mediæval devotion like that of the builders of Amiens; they would erect the finest building in many days' journey.

Of their plans, Matthias would hear nothing. Again the preacher visited him; humbly the church council asked his forgiveness, and explained that all the details of their plans had changed; they had rejected their own plans as well as his. But he would not listen.

'You think you can cajole me,' answered Matthias grimly; 'but not a penny shall you have unless you come back and sit in my kitchen and vote to build the way I want it.'

The walls of the new church rose rapidly, and Matthias from his window opposite, and from his farms and gardens, watched them rise. Sometimes he smiled.

'They will never pay for it,' he assured himself with satisfaction. 'Those who were fools enough to build for them will not get their money.'

Presently the church was completed. By the day of dedication, the pastor had promises for all the money needed.

From his lonely house, Matthias watched the final preparations. It was October, the season of harvest-home, and into the new church were carried great sheaves of wheat and the tallest stalks of corn. Presently, when Peter Arndt drove up with his wagon loaded with fine apples and pears and vegetables, Matthias crossed the road to speak to him.

'You are my tenant,' said he, harshly; 'nothing from my land is to be taken into the church.'

Without answering, Peter Arndt

drove away. Matthias's old friends had begun to be afraid of him.

There was to be communion at the morning service, and it had been ten years since Matthias Lucas had gone to the communion-table. If his heart ached and his lips hungered for the token to which he had been accustomed from his childhood, he comforted himself with hate. He sat behind his bowed shutters and watched the congregation of Zion Church rejoicing in its new possession. He saw the children come to practice for their exercises, he saw flowers being carried by the armful until the cemetery looked like a great garden, and his heart hardened the more within him. He said now that they had cast him off, and he believed what he said. He realized fully, with intolerable pain, that they could do without him.

That night, complete from floor to spire, fresh from the careful hands of its builders, decked with the fruits of the field as a token of thankfulness to God, with the white communion-cloth spread already on the altar, Zion Church, waiting for its consecration, burned to the ground.

Matthias Lucas's maid-servant gave the alarm. The rosy light, reflected from the flames against the wall of the barn and thence into her attic room, wakened her, and she went, screaming, to pound at Matthias's door. By that time the church was a mere shell about a roaring furnace. The paint and varnish were fresh, and they, with the dried leaves and grain of the decorations, fed the flame to so fierce a heat that the walls fell outward with a great explosion.

From his window, Matthias Lucas watched. He heard the screams of his servant as she rushed down the road, he heard the panting of runners as they came in answer to her call, he heard cries of frantic inquiry and wild sorrow.

He knew from whom each sound came; he could tell the voice of each of his old friends, who loved their church as they loved their souls: of Peter Arndt, and John Lorish, and James Bär, and many others. The silver communion service was in the church; Peter Arndt had to be restrained by force from rushing into the flames to find it. Watching them, listening to them, Matthias felt that he was almost like God Himself.

'They will come back to me!' he cried. 'They owe this money, they will have to pay it, the law will make them, and they still have no church. They will come back to me!'

When he had had his breakfast and had looked after his stock, he went into his parlor and sat down by the window. His heart felt strangely warmed; he spoke gently to his weeping servant.

'It will be built up,' he assured her, to comfort her.

Soon after nine o'clock the congregation began to gather. There were many from a distance who had not heard the dreadful news; as they came over the hill, they drew rein in horror, and then urged their horses on. Matthias could hear their cries and the galloping feet of their horses. A few who drove to the very ruins before they saw that their church was destroyed, sat dumbly, making no effort to dismount from horse or wagon.

'They will have to ask me to help them now,' said Matthias again to himself, a strange peace in his heart.

But no one crossed the road to Matthias's house. The men tied their horses and gathered about the preacher, the women sat on the grass in the graveyard in the warm sunshine; they were helpless, homeless, distraught. From group to group went his weeping servant, telling what she knew of the fire.

Presently Matthias saw that they

were going to hold a service. The older people found seats on the flat tombstones, the younger ones stood about. There, within that low stone wall, all the congregation of Zion Church was gathered, and there was crying such as had often accompanied the laying-away of the mother of little children, or of the strong man, dying in his youth. Only one of the living members was not present — Matthias Lucas, who waited in his house across the way.

Through the open window, Matthias could hear the preacher's voice, broken, trembling; he could see the preacher's hands, lifted in petition.

"“Lord,”" cried he, "“Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations!”"

To Matthias, it seemed that the agonized plea was lifted to him. Then, with sobs and cries, the congregation tried to sing; —

Ach, Gott, verlass mich nicht,  
Gieb mir die Gnadenhände!

Oh, God, forsake me not,  
Thy gracious hand extend me!

Involuntarily Matthias Lucas sang with them the words which he had learned at his mother's knee, —

Thy Holy Spirit grant;  
And 'neath the heaviest load,  
Be thou my strength and stay,  
Forsake me not, O God!

They were in trouble, these foolish, headstrong people, but he would help them. He would not wait for them to come to him; he would go to them. Matthias rose from his chair.

But, as the members of Zion Church sang, a change came over them. The hymn rose as it had risen many times before from that solemn place, at first a cry of misery. But presently its tone changed. The God to whom they cried had sustained them always when they called upon Him thus; He would sustain them now. Their voices strengthened and became calm; the great music of the

choral rose above the blackened ruins and floated out over the fields and hills to heaven itself. They dried their tears and took heart.

Then they drew closer together, and the preacher's clear voice, cheering and encouraging them, penetrated to the old stone house, where in his wealth and his bitterness, Matthias listened.

'We will begin to rebuild to-morrow,' announced the preacher. 'God will bless us. We will take promises now. I will give a year's salary, if you will help me by sending me things from your gardens.'

Immediately the offerings began, and steadily they went on. The debt was to be paid, a plainer building was to be erected at once, the congregation of Zion Church was equal to its trouble. They did not call upon Matthias, they did not think of him. Close to the graves of his wife and child, they made their plans; without the fold, alone, holding to his chair for support, stood Matthias in his desolate house.

Then, Matthias went slowly out of the door and across the yard and the road to the churchyard.

'Listen to me!' he cried. 'I have something to say.'

He pressed close to his old friends as though he were pursued by a terror from which they must defend him, and they, thinking that he was smitten by disease or madness, drew away in fright. The minister went toward him, and the girl who had stayed in his house because she had loved her mistress and her mistress's child.

'Listen to me!' he cried again. 'I will build you a church, a church of stone, to last forever, with a great spire. You shall have my farms to endow it perpetually. Do not draw away from me! You must let me do it, or I will die! *For in the night, I came over with a candle and set fire to the church you built without me!*'



# ATONEMENT

BY JOSIAH ROYCE

THE human aspect of the Christian idea of atonement is based upon such motives that, if there were no Christianity and no Christians in the world, the idea of atonement would have to be invented before the higher levels of our moral existence could be fairly understood. To the illustration of this thesis the present essay is to be largely devoted. The thesis is not new; yet it seems to me to have been insufficiently emphasized even in recent literature; although, as is well known, modern expositors of the meaning of the Christian doctrine of the Atonement have laid a constantly increasing stress upon the illustrations and analogies of that doctrine which they have found present in the common experience of mankind, in non-theological literature, and in the history of ethics.

## I

The treatment of the idea of atonement in the present paper, if it in any respect aids toward an understanding of our problem, will depend for whatever it accomplishes upon two deliberate limitations.

The first limitation is the one that I have just indicated. I shall emphasize, more than is customary, aspects of the idea of atonement which one could expound just as readily in a world where the higher levels of moral experience had somehow been reached by the leaders of mankind, but where Christians and Christianity were, as yet, wholly unknown.

My second limitation will be this: I shall consider the idea of atonement in the light of the special problems which the close of the essay on 'The Second Death' left upon our hands. The result will be a view of the idea of atonement which will be intentionally fragmentary.

It is true that the history of the Christian doctrine of the Atonement has inseparably linked with the topics that I shall here most emphasize, various religious beliefs, and theological interpretations, with which, under my chosen limitations, and despite these limitations, I shall endeavor to keep in touch. But, in a great part of what I shall have to say I shall confine myself to what I may call 'the problem of the traitor,' — an ethical problem which, on the basis laid in the foregoing essay, I now choose arbitrarily as my typical instance of the human need for atonement, and of a sense in which, in purely human terms, we are able to define what an atoning act would be, if it took place, and what it could accomplish, as well as what it could not accomplish.

Our last paper familiarized us with the conception of the being whom I shall now call, throughout this discussion, 'the traitor.' We shall soon learn new reasons why our present study will gain, in definiteness of issue and in simplicity, by using the exemplary moral situation in which our so-called 'traitor' has placed himself, as our means for bringing to light what relief, what possible, although always imper-

fect, reconciliation of the traitor with his own moral world, and with himself, this situation permits.

Perhaps I can help the reader to anticipate my further statement of my reasons for dwelling upon the unlovely situation of the hypothetical traitor, if I describe the association of ideas which first conducted me to the choice of the exemplary type of moral tragedy which I shall use as the vehicle whereby we are here to be carried nearer to our proposed view of the idea of atonement.

In Bach's Matthew Passion Music, whose libretto was prepared under the master's own guidance, there is a great passage wherein, at the Last Supper, Christ has just said, 'One of you shall betray me.' 'And they all begin to say,' so the recitative tells us, although at once passing the words over into the mouths of the chorus, 'Is it I? Is it I? Is it I?' And then there begins the wonderful chorus of 'the Believers': 'T is I. *My* sins betray thee, who died to make me whole.' The effect of this, as well as of other great scenes in the Passion Music, — the dramatic and musical workings in their unity, as Bach devised them, — is to transport the listener to a realm where he no longer hears an old story of the past retold, but looking down, as it were, upon the whole stream of time, sees the betrayal, the divine tragedy, and the triumph, in one — not indeed timeless, but time-embracing vision. In this vision, all flows and changes and passes from the sorrow of a whole world to the hope of reconciliation. Yet all this fluent and passionate life is one divine life, and is also the listener's, or, as we can also say, the spectator's own life. Judas, the spectator, knows as himself, as his own ruined personality, the sorrow of Gethsemane, the elemental and perfectly human passion of the chorus: 'Destroy them, destroy them, the mur-

derous brood,' the waiting and weeping at the tomb, — these things belong to the present life of the believer who witnesses the Passion. They are all the experiences of us men, just as we are. They are also divine revelations, coming as if from a world that is somehow inclusive of our despair, and that yet knows a joy which, as Bach depicts it in his music drama, is not so much mystical, as simply classic, in the perfection of its serene self-control.

What the art of Bach suggests I have neither the right nor the power to translate into 'matter-moulded forms of speech.' I have here to tell you only a little about the being whom Mephistopheles calls 'der kleine Gott der Welt,' about the one who, as the demon says, —

Bleibt stets vom gleichen Schlage,  
Und ist so wunderbar, als wie am ersten Tage.

And I am forced to limit myself in this essay to choosing — as my exemplary being who feels the need of some form of atonement — man in his most unlovely and drearily discouraging aspect, — man in his appearance as a betrayer. The justification of this repellant choice can appear, if at all, then only in the outcome of our argument, and in its later relation to the whole Christian doctrine of life. But you may now see what first suggested my using this choice in this paper.

So much, however, it is fair to add as I introduce my case. The 'traitor' of my argument shall here be the creature of an ideal definition based upon facts set forth in the last lecture. I shall soon have to speak again of the sense in which all observers of human affairs have a right to say that there are traitors, and that we well know some of their works. But we have in general no right to say with assurance, when we speak of our individual neighbors, that we know who the traitors are. For we are no searchers of hearts. And treason

as I here define it, is an affair of the heart, — that is, of the inner voluntary deed and decision.

While my ideal definition of the traitor of whom we are now to speak, thus depends, as you see, upon facts already discussed in our essay on 'The Second Death' our new relation to the being defined as a traitor consists in the fact that, on the last occasion, we considered the nature of his guilt, while now we mean to approach an understanding of his relation to the idea of atonement.

## II

Two conditions as you will remember from our last discussion, determine what constitutes, for the purposes of my definition, a traitor. The first condition is that a traitor is a man who has had an ideal, and who has loved it with all his heart and his soul and his mind and his strength. His ideal must have seemed to him to furnish the cause of his life. It must have meant to him what Paul meant by the grace that saves. He must have embraced it, for the time, with full loyalty. It must have been his religion, his way of salvation.

The second condition that my ideal traitor must satisfy is this. Having thus found his cause, he must, as he now knows, in at least some one voluntary act of his life have been deliberately false to his cause. So far as in him lay, he must, at least in that one act, have betrayed his cause.

Such is our ideal traitor. At the close of the last essay we left him condemned, in his own sight, to what we called the 'hell of the irrevocable.'

We now, for the moment, still confine ourselves to his case, and ask, Can the idea of atonement mean anything that permits its application, in any sense, however limited, to the

situation of this traitor? Can there be any reconciliation, however imperfect, between this traitor and his own moral world, — any reconciliation which from his own point of view, and for his own consciousness, can make his situation in his moral world essentially different from the situation in which his own deed has so far left him?

In the hell of the irrevocable there may be, as at the last time we pointed out, no sensuous penalties to fear. And there may be, for all that we know, countless future opportunities for the traitor to do good and loyal deeds. Our problem lies in the fact that none of these deeds will ever undo the supposed deed of treason. In that sense, then, no good deeds of the traitor's future will ever *so* atone for his one act of treason, that he will become clear of just that treason, and of what he finds to be its guilt.

But it is still open to us to ask whether anything could occur in the traitor's moral world which, without undoing his deed, could still add some new aspect to this deed, — an aspect such, that when the traitor came to view his own deed in this light, he could say, Something in the nature of a genuinely reconciling element has been added, not only to my world and to my own life, but also to the inmost meaning even of my deed of treason itself. My moral situation has hereby been rendered genuinely better than my deed left it. And this bettering does not consist merely in the fact that some new deed of my own, or of some one else has been simply a good deed, instead of a bad one, and has thus put a good thing into my world to be henceforth considered side by side with the irrevocable evil deed. No, this bettering consists in something more than this, — in something which gives to my very treason itself a new value; so that I can say, not, 'It is undone';

but, 'I am henceforth in some measure, in some genuine fashion, morally reconciled to the fact that I did this evil.'

Plainly, if any such reconciliation is possible, it will be at best but an imperfect and tragic reconciliation. It cannot be simple and perfectly destructive of guilt. But the great tragic poets have long since taught us that there are, indeed, tragic reconciliations even when there are great woes. These tragic reconciliations may be infinitely pathetic; but they may be also infinitely elevating, and even, in some unearthly and wondrous way, triumphant.

Our question is: Can such a tragic reconciliation occur in the case of the traitor? If it can occur, the result would furnish to us an instance of an atonement. This atonement would not mean, and could not mean, a clearing-away of the traitor's guilt as if it never had been guilt. It would still remain true that the traitor could never rationally forgive himself for his deed. But he might, in some measure and in some genuine sense, become, not simply, but tragically, — sternly, — yet really, reconciled, not only to himself but to his deed of treason, and to its meaning in his moral world.

Let us consider, then, in what way, and to what degree, the traitor might find such an atonement.

### III

The Christian idea of atonement has always involved an affirmative answer to the question, Is an atonement for even a willful deed of betrayal possible? Is a reconciliation of even the traitor to himself, and to his world, a possibility? The help that our argument gets from employing the supposed traitor's view of his own case as the guide of our search for whatever reconciliation is

still possible for him, shows itself, at the present point of our inquiry, by simplifying the issue, and by thus enabling us at once to dispose, very briefly, not indeed of the Christian idea of atonement (for that, as we shall see, will later reveal itself in a new and compelling form), but of a great number of well-known theological theories of the nature of atonement, so far as they are to help our traitor to get a view of his own case.

These theological theories stand at a peculiar disadvantage when they speak to the now fully awakened traitor, when he asks what measure of reconciliation is still, for him, possible. Our traitor has his own narrow, but, for that very reason, clearly outlined problem of atonement to consider. We here confine ourselves to his view. Calmly reasonable in his hell of the irrevocable, he is dealing, not with the 'angry God' of a well-known theological tradition, but with himself. He asks, not indeed for escape from the irrevocable, but for what relative and imperfect tragic reconciliation with his world and with his past, his moral order can still furnish to him, by any new event or deed or report. Shall we offer him one of the traditional theological comforts and say, Some one — namely, a divine being, Christ himself — has accomplished a full 'penal satisfaction' for your deed of treason. Accept that satisfying sacrifice of Christ, and you shall be reconciled. The traitor need not pause to repeat any of the now so well-known theological and ethical objections to the 'penal satisfaction' theories of atonement. He needs no long dispute to clear his head. The cold wintry light of his own insight into what was formerly his moral home, and into what he has by his own deed lost, is quite enough to show him the mercilessly unchangeable outlines of his moral landscape. He sees them;

and that is so far enough. Penal satisfaction? *That*, he will say, may somehow interest the 'angry God' of one or another theologian. If so, let this angry God be content, if he chooses: That does not reconcile me. So far as penalty is concerned, —

I was my own destroyer and will be my own hereafter.

I asked for reconciliation with my own moral universe, not for the accidental pacification of some angry God. The 'penal satisfaction' offered by another, is simply foreign to all the interests in the name of which I inquire.

But hereupon let a grander, — let a far more genuinely religious, and indeed truly Christian chord, be sounded for the traitor's consolation. Let the words of Paul be heard, 'There is now no condemnation for them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.' The simply human meaning of those immortal words, if understood quite apart from Paul's own religious beliefs, is far deeper than is any merely technical theological theory of the Atonement. And our traitor will well know what those words of Paul mean. Their deepest human meaning has long since entered into his life. Had it not so entered, he would be no traitor; for he would never have known that there is what, for his own estimate, has been a Holy Spirit, — a cause to which to devote one's life, — a love that is indeed redeeming, and — when it first comes to us — compelling — the love that raises as if from the dead, the man who becomes the lover, — the love that also forces the lover, with its mysterious power, to die to his old natural life of barren contentions and of distractions, and to live in the spirit. That love — so the traitor well knows — redeems the lover from all the helpless natural wretchedness of the, as yet, unawakened life. It frees from 'con-

demnation' all who remain true to this love.

The traitor knows all this by experience. And he knows it not in terms of mere theological formulas. He knows it as a genuinely human experience. He knows it as what every man knows to whom a transforming love has revealed the sense of a new life.

All this is familiar to the traitor. In his own way, he has heard the voice of the Spirit. He has been converted to newness of life. And *therefore* he has known what his own sin against the Holy Ghost meant. And, thereafter, he has deliberately committed that very sin. Therefore Paul's words are at once, to his mind, true in their most human as well as in their most spiritual sense. And just for that very reason they are to him now, in his guilt, as comfortless and as unreconciling as a death-knell. For they tell him of precisely *that* life which once was his, and which, so far as his one traitorous deed could lead to such a result, he himself has deliberately slain.

If there is to be any, even the most tragic, reconciliation for the traitor, there must be other words to be heard beside just these words of Paul.

#### IV

Yet there are expositors of the Christian idea of the Atonement who have developed the various so-called 'moral theories' of the atoning work of Christ. And these men indeed have still many things to tell our traitor. One of the most clearly written and, from a purely literary point of view, one of the most charming of recent books on the moral theory of the idea of atonement, namely, the little book with which Sabatier ended his life-work, very effectively contrasts with all the 'penal-satisfaction' theories of atonement, the doctrine that the work of Christ

consisted in such a loving sacrifice for human sin and for human sinners that the contemplation of this work arouses in the sinful mind a depth of saving repentance, as well as of love, — a depth of glowing fervor, such as simply purifies the sinner's soul. For love and repentance and new life, — these constitute reconciliation. These, for Sabatier, and for many other representatives of the 'moral theories' of atonement, — these are in themselves salvation.

I need not dwell upon such opinions in this connection. They are nowadays well-known to all who have read any notable portion of the recent literature of the Atonement. They are present, in this recent literature, in almost endless variations. In general these views are deep, and Christian, and cheering, and unquestionably moral. And their authors can and do freely use Paul's words; and, on occasion, supplement Paul's words by a citation of the parables. In the parables there is no definite doctrine of atonement enunciated. But there is a doctrine of salvation through loving repentance. Cannot our traitor, in view of the loving sacrifice that constitutes Christ's atoning work, repent and love? Does *that* not reconcile him? May not the love of Christ both constrain and console him?

V

Once more — speaking still from his own purely human point of view — our traitor sadly simplifies the labor of considering in detail these various moral theories of atonement. The traitor seeks the possible, the relative, the inevitably imperfect reconciliation, which, for one in his case, is still rationally definable. He discounts all that you can say as to the transforming pathos and the compelling power of love and of the sacrifices. All this

he long since knows. And, as I must repeat, all this constitutes the very essence of his own tragedy. He knew love before he became a traitor. He has this repentance as the very breath of what is now his moral existence in the hell of the irrevocable. As for amendment of life, and good deeds yet to come, he well knows the meaning of all these things. He is ready to do whatever he can. But none of all this doing of good works, none of this repentance, no love, and no tears will 'lure back' the 'moving finger' to 'cancel half a line,' or 'wash out a word' of what is written.

Let us leave, then, both the 'penal-satisfaction' theories and the 'moral' theories to address themselves to other men. Our traitor knows too well the sad lesson of his own deed to be aided either by the vain technicalities of the more antiquated of these theological types of theories, or by the true, but to him no longer applicable, comforts which the theories of the other, — the moral type, — open to his view.

Plainly, then, the traitor himself can suggest nothing further as to his reconciliation with the world where, by his deed of betrayal, he once chose to permit the light that was in him to become darkness. We must turn in another direction.

VI

We have so far considered the traitor's case as if his treason had been merely an affair of his own inner life, — a sort of secret impious wish. But, of course, while we are indeed supposing the traitor — now enlightened by the view of his own deed — to be the judge of what he himself has meant and done, we well know that his false deed was, in his own opinion, no mere thought of unholiness. He had a cause. That is, he lived in a real



world. And he was false to his cause. He betrayed. Now betrayal is something objective. It breaks ties. It rends asunder what love has joined in dear unity. *What* human ties the traitor broke we leave to him to discover for himself. Why they were to his mind holy, we also need not now inquire. Enough, — since he was indeed loyal; — he had found his ties; — they were precious and human and real; and he believed them holy; — and he broke them. That is, so far as in him lay, he destroyed by his deed the community in whose brotherhood, in whose life, in whose spirit, he had found his guide and his ideal. His deed, then, concerns not himself only, but that community whereof he was a voluntary member. The community knows, or in the long run must learn, that the deed of treason has been done, even if, being itself no searcher of hearts, it cannot identify the individual traitor. We often know not who the traitors are. But if ours is the community that is wrecked, we may well know by experience that there has been treason.

The problem of reconciliation, then, — if reconciliation there is to be, — concerns not only the traitor, but the wounded or shattered community. Endlessly varied are the problems — the tragedies, the lost causes, the heart-breaks, the chaos — which the deeds of traitors produce. All this we merely hint in passing. But all this constitutes the heart of the sorrow of the higher regions of our human world. And we here refer to such countless, commonplace but crushing, tragedies, to these ruins which are the daily harvest-home of treason, merely in order to ask the question, Can a genuinely spiritual community, whose ideals are such as Paul loved to portray when he wrote to his churches, — can such a loving and beloved community in any degree reconcile itself to the existence

of traitors in its world, and to the deeds of individual traitors? Can it in any wise find in its world something else, over and above the treason, — something which atones for the spiritual disasters that the very being of treason both constitutes and entails? Must not the existence of traitors remain, for the offended community, an evil that is as intolerable and irrevocable, and as much beyond its powers of reconciliation, as is, for the traitor himself, his own past deed, seen in all the light of its treachery? Can any soul of good arise or be created out of this evil thing, or as an atonement therefor?

You see, I hope, that I am in no wise asking whether the community which the traitor has assailed desires, or does well, either to inflict or to remit any penalties said to be due to the traitor for his deed. I am here speaking wholly of the possibility of inner and human reconciliations. The only penalty which, in the hell of the irrevocable, the traitor himself inevitably finds, is the fact, I did it. The one irrevocable fact with which the community can henceforth seek to be reconciled, if reconciliation is possible, is the fact, This evil was done. That is, These invaluable ties were broken. This unity of brotherhood was shattered. The life of the community, as it was before the blow of treason fell, can never be restored to its former purity of unscarred love. This is the fact. For this let the community now seek, not oblivion, for that is a mere losing of the truth; not annulment, for that is impossible; *but* some measure of reconciliation.

All the highest forms of the unity of the spirit, in our human world, constantly depend, for their very existence, upon the renewed free choices, the sustained loyalty, of the members of communities. Hence the very best that we know, namely, the loyal bro-

therhood of the faithful who choose to keep their faith, — this best of all human goods, I say, — is simply inseparable from countless possibilities of the worst of human tragedies, — the tragedy of broken faith. At such cost must the loftiest of our human possessions in the realm of the spirit be purchased, — at the cost, namely, of knowing that some deed of willful treason on the part of some one whom we trusted as brother or as beloved may rob us of this possession. And the fact that we are thus helplessly dependent on human fidelity for some of our highest goods, and so may be betrayed, — this fact is due not to the natural perversity of men, nor to the mere weakness of those who love and trust. This fact is due to something which, without any metaphysical theory, we ordinarily call man's freedom of choice. We do not want our beloved community to consist of puppets, or of merely fascinated victims of a mechanically insistent love. We want the free loyalty of those who, whatever fascination first won them to their cause, remain faithful because they choose to remain faithful. Of such is the kingdom of good faith. The beloved community demands for itself such freely and deliberately steadfast members. And for that very reason, in a world where there is such free and good faith, there can be treason. Hence the realm where the spirit reaches the highest human levels, is the region where the worst calamities can, and in the long run do, assail many who depend upon the good faith of their brethren.

The community, therefore, never had any grounds, before the treason, for an absolute assurance about the future traitor's perseverance in the faith. After his treason, — if indeed he repents and now begins once more to act loyally, — it may acquire a rela-

tive assurance that he will henceforth abide faithful. The worst evil is not, then, that a trust in the traitor, which once was rightly serene and perfectly confident, is now irrevocably lost. It is not *this* which constitutes the irreconcilable aspect of the traitor's deed. All men are frail. And especially must those who are freely loyal possess a certain freedom to become faithless if they choose. This evil is a condition of the highest good that the human world contains. And so much the community, in presence of the traitor, ought to recognize as something that was always possible. It also ought to know that a certain always fallible trust in the traitor can indeed be restored by his future good deeds, if such are done by him with every sign that he intends henceforth to be faithful.

But what is indeed irrevocably lost to the community through the traitor's deed is precisely what I just called 'unscarred love.' The traitor remains — for the community as well as for himself — the traitor, just so far as his deed is confessed, and just so far as his once unsullied fidelity has been stained. *This* indeed is irrevocable. It is perfectly human. But it is unutterably comfortless to the shattered community.

It is useless, then, to say, that the problem of reconciliation, so far as the community is concerned, is the problem of 'forgiveness,' not now as remission of penalty, but of forgiveness, in so far as forgiveness means a restoring of the love of the community, or of its members, toward the one who has now sinned, but repented. Love may be restored. If the traitor's future attitude makes that possible, human love ought to be restored to the now both repentant and well-deserving doer of the past evil deed. But alas! this restored love will be the love for the member who *has been a traitor*; and the tragedy

of the treason will permanently form part in and of this love. Thus, then, up to this point, there appears for the community, as well as for the traitor, no ground for even the imperfect reconciliation of which we have been in search. Is there, then, any other way, still untried, in which the community may hope, if not to *find*, then to *create*, something which, in its own strictly limited fashion, will reconcile the community to the traitor and to the irrevocable, and irrevocably evil, deed.

## VII

Such a way exists. The community has lost its treasure; its once faithful member who, until his deed of treason came, had been wholly its own member. And it has lost the ties and the union which he destroyed by his deed. And, for all this loss, it lovingly mourns with a sorrow for which, thus far, we see no reconciliation. Who shall give to it its own again?

The community, then, can indeed *find* no reconciliation. But can it *create* one? At the worst, it is the traitor, and it is not the community, that has done this deed. New deeds remain to be done. The community is free to do them, or to be incarnate in some faithful servant who will do them. Could any possible new deed, done by, or on behalf of the community, and done by some one who is *not* stained by the traitor's deed, introduce into this human world an element which, as far as it went, would be, in whatever measure, genuinely reconciling?

We stand at the very heart and centre of the human problem of atonement. We have just now nothing to do with theological opinion on this topic. I insist that our problem is as familiar and empirical as is death or grief. That problem of atonement daily arises, not as between God and man (for we here

are simply ignoring, for the time being, the metaphysical issues that lie behind our problem). That problem is daily faced by all those faithful lovers of wounded and shattered communities who, going down into the depths of human sorrow, either as sufferers or as friends who would fain console, or who, standing by hearths whose fires burn no more, or loving their country through all the sorrows which traitors have inflicted upon her, or who, not weakly, but bravely, grieving over the woe of the whole human world, are still steadily determined that no principality and no power, that no height and no depth, shall be able to separate man from his true love, which is the triumph of the spirit. That human problem of atonement is, I say, daily faced. And faced by the noblest of mankind. And for these our noblest, despite all our human weakness, that problem is, in principle and in ideal, daily solved. Let us turn to such leaders of the human search after greatness, as our spiritual guides.

Great calamities are, for all but the traitor himself, — so far as we have yet considered his case, — great opportunities. Lost causes have furnished, times without number, the foundations and the motives of humanity's most triumphant loyalty.

When treason has done its last and most cruel work, and lies with what it has destroyed, — dead in the tomb of the irrevocable past, — there is now the opportunity for a triumph of which I can only speak weakly and in imperfectly abstract formulas. But, as I can at once say, this of which I now speak is a human triumph. It forms part of the history of man's earthly warfare with his worst foes. Moreover, whenever it occurs at all, this is a triumph *not* merely of stoical endurance, nor yet of kindly forgiveness, nor of the mystical merit which, seeing all things

in God, feels them all to be good. It is a triumph of the creative will. And what form does it take amongst the best of men, who are here to be our guides?

I answer, this triumph over treason can only be accomplished by the community, or on behalf of the community, through some steadfastly loyal servant who acts, so to speak, as the incarnation of the very spirit of the community itself. This faithful and suffering servant of the community may answer and confound treason by a work whose type I shall venture next to describe, in my own way, thus: First, this creative work shall include a deed, or various deeds, for which only just this treason furnishes the opportunity. Not treason in general, but just this individual treason shall give the occasion, and supply the condition, of the creative deed which I am in ideal describing. Without just that treason, this new deed (so I am supposing) could not have been done at all. And, hereupon, the new deed, as I suppose, is so ingeniously devised, so concretely practical in the good which it accomplishes, that, when you look down upon the human world after the new creative deed has been done in it, you say, first, This deed was made possible by that treason; and, secondly, *The world, as transformed by this creative deed, is better than it would have been had all else remained the same, but had that deed of treason not been done at all.* That is, the new creative deed has made the new world better than it was before the blow of treason fell.

Now such a deed of the creative love and of the devoted ingenuity of the suffering servant, on behalf of his community, breaks open, as it were, the tomb of the dead and treacherous past, and comes forth as the life and the expression of the creative and reconciling will. It is this creative will whose

ingenuity and whose skill have executed the deed that makes the human world better than it was before the treason.

To devise and to carry out some new deed which makes the human world better than it would have been had just that treasonable deed *not* been done, is that not, in its own limited way and sense, a reconciling form both of invention and of conduct? Let us forget, for the moment, the traitor. Let us now think only of the community. We know why, and in what sense, it cannot be reconciled to the traitor or to his deed. But have we not found, without any inconsistency, a new fact which furnishes a genuinely reconciling element? It indeed furnishes no perfect reconciliation with the irrevocable; and it transforms the meaning of that very past which it cannot undo. It cannot restore the unscarred love. It does supply a new triumph of the spirit,—a triumph which is not so much a mere compensation for what has been lost, as a transfiguration of the very loss into a gain that, without this loss, could never have been won. The traitor cannot thus transform the meaning of his own past. But the suffering servant can thus transfigure this meaning; can bring out of the realm of death a new life that only this very death rendered possible.

The triumph of the spirit of the community over the treason which was its enemy, the rewinning of the value of the traitor's own life, when the new deed is done, involves the old tragedy, but takes up that tragedy into a life that is now more a life of triumph than it would have been if the deed of treason had never been done.

Therefore, if indeed we suppose or observe that, in our human world, such creative deeds occur, we see that they indeed do not remove, they do not annul, either treason or its tragedy. But

they do show us a genuinely reconciling, a genuinely atoning fact, in the world and in the community of the traitor. Those who do such deeds solve, I have just said, not the impossible problem of undoing the past, but the genuine problem of finding, even in the worst of tragedies, the means of an otherwise impossible triumph. They meet the deepest and bitterest of estrangements by showing a way of reconciliation, and a way that only this very estrangement has made possible.

### VIII

This is the human aspect of the idea of atonement. Do we need to solve our theological problems before we decide whether such an idea has meaning, and is ethically defensible? I must insist that this idea comes to us not from the scholastic quiet of theological speculation, but stained with the blood of the battlefields of real life. For myself, I can say that no theological theory suggested to me this interpretation of the essential nature of an atoning deed. I cannot call the interpretation new, simply because I myself have learned it from observing the meaning of the lives of some suffering servants — plain human beings — who never cared for theology, but who incarnated in their own fashion enough of the spirit of their community to conceive and to accomplish such new and creative deeds as I have just attempted to characterize. To try to describe, at all adequately, the life or the work of any such persons, I have neither the right nor the power. Here is no place for such a collection and analysis of the human forms of the atoning life as only a William James could have justly accomplished. And upon personal histories I could dwell, in this place, only at the risk of intruding upon lives which I have been privileged, some-

times, to see afar off, and briefly, but which I have no right to report as mere illustrations of a philosophical argument. It is enough, I think, for me barely to indicate what I have in mind when I say that such things are done among men.

All of us well know of great public benefactors whose lives and good works have been rendered possible through the fact that some great personal sorrow, some crushing blow of private grief, first descended, and seemed to wreck their lives. Such heroic souls have then been able, in these well-known types of cases, not only to bear their own grief, and to rise from the depths of it (as we all in our time have to attempt to do). They have been able also to use their grief as the very source of the new arts and inventions and labors whereby they have become such valuable servants of their communities. Such people indeed often remind us of the suffering servant in Isaiah; for their life-work shows that they are willing to be wounded for the sake of their community. Indirectly, too, they often seem to be suffering because of the faults, as well as because of the griefs, of their neighbors, or of mankind. And it indeed often occurs to us to speak of these public or private benefactors as living some sort of atoning life, as bearing, in a sense, not only the sorrows, but the sins, of other men.

Yet it is *not* of such lives, noble as they are, that I am now thinking, nor of *such* vicarious suffering, of such sympathizing helpfulness in human woe, or of such rising from private grief to public service, that I am speaking, when I say that atoning deeds, in the more precise sense just described, are indeed done in our human world. Sharply contrasted with these beneficent lives and deeds, which I have just mentioned, are the other lives of which I am thinking, and to which, in speak-



ing of atonement, I have been referring. These are the lives of which I have so little right to give more than a bare hint in this place.

Suppose a community — a modern community — to be engaged with the ideals and methods of modern reform, in its contests with some of those ills which the natural viciousness, the evil training, and the treasonable choices of very many people combine to make peculiarly atrocious in the eyes of all who love mankind. Such evils need to be met, in the good warfare, not only by indignant reformers, not only by ardent enthusiasts, but also by calmly considerate and enlightened people, who distinguish clearly between fervor and wisdom, who know what depths of woe and of wrong are to be sounded, but who also know that only well-controlled thoughtfulness and well-disciplined self-restraint can devise the best means of help. As we also well know, we look, in our day, to highly trained professional skill for aid in such work. We do not hope that those who are merely well-meaning and loving can do what most needs to be done. We desire those who know. Let us suppose, then, such a modern community as especially needing, for a very special purpose, one who *does* know.

Hereupon, let us suppose that one individual exists whose life has been wounded to the core by some of treason's worst blows. Let us suppose one who, always manifesting true loyalty and steadfastly keeping strict integrity, has known, not merely what the ordinary professional experts learn, but also what it is to be despised and rejected of men, and to be brought to the very depths of lonely desolation, and to have suffered thus through a treason which also deeply affected, not one individual only, but a whole community. Let such a soul, humiliated, offended, broken, so to speak, through

the very effort to serve a community forsaken; long daily fed only by grief, yet still armed with the grace of loyalty and of honor, and with the heroism of dumb suffering, — let such a soul not only arise, as so many great sufferers have done, from the depths of woe; let such a soul not only triumph, as so many have done, over the grief that treason caused; but let such a soul also use the very lore which just this treason had taught, in order to begin a new life-work. Let this life-work be full of a shrewd, practical, serviceable, ingenious wisdom which only that one individual experience of a great treason could have taught. Let this new life-work be made possible only because of that treason. Let it bring to the community, in the contest with great public evils, methods and skill and judgment and forethought which only that so dear-bought wisdom could have invented. Let these methods have, in fact, a skill that the traitor's own wit has taught, and that is now used for the good work. Let that life show, not only what treason can do to wreck, but what the free spirit can learn from and through the very might of treason's worst skill.

If you will conceive of such a life merely as a possibility, you may know why I assert that genuinely atoning deeds occur, and what I believe such deeds to be. For myself, any one who should supply the facts to bear out my supposition (and such people, as I assert, there are in our human world), would appear henceforth to me to be a sort of symbolic personality, — one who had descended into hell to set free the spirits who are in prison. When I hear those words, 'descended into hell,' repeated in the creed, I think of such human beings, and feel that I know at least some in this world of ours to whom the creed in those words refers.



## IX

Hereupon, you may very justly say that the mere effects of the atoning deeds of a human individual are in this world apparently petty and transient; and that even the most atoning of sacrificial human lives can devise nothing which, within the range of our vision, *does* make the world of the community better, in any of its most tragic aspects, than it would be if no treason had been committed.

If you say this, you merely give me the opportunity to express the human aspect of the idea of the Atonement in a form very near to the form which, as I believe, the Christian idea of atonement has always possessed when the interests of the religious consciousness (or, if I may use the now favorite word, the sub-consciousness) of the church, rather than the theological formulation of the theory of atonement, have been in question. Christian feeling, Christian art, Christian worship, have been full of the sense that *somehow* (and *how* has remained indeed a mystery) there was something so precious about the work of Christ, something so divinely wise (so skillful and divinely beautiful) about the plan of salvation, — that, as a result of all this, after Christ's work was done, the world, as a whole, was a nobler and richer and worthier creation than it would have been if Adam had not sinned. This, I insist, has always been felt to be the sense of the atoning work of Christ. A glance at a great Madonna, a chord of truly Christian music, ancient or modern, tells you that this is so. And this sense of the atoning work cannot be reduced to what the modern 'moral' theories of the Christian Atonement most emphasize. For what the Christian regards as the atoning work of Christ is, from this point of view, *not* something about Christ's work which merely arouses in

sinful man love and repentance. No, the theory of atonement which I now suggest, and which, as I insist, is sub-consciously present in the religious sentiment, ritual, and worship of all Christendom, is a perfectly 'objective' theory, — quite as 'objective' as any 'penal-satisfaction' theory could be.

Christian religious feeling has always expressed itself in the idea that what atones is something perfectly 'objective,' namely, Christ's work. And this atoning work of Christ was for Christian feeling a deed that was made possible only through man's sin, but that somehow was so wise and so rich and so beautiful and divinely fair that, after this work was done, the world was a better world than it would have been had *man* never sinned. So the Christian consciousness, I insist, has always felt. So its poets have often, in one way or another, expressed the matter. The theologians have disguised this simple idea under countless forms. But every characteristically Christian act of worship expresses it afresh. Treason did its work (so the legend runs) when man fell. But Christ's work was so perfect that, in a perfectly objective way, it took the opportunity which man's fall furnished to make the world better than it could have been had man not fallen.

But this is, indeed, as an idea concerning God and the universe and the work of Christ, an idea which is as human in its spirit, and as deep in its relation to truth, as it is, in view of the complexity of the values which are in question, hard either to articulate or to defend. How should we know, unless some revelation helped us to know, whether and in what way Christ's supposed work made the world better than it would have been had man not sinned?

But in this discussion I am speaking of the purely human aspect of the idea

of atonement. *That* aspect is now capable of a statement which does not pretend to deal with any but our human world, and which fully admits the pettiness of every human individual effort to produce such a really atoning deed as we have described.

The human community depending, as it does, upon its loyal human lovers, and wounded to the heart by its traitors, and finding, the further it advances in moral worth, the greater need of the loyal, and the greater depth of the tragedy of treason, utters its own doctrine of atonement as this postulate, — the central postulate of its highest spirituality. This postulate I word thus: No baseness or cruelty of treason so deep or so tragic shall enter our human world, but that loyal love shall be able in due time to oppose to just that deed of treason its fitting deed of atonement. The deed of atonement shall be so wise and so rich in its efficacy, that the spiritual world, after the atoning deed, shall be better, richer, more triumphant amidst all its irrevocable tragedies, than it was

before that traitor's deed was done.

This is the postulate of the highest form of human spirituality. It cannot be proved by the study of men as they are. It can be asserted by the creative will of the loyal. Christianity expressed this postulate in the symbolic form of a report concerning the supernatural work of Christ. Humanity must express it through the devotion, the genius, the skill, the labor of the individual loyal servants in whom its spirit becomes incarnate.

As a Christian idea, the Atonement is expressed in a symbol, whose divine interpretation is merely felt, and is viewed as a mystery. As a human idea, atonement is expressed (so far as it can at any one time be expressed) by a peculiarly noble and practically efficacious type of human deeds. This human idea of atonement is also expressed in a postulate which lies at the basis of all the best and most practical spirituality. The Christian symbol and the practical postulate are two sides of the same life, — at once human and divine.

## MAGIC SHADOW-SHAPES

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I HAVE an idea that my brother and I went to see *Little Lord Fauntleroy* about a year before we went to see *Rip van Winkle*. We went sedately with our father and mother. I can remember little about it — my first visit to the theatre — except that the seat was so wide that my feet stuck out straight in front of me, and my knees

were so stiff at the end that they had to be rubbed into flexibility. I had read the story in *Saint Nicholas*, and the little Lord in his wide collars and long curls did not appeal to me strongly, — my memories of such collars and such curls were too fresh and too painful; yet it is curious that my first theatrical experience should have made so little im-

pression upon me. Of the play itself, I can remember nothing; the vastness of the auditorium, the heavy carpets and plush seats, the silence, the lights which went and came, seem to have conspired to bewilder me into an insensibility that soon became confirmed in a long doze, punctuated by intervals of consciousness when the lights flashed up at the ends of acts. My brother, who was three years older, poked me persistently in the ribs with his elbow whenever any of the business of the stage aroused his enthusiasm; but I remember only the pokes.

When, next day, we came to discuss the play, his disgust at my supineness was boundless. I maintained that there was no excuse for having a girl play the part of a boy, and to this piece of acute criticism I clung desperately, — and have clung ever since. As it was the only piece of criticism, favorable or condemnatory, that I was able to think of, I made the most of it; but he snorted with contempt, holding that after one got used to her it made no difference. I stubbornly insisted that I had n't got used to her; and that was true, for I had looked at her probably less than five minutes. To be truthful, like many an older critic before and since, I had fallen asleep in the grip of an unfavorable criticism.

On two subjects, however, I waxed enthusiastic. One was the man who sold tickets. To a boy who had trouble remembering what part of ten apples two apples are, there was something preternatural in a man who could make change with such jocund ease. I gaped at him in the lobby, heedless of the jostling crowd, until I was dragged sidewise, crab-like, through the door. Once in my seat, however, well toward the front of the parterre, the antics of the trombone player soon made me forget the prodigy of the box-office. I had been given the aisle seat so that I

might be sure to see the stage. I had, therefore, a clear view of the musician as he sat behind the second violins, lengthening and shortening his remarkable horn, and blowing till the veins stood out on his neck. In vain my brother tried to divert my gaze to the painted curtain, the footlights, the boxes: my eyes returned willy-nilly to the trombone; and its owner, conscious at last, toward the end of the overture, of my fascinated gaze, without missing a beat, without impairing in the least the smooth slide of his hand as he took a very bass note, solemnly closed his nearer eye in a long, humorous, sympathetic wink. If that man had not left during the first act to seek refreshment, I should have stayed awake.

In our critical retrospect next morning, therefore, I met all embarrassing appeals for opinion on the play by references to the trombonist, whom my brother had not even looked at. His rage at this inconsequential criticism did not affect me a whit, because I had the sweet recollection of the wink, — a personal touch which he could not parallel, that one touch of nature of which the poet sings. He gave me up as childish and low-minded, and vowed that the next time he took me to the theatre I'd know it. Although the lofty assumption of the remark was irritating, I did not worry. The desire to go again was not very strong in me. I felt that I could sleep much more comfortably in bed.

As I look back at that eccentric little boy, I feel an odd kind of envy of him, — not a sentimental make-me-a-boy-again-just-for-to-night kind of envy, but an envy of his intellectual independence. When we grown people buy a ticket for a play, we feel that in order to get the worth of our money we must look at the stage and must keep awake. If the plot is poor or the acting bad, if some of the mechanism creaks or if

the scenery falls down, we feel that we have been cheated; and no ticket-seller or trombone player can possibly compensate us. Habit is more insidious in our lives than we ever know. Having bought our ticket, we sit down four-square in our seat and steadfastly face the stage, as much as to say, We have paid two dollars for this chair and we expect to get two dollars' worth of play. If we don't get it, we'll growl.

There is a tale in Hans Andersen entitled, I think, 'What the Old Man Does is always Right.' It tells how the Old Man takes a horse or a cow to market to barter it, and, after five or six exchanges, returns home to his wife with a peck of shriveled apples. Most husbands under such circumstances would never return home, but, like Hawthorne's Wakefield, would take up their abode in another street. But, behold, this man's paragon of a wife listens gleefully to his story of his successive dickerings, watches the horse shrink into a cow, a sheep, a goose, a hen, the peck of shriveled apples afore-said, finds some unanticipated compensation in each new declension, and ends by calling him 'my dear, good husband,' and giving him a 'sounding kiss.'

Now, I envy that boy because he seems to me to have achieved at a tender age — unconsciously, it must be admitted — the philosophy of that old woman. Not finding on the stage what he wanted, he sought and found it elsewhere; and, that failing in turn, he went to sleep. It has cost him many a long year to realize, weakly and spasmodically, the same philosophic wisdom.

As I have said, my brother, nevertheless, held my philosophy in such utter contempt that he rejected my future company at the theatre. This was not so cruel a deprivation for me, however,

as might be supposed; for he never went himself until a year had elapsed, and then he relented.

He had thought now of a wonderful project that smacked of dare-deviltry. His plan was for us to save our money until we had fifty cents apiece and then go to the Academy of Music to see Joseph Jefferson in *Rip van Winkle*. To go alone, remember, alone, in the evening, riding the three miles to and fro in the horse-cars, and sitting in that gallery vulgarly known as the 'peanut.' I had not much opinion of *Rip van Winkle* as a tale (though I have to like it now); to my immature judgment it seemed a grain of story hid in three bushels of words, yet I felt that I could manage to sit through it for the sake of the adventure, and so I acquiesced.

For several weeks we saved our money by a novel method. We had each two or three hens which laid an egg now and then, when the weather was calm and their temperaments were unruffled; and this occasional egg we now sold to our mother for a cent. As she supplied the food for the hens, her investment could hardly have been a paying one, but she did not demur. For a time, at least, the chickens were regularly fed. We spent many hours sitting before the coops waiting for the cackle which proclaimed another accession to our hoard of pennies. On the principle of the watched pot, the hens were exasperatingly deliberate. They became hypercritical of the weather, they delighted in deluding us with false alarms, they seemed suddenly to have developed a Methodistical disapproval of the stage. The great week came, and with it Mr. Jefferson, and still we had only thirty-five cents apiece. Our case was desperate. Something had to be done, and we did it by selling two of our hens to our mother for pot-pie. It was no more than they deserved, though it was a little unfair

to her as she had bought them for us in the first place.

We had enough, then, not only for our admission to the Academy, but for our car-fares; and on a Wednesday evening we set out under a shower of parting injunctions from the assembled family grouped on the 'front stoop.' My brother, full of importance, patronized me after the manner of elder brothers, and made it very plain to me that without him I should never have dared to undertake the adventure. This I felt to be true; and, as it was, I was visited by obscure qualms that added zest to the occasion. All the way down town he told me how to behave, and criticized my facial expression, which was probably open to exception, and explained the system of seat-checks and ushers and so forth, all with the purpose of making evident to me my extreme youth. I listened, with mental reservations, but I could not keep my eyes from popping at the glare of the shop-windows and the roar of the elevated trains overhead, with their noisy little engines, and the flaring lights of the menders of the sewer, and the darting cabs, and the majestic policemen with their night-sticks. I remembered that my brother was afraid of policemen and called his attention to the fact, but he evaded the soft aspersion.

The inner doors of the Academy were still closed when we arrived. We bought our tickets from a jocose box-office man who asked us if we were friends of the author, and we loitered on the steps and in the lobby trying to appear unconcerned, and were the first to climb the interminable stairs and to enter the steep incline of the family circle, as the ticker-seller had called it. There were no ushers up here, as every one sat where he could. We made our way down to where the gilded rail hung like 'the gold bar of Heaven' over

the abyss, and innocently chose the two seats at the right end of the front row because they seemed nearest the stage. An awful emptiness confronted us, making our heads swim. I leaned far back on the wooden bench and gazed up at the myriad of gas-jets in the ceiling, trying to get courage to look down again.

When my brother said sarcastically, 'There's the trombone,' I did look down, however, and eagerly. It did not occur to me that this could scarcely be the same player who had winked at me a year ago, and it was with regret that I realized that from where we sat a wink would be imperceptible. The dizziness had passed. Orchestra and galleries were filling rapidly. The enormous outer curtain rose majestically, disclosing the painted drop-scene. The musicians began their overture. The great building hummed and echoed and sang.

There in the upper aerial circles the music sounded very sweet, and warm smells arose that were subtly exhilarating. Little boy that I was, I felt the pulsations of pleasure that ran through the place. Gradually there stole over me the spell of the theatre, so full of enticement, whether beneficent or dangerous.

I was very wide-awake now. I tried to see everything at once. The crowds excited me, the gaudy gilding and paint and plush represented a kind of luxuriousness that seemed to my inexperience to have come out of a dream. All around us folk were talking and laughing unconcernedly, and just behind us an old man was telling anecdotes of Mr. Jefferson; but we sat holding tightly each other's hand and turning now and then to stare mutely at each other with wide-open eyes. We could think of nothing to say. And then the curtain went up.

As the reader must perceive, I was



by this time in a mood thoroughly to surrender to the sorcery of the stage. I wish that I could go on to tell how I lost all sense of actual time and space, and lived for three hours in an unreal world, wafted on the magic histrionic carpet to the heart of the Catskills a century and a half ago, going forth homeward in a dream, and so forth and so forth. An imaginative boy at his first play ought, according to all precedents, to have experienced this and more; but I did not. A certain hard-headed imp who has pursued me through life sat on my shoulder that night and kept whispering in my ear, It's all a sham. What's the use of crying over Rip's woes when the old gentleman behind you says that Mr. Jefferson is getting whole mints of money for being pathetic. Look at that door, for instance. It was supposed to slam, but it did n't slam. It's made of laths and canvas. You can see the panes flap.

There was no doubt that Mr. Jefferson sat on a table and swung his feet very well indeed. His was good acting, but the point is that I never for an instant forgot that it was acting, that the stage was a stage, and the storm no storm at all, but a concatenation of pattering bird-shot, cannon-balls rolled in a trough, rattling sheet-iron, lycopodium powder, and electric flashes. I do not mean that I really thought of the sweating Jupiter Pluvius in overalls behind the scene, or knew the nature or extent of his activities; but I did know that somebody was making that storm, — manufacturing it, — and, while it could make me jump, it could not fool me.

The reader should not be deceived into supposing, however, that this rationalizing interfered with my enjoyment. It is one of the blessings of childhood to be able to pretend with conviction, and the logical and orderly

pretending of the play won my unqualified approval and gave me endless delight.

It seems to me that the majority of adults have missed this talent in children entirely. They think, for example, that their children must either have perfect faith in Santa Claus or should hear nothing about him, not perceiving that their little boys and girls can get a great deal of fun out of the benevolent old gentleman even when they know that he is only a myth. My brother and I cherished an excellent working hypothesis of Santa Claus long after we had spent a chilly evening sitting on the stairs in our night-clothes listening to our parents conspiring as to the contents of our stockings. One summer some years ago I spent many hours during a vacation telling stories to a little girl. She brought her stool and sat at my feet, composed her hands in her lap, assumed an expression of polite interest, and demurely asked, 'Is it true?' 'No,' I invariably replied; 'only a story.' And after this unchanging prelude, I proceeded to tell her the most blood-curdling tales that my fancy could conjure, while she followed each incident with absorption, mirroring in her face all the emotions of the narrative, the horror, the pity, the anguish, the terror, with the utmost accuracy. At last my conscience was roused. I became alarmed for the peace of mind of my audience. I went to her mother. 'Am I doing wrong in telling her such stories?' I asked guiltily. The good lady smiled serenely. 'She has n't lost any sleep over them so far,' said she. 'You see, as long as she knows they are n't true, she is n't frightened.'

It is generally conceded nowadays that it is detrimental to his acting for an actor to 'lose himself in his part,' that when his acting is best, it is conscious, careful, alert, strategic. But what of



the audience? Does the observation hold of them? As for myself, I ought to have succumbed to the play that first night if I was ever to know the joys of disembodiment. If I was ever to lose myself in a play I should have done so then; but I did not, and have therefore been trying to do so ever since. As I sit in the theatre, I see all around me people who seem to experience the beatific state continuously for three hours, and to be as fresh emotionally at the end as at the beginning. Studying their faces, I see their spirits peep wildly out of their eyes. To watch them is fully worth the price of the admission, — that is some consolation, — yet I, too, would like to laugh and weep and sigh and wriggle as they, living the play through in my own proper person. Knowing that, according to the social psychologist, emotion is contagious, I eye them covetously in the hope of catching it, as boarding-school boys view with envy one of their number who has had the good fortune to develop measles or chicken pox.

These lucky people, absorbed as they are in the play or opera, can listen without a grin to Cassius speaking with a brogue or to a French tenor impersonating a cowboy. When Elsa is too fat or Lohengrin's swan-boat sticks (as it always does) or Juliet's balcony wobbles, they care never a whit, — no such small matter can jar them out of their rapture. As for me, once more, still attended by the perverse imp before mentioned, and no longer fascinated by the mysterious art of stage-carpenter and property-man, one 'such small matter' can spoil a whole play.

Once in a long while, some actor has caught me unaware. For five minutes — or was it five seconds? — I have forgotten the world of trade and politics and bills and taxes, the æsthetical technique of climax, suspense, and the rest; forgotten even the theatre and

the seat on which I sat and the clothes I wore and the corporeal vesture of decay that I inhabited, and floated a disembodied spirit that laughed and cried regardless of decorum. But such moments come like shadows, so depart. Usually I sit, 'still nursing the unconquerable hope' that the illusion will come, but courting it in vain, just as a man who greatly desires to be hypnotized is the last to succumb.

I am not sure that many will understand this feeling, because it is not generally recognized that self-deception is one of the aims of life. I sometimes think that life is one gigantic struggle to deceive ourselves. To say that art and philosophy and religion and science are largely such a struggle, would seem irrational and perverse to most people; but then, most people are not rational, as any theatre audience will show.

But during these moralizings the curtain has risen, the first act has passed, the orchestra — with the trombone — has performed again, and the second act has begun. Rip is in the mountains; the storm still growls in the distance; the stage is dark, murky, spectral. Gradually the moon begins to touch the peaks, the bushes, the boulders, the lone figure of the vagabond hero. We know that it is time for the crew of Hendrick Hudson to appear.

I suppose that it was while searching the stage for any evidence of the presence of that uncanny brotherhood of antiquated nine-pin bowlers that I made a discovery. I perceived, first, that the bushes and boulders, like certain beautiful maidens in fairy-lore, were all front, the merest shams, thin flat façades of rocks and bushes, made of lath and paper; and, second, that behind each was plainly visible a square hole lighted from below. As I stared, I discerned in the middle of each hole a pointed cap, a head, shoulders, arms,

a gnome-like figure, squatting on a little dumb-waiter or elevator, ascending from the depths below the stage. And behind sham bush or boulder the little figures crouched, plainly visible to us, while Rip, with transparent pretense, wandered hither and thither among them, unable to see them!

Probably from no other seats in the theatre could this phenomenon be seen; but I had had a glimpse at the 'very pulse of the machine,' and anything more delightful it would be hard to imagine. All the evening thus far I had felt the presence of contrivance and artifice, but now for the first time I actually saw them in operation. I felt some of the conceit of the scientist who, having discovered a new aphid or scale, considers it more important than the pageant of nature.

I have to confess that concerning the incidents of the last act my mind remains a blank. My brother was full of the question of the possibility of a man's sleeping twenty years, and all the way home desired to discuss it. Once more I was not prepared to please him, because during Rip's slumber and awakening I had been under the stage pulling at ropes, opening and shutting trap-doors, riding up and down on dumb-waiters. He was inclined to be angry at the ticket-seller for not warning us against those seats; the architect of the theatre for planning it so ill; the stage-carpenter and property-man for arranging so clumsy a piece of deception. He lost all patience with me because I chirruped gleefully over the very circumstance which he considered a dark blemish upon an otherwise laudable production. Neither of us could get the other's point of view; and so we rode home glumly enough, reserving our several ecstasies for the family, who at least would pretend to understand and sympathize. It seemed

to be my fate to misapply my enthusiasm, to find the romantic just where theoretically it did not exist. I do not blame my brother for setting me down as childish and low-minded.

Far from being sunk in humiliation, however, the very next day I set about organizing a dramatic club and writing a play. A gentleman up the street had fortunately built a chicken-house and then decided not to keep chickens; and this structure became our club-house. We papered, carpeted, and furnished it with material abstracted from family attics, drew up a constitution and by-laws, and began our weekly meetings under the mysterious name of the S. N. S. C., the significance of which initials I have forgotten. We were facetiously known in the neighborhood, however, as the Chicken-coop Club. As the only member who had made a profound study of stage-illusion, I was of course elected stage-manager; and, whatever my plays may have lacked of literary and dramatic value, they were always rich in surprising and terrifying stage-effects. We invariably had a storm with wind, thunder, and lightning; there were always ghosts, fairies, and gnomes popping into view at critical moments in the action. I had visions of a stage which I should build some day all trap-doors, elevators, pulleys, and wires; but my dream was not destined ever to come true. One rainy day when a bare quorum was present in the club-house, it was voted to expend the funds of the club for candy and ice-cream — a dastardly proceeding which precipitated a quarrel ending in a schism that never could be healed. The ice-cream was very good, but my histrionic activities were ended. Once more art had fallen a victim to the temptations of the flesh.

The Chicken-coop and the Academy have both long since burned down.

# AN OLD MAN TO AN OLD MADEIRA

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

WHEN first you trembled at my kiss  
And blushed before and after,  
Your life, a rose 'twixt May and June,  
Was stirred by breeze of laughter.

I asked no mortal maid to leave  
A kiss where there were plenty;  
Enough the fragrance of thy lips  
When I was five-and-twenty.

Fair mistress of a moment's joy,  
We met, and then we parted;  
You gave me all you had to give,  
Nor were you broken-hearted!

For other lips have known thy kiss,  
Oh! fair inconstant lady,  
While you have gone your shameless way  
'Till life has passed its heyday.

And then we met in middle age,  
You matronly and older;  
And somewhat gone your maiden blush,  
And I, well, rather colder. .

And now that you are thin and pale,  
And I am slowly graying,  
We meet, remindful of the past,  
When we two went a-maying.

Alas! while you, an old coquette,  
Still flaunt your faded roses,  
The arctic loneliness of age  
Around my pathway closes.

Dear aged wanton of the feast,  
Egeria of gay dinners,  
I leave your unforgotten charm  
To other younger sinners.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE EXCITEMENT OF WRITING

I HAVE just read 'The Excitement of Friendship' in the December *Atlantic*. Most of it makes me nod my head and say, as one is always pleased to do, 'Yes! That is the way. So friends are known and kept and lost.' I like that essay! Those are my own vague thoughts, crystallized and sharpened.

But there is one paragraph that moves me to challenge the generalization which it assumes. It is only a side-issue, to be sure. Mr. Bourne complains of the 'hopeless labor of writing,' — of the coldness and grayness of the mind, when one tries heavily to blow upon the hearth of memory those embers languishing when the hot fire of friendly stimulating intercourse is burned out. 'The blood runs sluggish,' he says, 'when one sits down to write.'

I cannot help defending my own writing mood; and what I am sure must be the mood of many of the Tribe, great or small. My blood does not run sluggish as I sit down to write. No matter whether what I produce has any merit or not, I only know that to *write* — to feel the pen in my fingers and the words leaping from my head or my heart, or wherever they abide, out upon the paper — is a joy to me almost as thrilling as the joy of great friendly talk and silence. I suppose this argues a smallness, a coldness, in me; but it is true.

There is something half physical about it, like the tingling glory of standing on an autumn hill-top or at the prow of a swift sea-going ship. It is a breathless speed and wonder. It

does not feel like any slow deliberate process of heavy thought, or even of cunning, happy craftsmanship. There is freedom in it, like the freedom of sea-gulls, and of youth: abandon, audacity, shudderings and horror, splendors and mirth. I feel, when a good spirit of writing is upon me, expanded, powerful, infinitely alive. As Whitman has it, —

I am larger, better than I knew,  
I did not know I held so much goodness.

I draw deep breath, and am free to run where I will, over hill and dale, sea and city, dead ice-fields and lush, lazy tropics. I become a dweller in Eternity, and am not at all afraid to die.

And yet, when I am not writing, none of this swift wonder is with me. I have no winds and flames. Even with my friends, I am aware often that my freest self is dumb. There is no loss to them in that, perhaps, for they might not like my winds and flames at all. But it makes me sad that I cannot share with them what seems, at least, to be the happiest of me.

And then it makes me sad — but whimsically, and I hope philosophically — when, the flying windy wonder passed and my feet again on the solid roads, I know that, after all, my ecstasy and urge of seeming creation is to so small an end. For what have I said, when all is reckoned up? I have chirped like a cricket, and mourned like a dove, and laughed like a silly parrot; and there is nothing truly memorable and worthy in such chirping and mourning and laughter. I, too, shall go out into Silence, and what I have tried to sing and say shall not stand by me then.

None the less I cannot let it go unchallenged, — that passing accusation of the writing mood. For when I write, my blood is not sluggish; it dances round my heart and throbs in my throat, and for one deluded hour I dream that my words are immortal. My feet run East of the Sun and West of the Moon; and the gates of Heaven and Hell have no proud locks for me.

#### THE BEST-DRESSED NATION

WITHOUT wishing to take issue with this recent statement in a Sunday magazine: 'The American man, considering him in all the classes that constitute American society, is to-day the best-dressed and best-kept man in the world,' — it is nevertheless an interesting and surprising revolution that has made such a statement possible. For most of us it is easier to accept the notion, with whatever national pride it implies, than to verify it by personal observation. If true, we must be proud while we can, for it is only a question of time when the American clothing manufacturer will be addressing the Young Turks, in easy colloquial Turkish, as 'you well-dressed young fellows,' — and so on, nation by nation, until even the blond Esquimo will be snappily arrayed in our own 'Varsity models. And in this activity of the clothing manufacturer we have, perhaps, a more potent force for the creation of a uniform world-civilization than has ever before been set in motion. With all the well-dressed young fellows in a well-dressed world, getting their latest ideas in style, cut, and fabrics from the same fountain-head, war would become practically out of the question; unless, indeed, it was provoked by the rivalries of our American outfitters in some vital matter of lapels or buttons.

Ten years ago, or fifteen at most, men

prided themselves on something closely approaching an indifference to dress. The attitude, we now see, was either hypocritical or based upon complete ignorance of latent possibilities. It assumed a superiority over womankind that has failed to stand the test of submitting it to what was then held a purely feminine temptation. Styles, fabrics, the modishness of this detail or the smartness of that, were essentially for the female intellect — *and especially bargains!* The male who thought seriously about these trifles, — and there were such, although many of them did little credit to the exercise as a mental stimulant, — was easily classed as a 'dude,' and none but other dudes admired him. There was a well-known axiom that a man was not to be judged by his clothes. Sex was differentiated not only by clothing, but also by its attitude toward clothing: on the one hand, an anxious, fluttering, feminine ambition to be becomingly attired; and, on the other, a stern, masculine indifference. Then a man, putting gain before tradition, began advertising clothes for men in the same way that clothes had already been advertised for women — and behold us, each arrayed in his 'Varsity model!

Human nature was, of course, responsible, and the irresistible appeal to the imagination. We young fellows (and in this matter there is really no age-limit), although not at that time the well-dressed young fellows that we have become since, saw ourselves with new eyes. The artist, enlisted by the manufacturer, showed us a vision. We became members of the leisure class; we sailed our yachts; we played tennis; we flirted in ball-rooms; we progressed to motor-cars; we shall in due course guide our own aeroplanes back and forth between our offices and our country clubs. In this new life the modishness and mannishness of our attire —

especially the mannishness, wherein we forgot how short a time ago we should have considered womanishness the proper word for this new-born interest in our personal appearance — became vital considerations. We learned to know our collar by name, to appreciate autumn effects of coloring in our autumn garments, and to realize the subtle distinction that marks the under-wear of a gentleman. To-day, or rather to-night, many of us still blush in our pajamas to remember that we used to wear night — No, it is one thing to remember, but another to mention.

Men did not wear pajamas then.  
In reading history  
It's hard to think of famous men  
Each in a *robe de nuit*!

And as a matter of fact we kept the leisure class sartorially on the run, for as fast as the unhappy leisure class invents 'something different' in the way of clothing, the lively manufacturer copies it for the rest of us. More than that, we resemble the advertisements. Nature again seems to be imitating art, for many of us are beginning to look like the heroes of popular fiction, made over by the same illustrators to be the heroes of popular advertisements. More than that again, we pursue bargains and are not ashamed to be caught at it. Inform us of a reduction sale of cravats and we are there in a hurry, some of us trying to match the delicate shade of our bargain neckwear with the half-hose at the next counter.

Truly a remarkable revolution! whose material proof lies in the fact that any Sunday magazine can proclaim us nationally the best-dressed and best-kept men in the world without arousing our immediate indignation. So far, however, we have not been referred to advertisingly as 'mild-lord in his boudoir.' Probably, too, in the secret designs of Providence, it is well that we should eventually all look

alike. The idea, scornfully repudiated when advanced by some of the earlier socialists, is in visible process of acceptance, and even the 'something different' in our clothing helps the movement when we all wear it together. The number of tailors which it now takes to make a man is beyond computation, but their tendency is unquestionably to make one man very like another. Life, it has been said, is the greatest University, and we are all college boys together. Fortunately we have no college yell.

As the revolution now stands, however, the wonder is that the penetrating mind of the suffragette orator has not got hold of it. Without arguing that this national male interest in dress marks an effeminization (akin to the effeminization, according to some critics, of our drama and literature) of our entire male population, it must be evident to any thoughtful observer that it gives the sexes one more characteristic in common. Neither man nor woman is less physically courageous, less masculine, or less feminine for the possession of this common characteristic. Napoleon, it will be remembered, appealed to masculine love of finery in equipping his army, but he was certainly not looking for an effeminate soldiery. And if the clothing manufacturer of the twentieth century proves himself as wise a judge of men as Napoleon, we may fairly enough take it for granted that the average manhood of us well-dressed young fellows (of all ages) is just as it was before we discovered how much our clothes really might interest us.

But even so it remains difficult to follow the clothing manufacturer so far as to agree that the young man in search of a job should begin by purchasing himself a new suit of clothes. Being well-dressed doubtless inspires self-confidence, but unless we can afford the



expense there remains the fact that it ought not to; nor, as a rule, are the employers of labor accustomed to limit their observation to the cut of a young man's jacket. Some employers of labor are still old-fashioned, and distrust swagger and smartness in the young man in search of a job. The theory that clothes make the candidate under such circumstances is somewhat akin to that other theory, advanced by the merchants who sell the imitation diamonds, that the young man in search of a job is more likely to get it if he wears a diamond. Something, a great deal in fact, still lingers of that sound old notion that the character of a man is independent of the style of his garments. Presidential candidates, for example, when they appeal to the entire electorate of this well-dressed country, have not yet found it necessary or even wise, to garb themselves in the latest 'Varsity model. And a presidential candidate who was known to spend time matching his cravat and his half-hose would be generally rejected by the electorate as a man who was already too busy to assume the cares of office.

#### THE ROCK AND THE POOL

THE grief of it is that I cannot reach the rock by day or by night without disturbing life that is so much finer, if less conscious, than my own. Here, beside the path, the partridge takes her Arab bath; the warm red dust is scattered with down, and rounded to the measure of the little beating breast. Here small fungi rise, jewel-bright, above the mould; touch one, never so softly, and the coral curve blackens and is marred, so delicate is the poise of its perfection. Here is a span of slender grass, flowered with the clinging bodies of moths; they spread pearl-white wings barred with brown, beautiful

enough to beat about the hurrying knees of Artemis. But here Artemis never came. Those white feet of hers never shook the early rain from the elder. Only the Indian hunter may have found the rock, stooped above the rain-pool on the summit, and looked upon his own wild face, shadowed against his heritage of stars.

For from the base of the rock all growth falls away. The maple reddening with seeds, the wind-haunted birch, even the thickets of sumach and vine and partridge-berry are a little withdrawn from it. Fire shaped it. Cold smoothed it. And Time himself could give no more to this ancient of days than cupped moss in the clefts, a few fans of lichen delicate as gray foam; and in the hollow of the crest, a pool.

In the pool is gathered all the life of the rock. It is as a window whereby the deep blind existence prisoned in this iron mass of primeval matter may somehow win hearing and sight; may see his brother stars afloat upon the roads of space, the bees hurrying to the flowering basswood, or hear the last thrush in the cedar; remembering all the bird-voices of time as no more than a momentary song.

There are pools floored with brown and gray leaves, upon which the water lies as warm and still as air. There are pools rimmed with vervain and the wild rock-rose. And there are pools beneath the coronals of goldenrod, where the bumblebee clings, and the snails adventure themselves on summer evenings, and the moths go hawking early. But this pool is always clear; gray water on gray stone. It is as if no leaf fell here, no wing stayed here. This eye of the rock gazes unshadowed and unhindered into the very universe.

What answer there to the immemorial patience of the stone? I lay my

face to the face of the rock, drink the stored warmth, and let my soul go adrift in the sun and the silence. Storm was here last night; a branch fell from the old pine whose seeds have blown to the rock and withered there for twice a hundred years. Here is a little feather, black and gold. Here, beside my hand, a dead, rain-beaten bee, done with all flowers. 'O earth, my mother and maker, is all well with you?'

Only the silence, an oriole fluting through it, and the sunlight. The hurrying bees shine in it like gold. A little pine, springing on the edge of the thick thicket, lifts his tassels to it, golden-tinted. The sky falls for a moment with the voices of birds, blown past upon a breath of wind. Soon, the golden lips of the sun, and the gray lips of the wind, will drink the pool from the hollow, and it will be as if the rock slept again, a blind sleep, in which the fall of a year and the fall of a leaf are one. Only within the transient pool is shadowed the infinite; and eternity within this transient heart.

#### THE CHEERFUL WORKMAN

THE cheerful workman has, at one time or another, and at various hands, received at least his due meed of praise. I myself, have in times past ignorantly joined the chorus of laudation. Recently, however, when I have been dwelling by sufferance in a house inhabited by carpenters, plumbers, painters, and their respective satellites, I have been led to wonder whether the perfect artisan — could such be found — would not be profoundly glum.

It is one thing to be waked by the heavy tread of the hod-carrier; it is another to hear him mixing mortar at seven-thirty to the rhythm of Calabrian song. It is one thing to meet on one's furtive way to the bath a painter making a round of the house to admire

his superior brush-work; it is a far more trying adventure to have him herald his inevitable approach by whistling a few bars from operatic comedy, and emphasize his unwelcome presence by a cheery matutinal greeting. He is an intimate, of course, but the closest friends do well to be inconspicuous and silent when encountered before breakfast. At breakfast, moreover, there is little to be said for the interchange of pleasantries overheard between carpenters in the next room. Better the pounding hammer and the rasping saw than this forced introduction to the humors of the craft. And in the dead vast and middle of a summer afternoon what could be less desirable than the voice of an adventurous plumber uplifted in patriotic song?

The reader may accuse me of being splenetic. Perhaps I am. Yet ordinarily I am not devoid of interest in the manifestations of human nature. I am not displeased by the sight of the plumber, or his 'helper,' when the day's work is ended, making merry even upon a roller-coaster. What I complain of is that, to most of the workmen among whom I dwell, every day is a lark, a playing holiday. To me the hanging of doors and the setting up of radiators seem a serious business. I am bewildered by the light-heartedness that they appear professionally to beget.

Why, since they take such pleasure in it, should the workmen of the world have demanded and obtained a shorter day? Why should they not wish to labor on from dawn to dusk? The plumber and the mason frequently rest and sing; the carpenter enjoys unequalled opportunities for conversation; and the painter, whereas after five o'clock he must pay for his beer, before five may drink the beer for which I have paid. The only reason, indeed, why the so-called working-day should

perhaps be of its present length is the necessity, felt by every man, of escaping monotony. Perhaps the painter wishes another kind of beer than mine, and perhaps the carpenter wishes daylight in which to tell his wife all about it.

From my point of view, moreover, there can be no question that the eight-hour day is a blessing. The low-comedy mason, the crab-like plumber's helper, the loquacious carpenter, and the cheerfully informative paper-hanger all depart, and leave behind them the peace of perfect tranquillity. What though there are *chevaux-de-frise* of step-ladders in the hall, mounds of shavings in what may some time be the drawing-room, muddy streaks upon an adventurous vanguard of rugs, and the smell of paint everywhere? The cheerful workman has left the scene of his merry-making.

Is he thereafter transformed, one wonders? It does not seem humanly possible that he can be so jovial for twenty-four hours on end. I should be very sorry if it were so, but I strongly suspect that out of my hearing, and at home, he becomes the morose husband and the stern parent. I should like him better, on the whole, if from eight till five he were gloomy and did his work in silence, reserving his manifestations of happiness for his own circle. I should prefer to have him automatic, easy-running, and (let me add) inexpensive to operate, like all the many devices of domestic machinery by which I have been tempted in the months past. If I knew how, I should make a workman of steel, mount him on pneumatic tires, and run him by electricity — for the greater quiet of the world. I detest his actual resemblance to sounding brass.

---

#### A NOTE FROM MR. BRADFORD

THE brief reference to General Longstreet's conversion at the close of my portrait of him in the December *Atlantic* has called forth indignant protest from many Catholics. I recognize that my words are susceptible of an interpretation which I certainly did not intend. The sole point that interested me was that a man of Longstreet's immense self-confidence, always indisposed to submit to the judgment of others, should make the most complete

self-surrender in the world. Intent upon this dramatic episode, I expressed it with an uncalled-for vivacity of phrase, which I shall remove when I reprint the portrait. I had no desire whatever to stir up a controversy quite inappropriate for discussion in the pages of the *Atlantic*, and utterly out of place in an article meant for all American citizens, Protestant and Catholic alike.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.